UMBRELLA MAN SPEAKS

The accomplice of Cape Man, the killer who inspired Paul Simon's new musical, breaks his 38-year silence. BY MIKE McALARY

NOVEMBER 10, 1997

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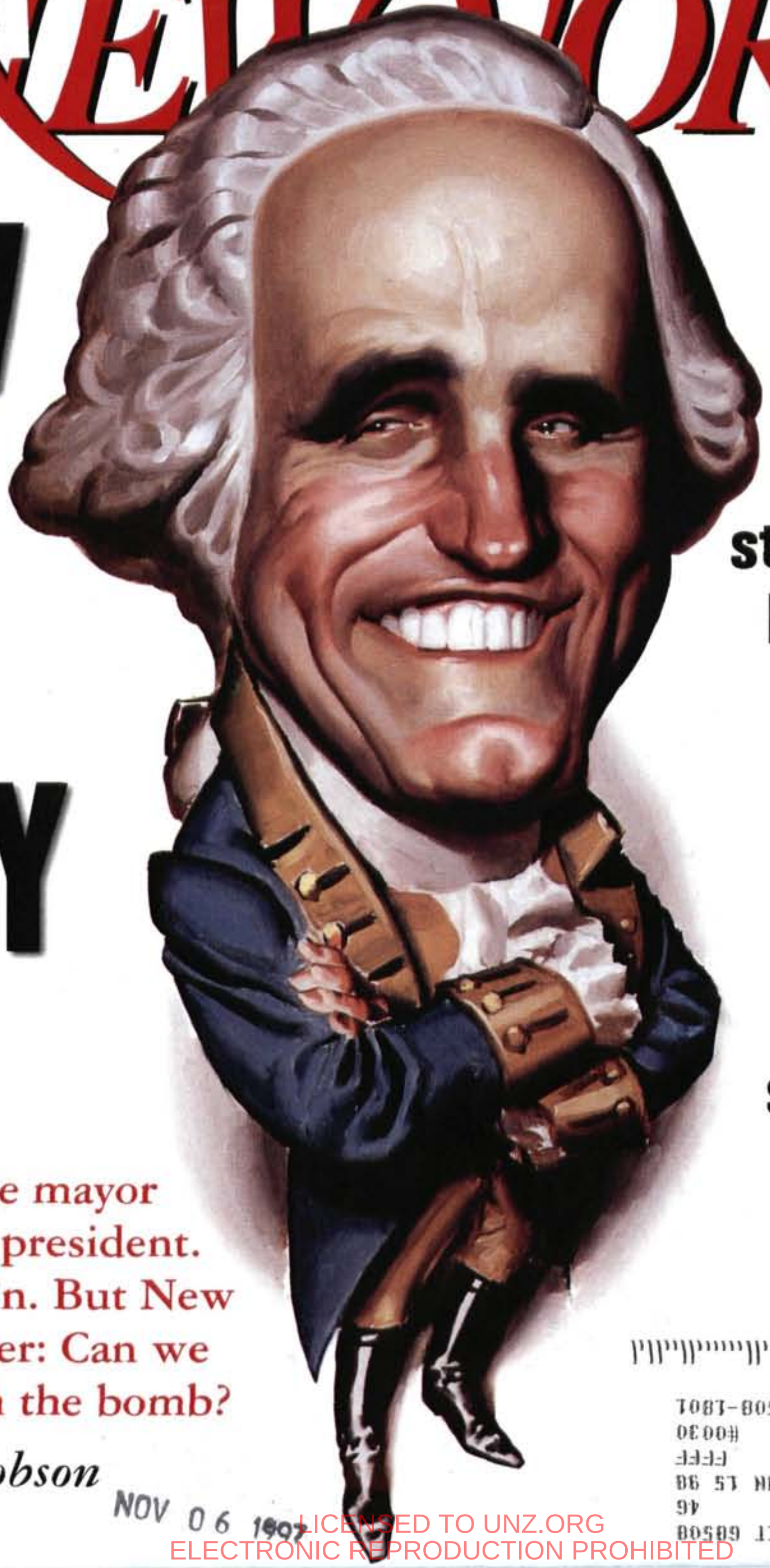

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any think the mayor
ght run for president.
ght even win. But New
rkers wonder: Can we
ist him with the bomb?

Mark Jacobson

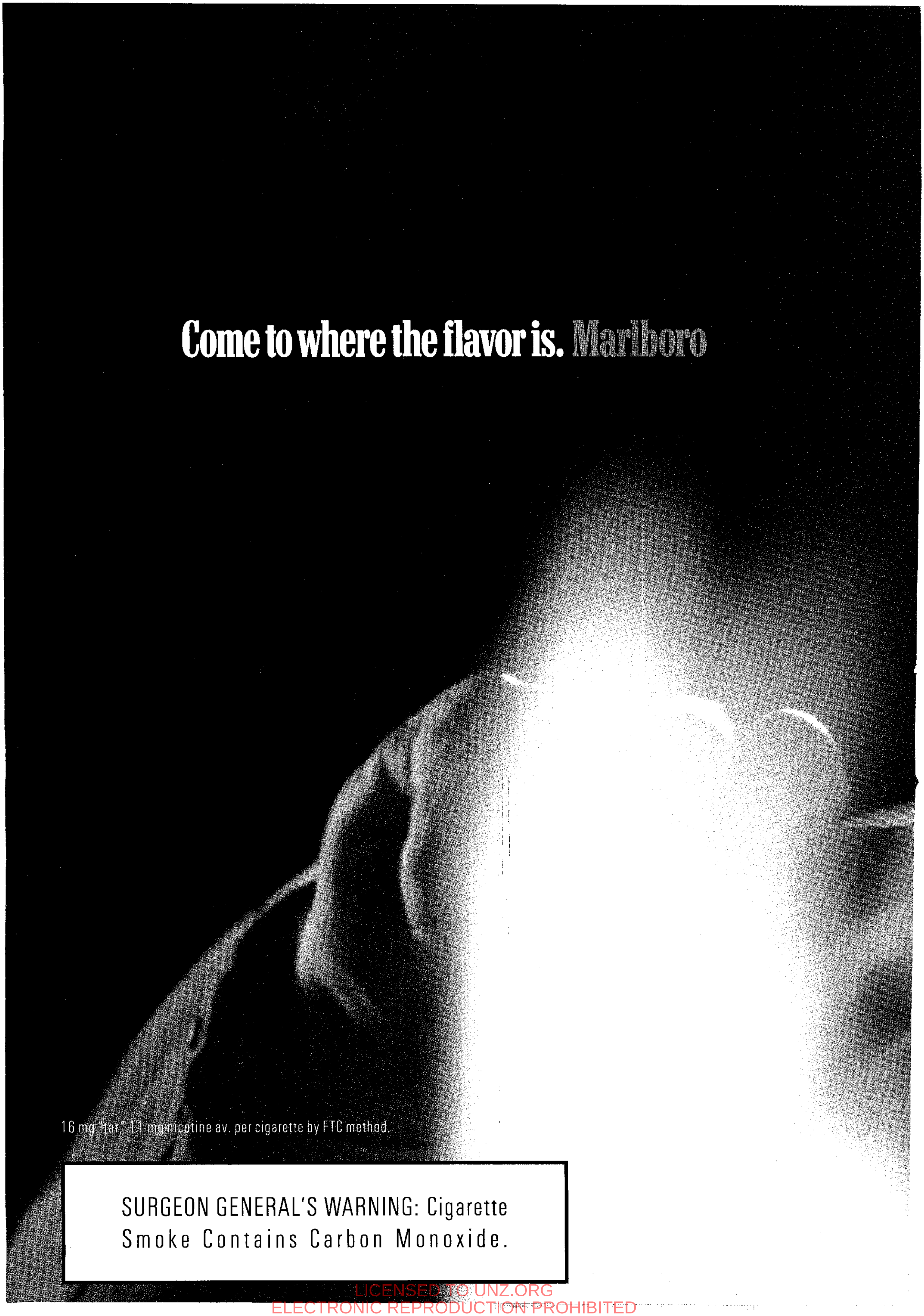
Showbiz is looking for a few gifted, precocious standard-issue New York kids

By Ralph Gardner Jr.

How Alan Greenspan caused the stock-market crisis

By John Liscio

NOV 06 1997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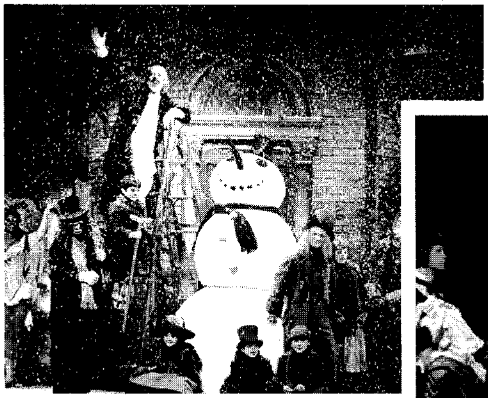

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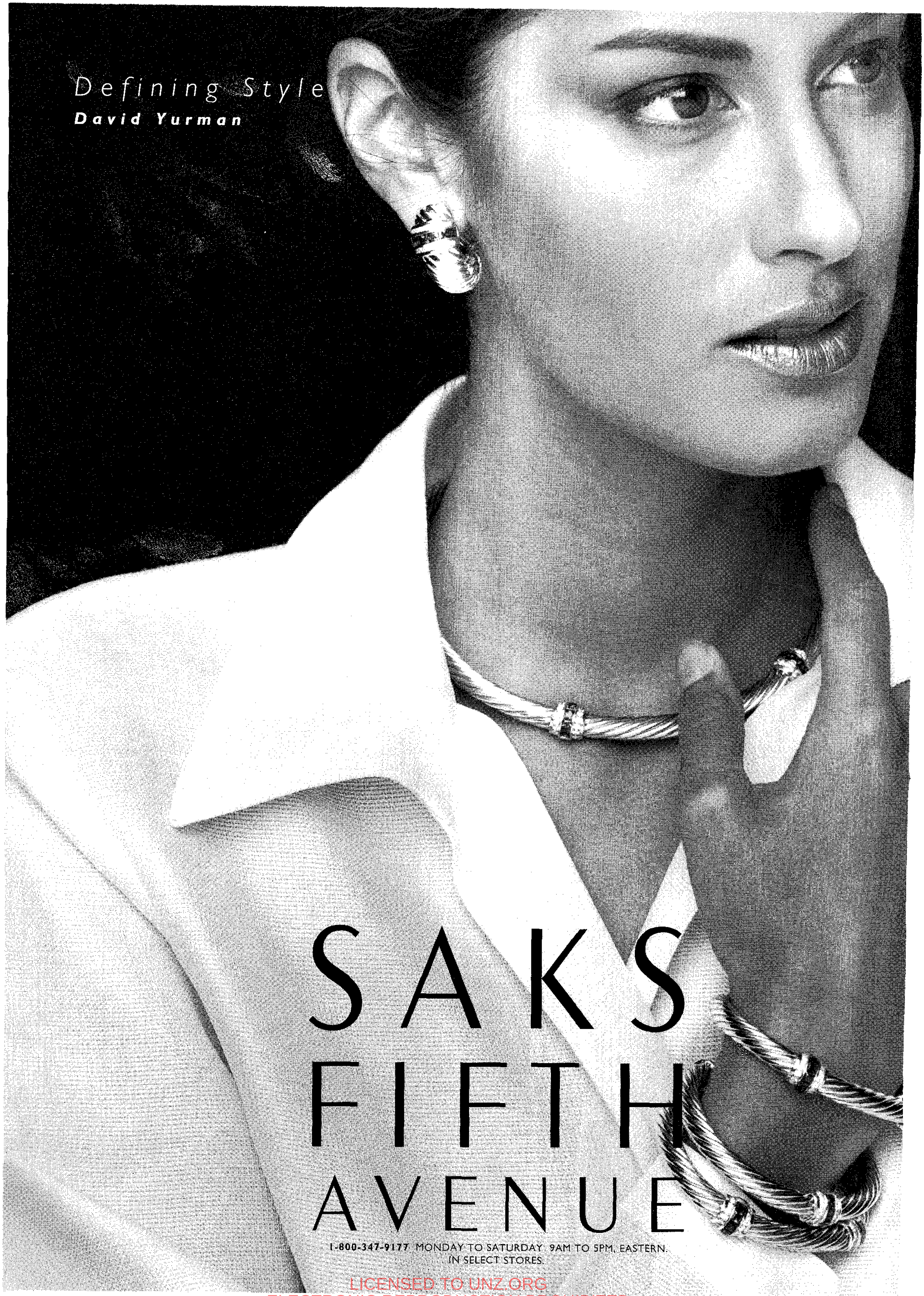
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Contents Nov. 10, 1997

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>
> A SMALL-BUSINESS OWNER, PAGE 46

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By Ralph Gardner Jr.

After JonBenet, stage parents were vilified. But in fact, the new crop of child actors are the ones dragging their *parents* around. "They're mutants," says an agent. And with a trend toward real-seeming faces, New York kids are hot. Plus: Agents share their auditioning secrets.

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By Jennifer Senior

As the stock market careened last week, the only stock that seemed to rise steadily was that of CNBC's Maria Bartiromo, a woman the macho traders of Wall Street love for both her looks *and* her mind.

38 Cape-Fear

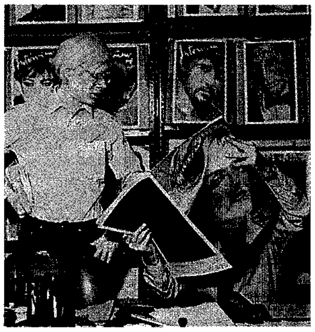
By Mike McAlary

In 1959, two gang-related murders in Hell's Kitchen shocked the city and fueled the tabloids with lurid headlines about the teens called Cape Man and Umbrella Man. As Paul Simon's version of the tale hits Broadway, the Umbrella Man talks for the first time since his trial.

46 Mayor of the Country?

By Mark Jacobson

An old girlfriend said that Rudy dreamed of being "the first Italian Catholic president of the United States." Many believe he still does. But is America ready for Rudy? And would we trust him with the bomb?



54 Fame Factory

By Edith Newhall

Never mind fifteen minutes: Ten years after Andy Warhol's death, we've never been more celebrity-obsessed or publicity-driven—in other words, more Warholish. As the Whitney opens a tribute, *New York* asked his friends to note how Andy is still with us.

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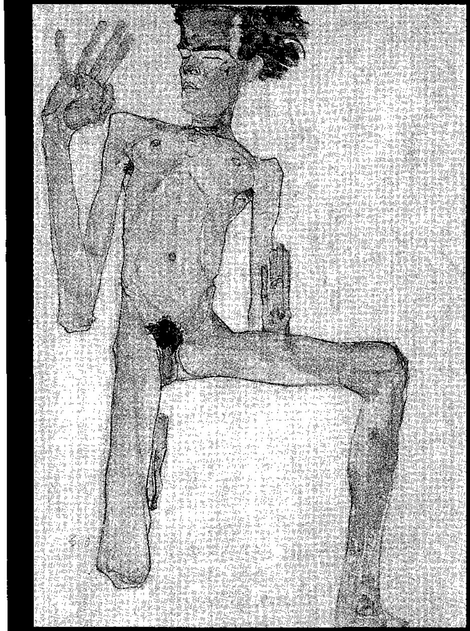

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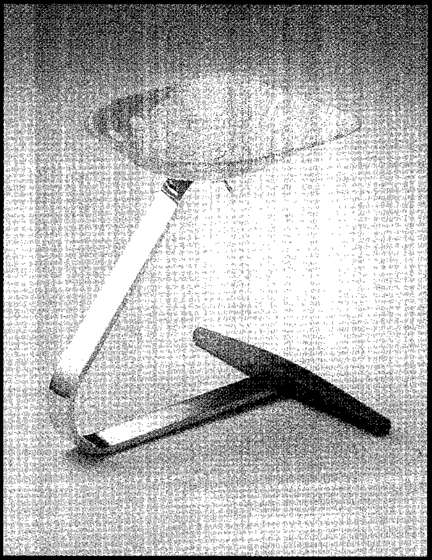

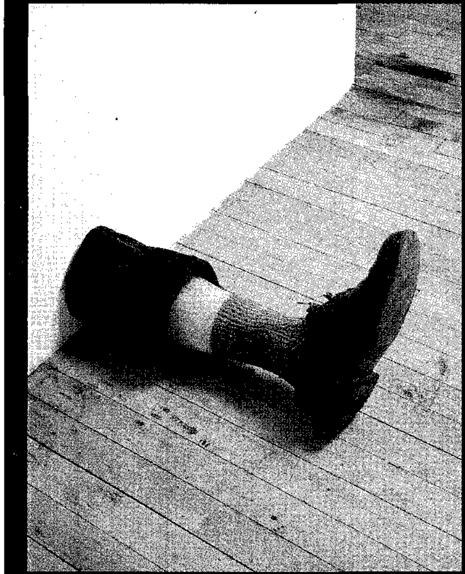

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Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna

October 12, 1997–January 4, 1998

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Top left: Egon Schiele. *Kneeling Male Nude (Self-Portrait)*. 1910. Watercolor, gouache, and black crayon on paper. The Leopold Collection, Vienna.

Achille Castiglioni: Design!

October 16, 1997–January 6, 1998

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Above: Achille and Pier Giacomo Castiglioni. *Mezzadro Chair*. Design date: 1957. Manufacture date: 1971. Manufacturer: Zanotta.Chromed steel, enameled metal, wood. Photo courtesy Zanotta.

On the Edge: Contemporary Art from the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection

September 30, 1997–January 20, 1998

Supported in part by TDI. Publication made possible by Agnes Gund and Daniel Shapiro.

Left: Robert Gober. *Untitled*. 1989–90. Wax, cotton, leather, human hair, and wood. The Museum of Modern Art. Gift of the Dannheisser Foundation. © 1997 Robert Gober. Photo: Robert Gober Studio.

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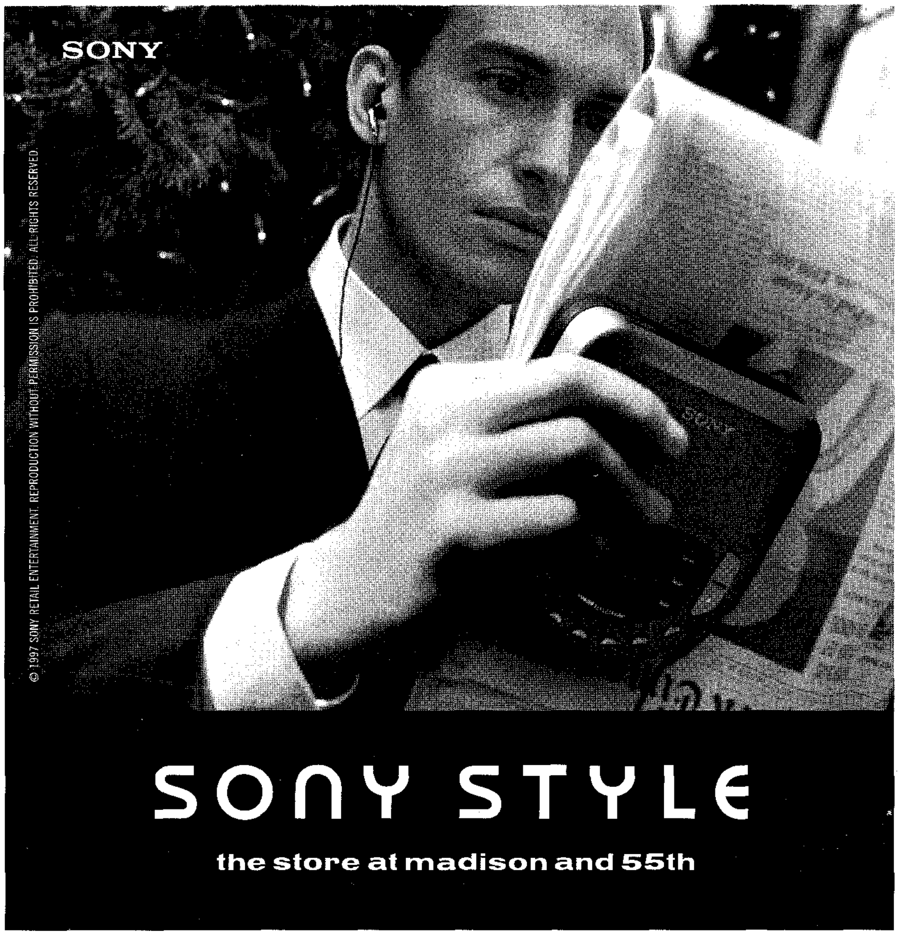
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I WOULD LIKE TO COMMEND JAMES KAPLAN for "The Final Analysis," his article on the state of psychoanalysis in New York [October 20, 1997]. He not only captured some of the internal dilemmas of our profession but also pointed out important external pressures. He noted that just because people talk about repressed memories doesn't mean they are trained to know what they are talking about. Sometimes those wearing an analytic cloak are in fact wearing the emperor's new clothes. We may be threadbare at New York Psychoanalytic, but at least we are well trained.

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JAMES KAPLAN'S EXPOSÉ WAS PAINFUL reading. As the president of the first and largest nonmedical psychoanalytic institute in the country, the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis, and a psychoanalyst for decades, I find myself suddenly moonlighting in sales to make ends meet. Downsizing came late to my profession. I predict that our clients ultimately will pay the price for illusory gains in productivity conferred by Prozac and cookie-cutter approaches to mental problems. As for myself, I feel cheated of the opportunity to spend my time doing what I love best.

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President, NPAP
MANHATTAN

KAPLAN'S ARTICLE REPLICATES A PSYCHOanalytic session: The cover differs from his text; interwoven are facts, musings, opinions, memories, and uncertainties, punctuated by insights. But psychoanalysis is not for everyone. It requires intelligence, commitment, and the drive to experience the fullness contained in being human. (Being disillusioned or fed up helps.) Those who believe in putting a price tag on quality of life may as well not apply. But they might reflect on the eminent (and Freudian) D. W. Winnicott's prayer that by the time he dies he will have known what it is to be alive.

Alida Margolin, C.S.W.
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

CONTROVERSY OVER FREUD'S LEGACY APparently still makes the cover of *New York* magazine. But while the banner headlines and droll cartoons suggest the dusty irrelevance of Freudian theory and practice, the text of Mr. Kaplan's article actually seems positive about the contributions of psychoanalysis. He correctly observes the increasing superficiality of a culture in flight from the unconscious. Most important, Mr. Kaplan seems quite appreciative of his own psychoanalytic treatment. The article affirms, albeit in an obscured way, what the managed-care and pharmaceutical corporations wish us to forget: the power of this form of treatment to transform lives.

Harriet Basseches, Ph.D., President
Steven Demby, Ph.D., Chairman,
Public Relations Committee
The New York Freudian Society
MANHATTAN

WHY DO ANALYSIS, EVEN NOW, WHEN IT IS no longer chic, or lucrative? One, it changed my life, and I've seen it change others' lives. Two, it is endlessly fascinating. Each day I practice I learn something new. Every patient has something to teach. Three, it is an honor to help a human life unfold. It is a delight to watch. Analysis, done well, meets my need to repair the world. Why not do a follow-up piece on the many therapists who do what they do—despite the hassles—because they love it?

Madelyn Hoffman, C.S.W.
MANHATTAN

THE ANALYST I HAD BEEN WORKING WITH (whom I will call Micki) announced one day that she had decided to move out of New York and that we would have twelve weeks to encapsulate our eight years of work together. Even though Micki acknowledged that this period was too brief for me to adjust to such a major change, she was indignant that I would be upset with her for choosing to close her practice with such short notice. Nonetheless, Micki insists that she was open to discussing my feelings.

There is not much a patient can do when an analyst suddenly decides to take care of him- or herself at the patient's expense. I find that I am left alone. For eight years, Micki responded to my concerns about the slow pace of our work and the lack of change in my life by saying that repetition and time were integral to the process of working through my feelings. Now, because she was ready to start a new life, I am supposed to believe that having more time would not have made any difference. Why should I believe in a process that has taken so much effort and produced no results?

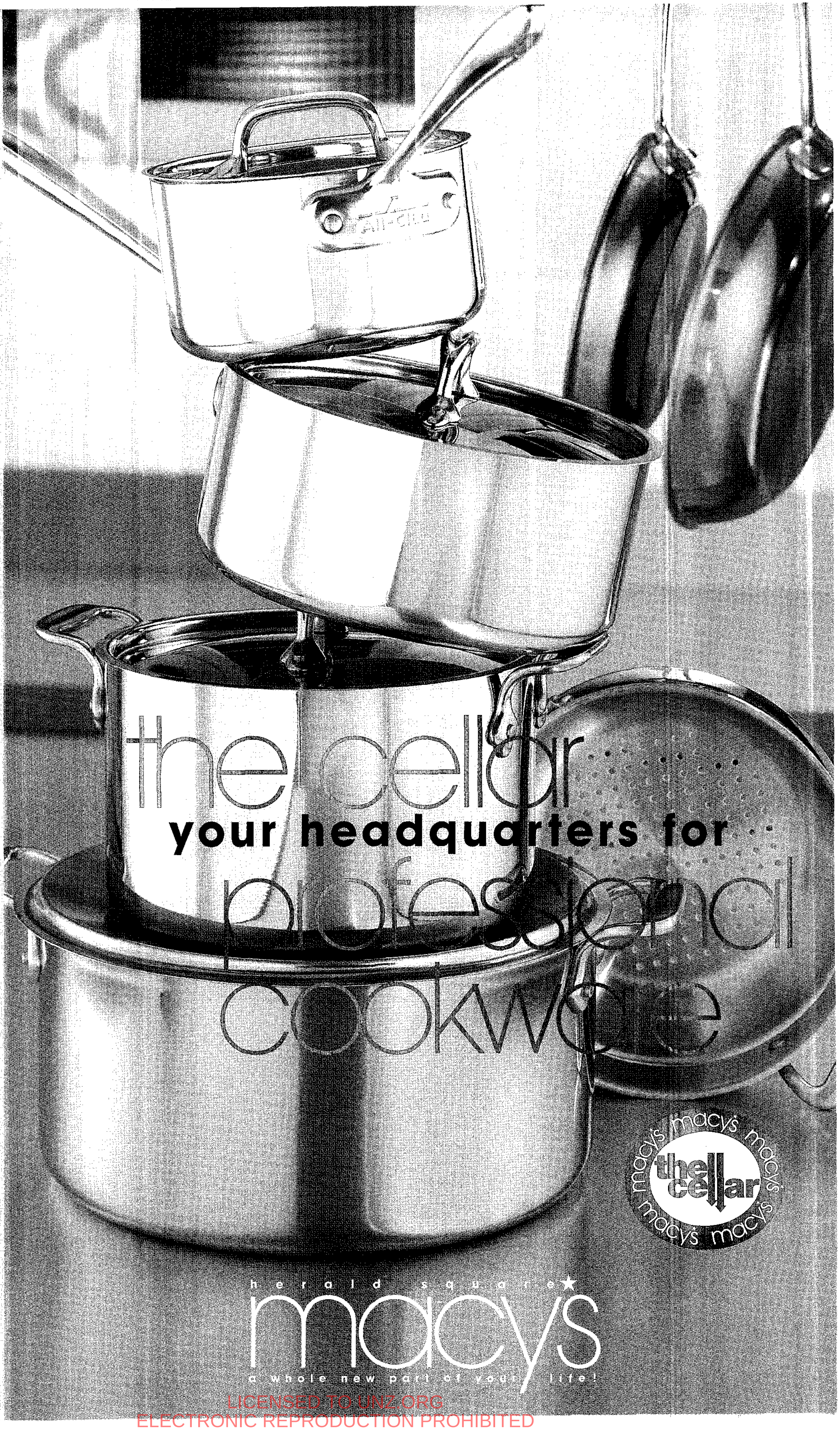
Name Withheld
FAR ROCKAWAY, N.Y.

OF COURSE, ECONOMIC PRESSURES AND THE availability of alternative forms of treatment have resulted in the loss of the hegemony of psychoanalysts. However, psychoanalytic ideas are part of the fabric of our lives, in the specialized literature and in the popular press. *Life* magazine, in a special issue on the millennium, ranks Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* as the thirty-first-most-important event and Freud as the sixteenth-most-important person of the past 1,000 years.

Concerning the value given to a rigorous psychoanalytic education by mental-health professionals, I would like to cite one statistic. There are three institutes in the New York area affiliated with the American Psychoanalytic Association During the academic year 1991–92 these institutes had an enrollment o 128 psychoanalytic candidates. In 1996–97, they had an enrollment o 160, an increase of almost 25 percent in the past five years.

Leon Hoffman, M.D
Chair, Committee fo
Public Informatio
American Psychoanalytic Associatio
MANHATTA

Correction Damian Volpe did not, a we stated in Craig Horowitz's Septem ber 22 "A Show of Force," succeed Ton Abbate as union delegate in the 70t Precinct. He was elected to fill anothe vacant seat.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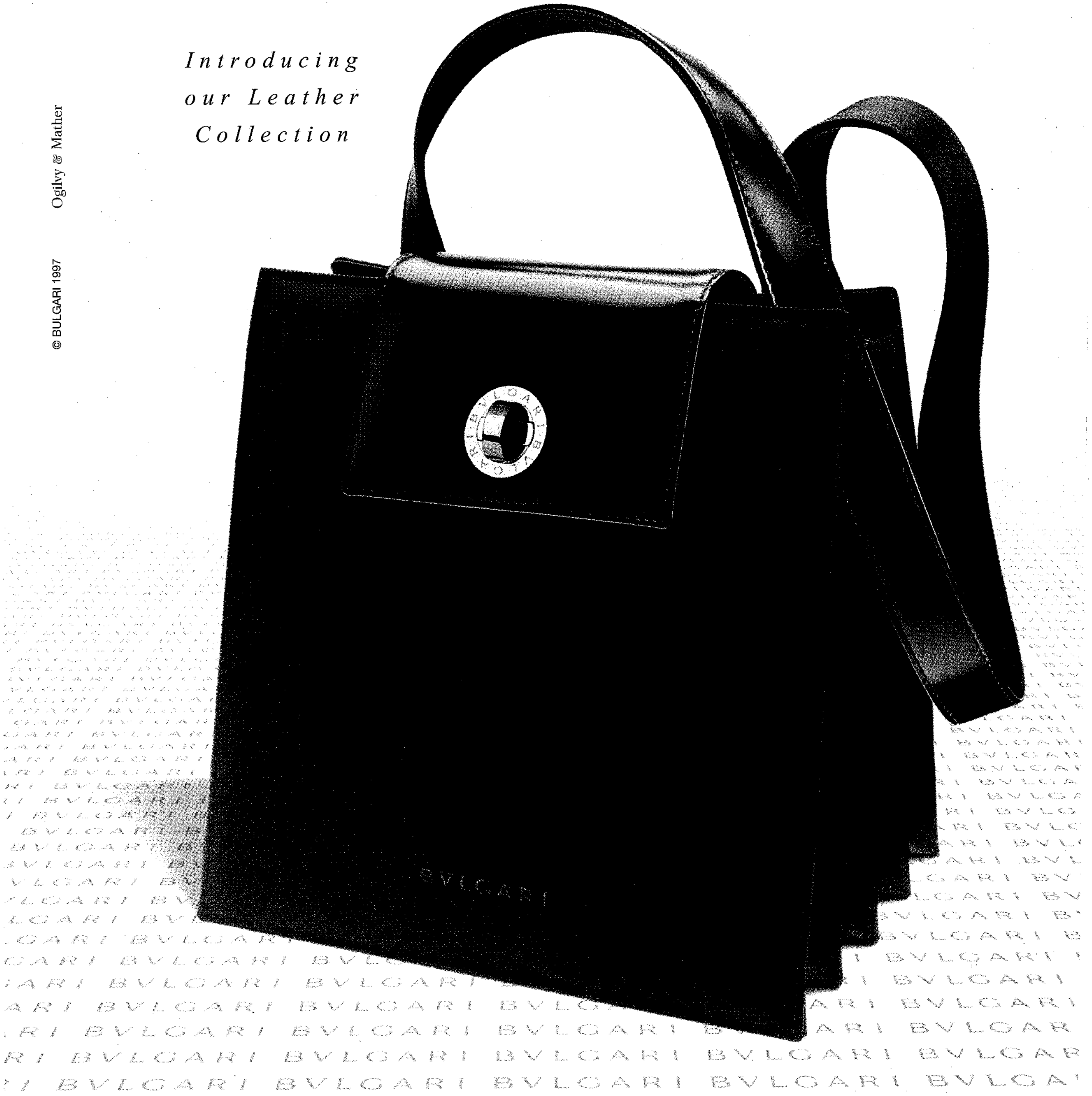

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

CHARLES LAZARUS: SHREDDERS 'R' US

The bitter court case between **Charles** (Toys 'R' Us) **Lazarus** and the estate of his late wife, renowned sex therapist Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, will make a great mini-series someday (suggested opening shot: her deathbed request for a divorce, via a note signed LOVE ALWAYS, HELEN). Now her son, Dr. **Peter Kaplan,** is accusing Lazarus of shredding patient records. In court papers filed last week, Peter Kaplan charges his stepfather with "summarily closing my mother's thriving medical practice . . . [a] breach of his fiduciary obligation." Lazarus, claims Kaplan, purported to deem the practice of "no value," although the late Helen Kaplan had trained **Dr. Ruth** and employed twelve therapists and two doctors at her Madison Avenue sex-therapy clinic. Kaplan, in his papers, also alleges, "I have been informed that confidential patient medical records were destroyed contrary to New York Health Law, and in violation of medical ethics, at the direction of Mr. Lazarus." An attorney for the executor insists that Lazarus "had reasons" for closing the practice; Lazarus's attorney, **Alan Glickman,** refuses to comment on a pending matter.

BARNEYS SHAN'T WORSHIP FALSE IDOLS

In the current p.c. climate, **Dolce & Gabbana** may not have a prayer of getting into a Barneys Christmas window. In 1994, the trendy department store found itself at the center of scandal after one of its windows—a Nativity scene constructed of Bart Simpson dolls and stuffed kittens—came under fire from the religious right. Determined not to court controversy again, Barneys has shied away from religious imagery in the past few years, going with safe themes like this season's "Holidays Around the World." So when Dolce & Gabbana, asked to contribute a design for the "Italy" window, submitted a dress adorned with pictures of the Madonna, Barneys promptly nixed the "virginal" dress. "We thought it would be the perfect Christmas dress, but they're pretty sensitive at Barneys," says a D&G spokeswoman. "We're in the business of selling gorgeous clothes, not in the business of offending people," responds **Simon Doonan,** Barneys's executive vice-president for creative services. Dolce & Gabbana has now sent in an alternative Yuletide offering. "I believe they're framing one of their brassieres," says Doonan. "Given the past, even that is less controversial."

Steven Brill:
Slamming mediacrity

Nan Goldin:
Auction off

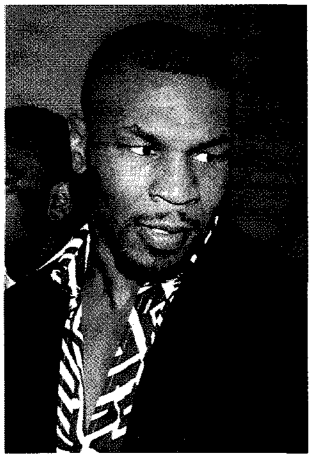
ALL THAT SHUTTERS IS NOT GOLDIN

Nan Goldin's name may be on the invitation to the International Center of Photography's upcoming benefit auction, but don't expect to see her work at the event. The photographer pulled out of the auction once she realized the center wouldn't put her downtown portraits in the permanent fashion-photography collection that it was raising funds to acquire. Goldin's studio manager says of the show, which also features photographs by **Richard Avedon, Annie Leibovitz,** and **Herb Ritts,** "We thought the letter that ICP sent us was misleading. It turns out that they're going to sell her work to buy other fashion photography, and why the hell should Nan do that?" The manager went on to explain that Goldin, who is approached frequently for benefits, prefers to focus only on those that are AIDS-related. Says an ICP committee member, "The letter wasn't unclear. They should have read it carefully from the beginning. This is a high-caliber event, and it's annoying to have the wrong information, especially after invitations have been distributed to the art, fashion, and photography communities. This is not very generous of her." Marek & Associates, the company that is co-hosting the event and that approached the photographers for ICP, would not comment.

BRILL NOT CONTENT WITH *ESQUIRE* COVER

Before he's even launched his new media magazine, **Steven Brill** is already causing trouble. Speaking to the American Society of Magazine Editors last week, Brill talked about his plans for *Content,* which might include, he explained, stories like "why an editor would have put that ridiculous story about **Kevin Spacey** in any magazine, let alone why the writer of that article is supposed to be some kind of star." Heads swiveled to catch the response of the clearly miffed **David Granger,** the *Esquire* editor who hired **Tom Junod** after an expensive bidding war with *GQ* and who ran his Kevin Spacey cover story suggesting, elliptically, that the star is gay. During the question-and-answer period that followed, Granger challenged Brill, who had described journalism as a profession as well as a business, to explain how his *American Lawyer* helped the legal profession. "I think I'd be the least objective person to answer that question," replied Brill. The two chatted privately after the talk. "He seems to equate the two words *truth* and *accuracy,*" explains Granger, "[and I said] I think truth is a much more complex concept than accuracy. That's when he said we should get together to talk about it." Counters Brill: "I think *he* said something [about how] we should get together sometime. I said I'd love to."

graphs: top, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma; bottom, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.



Mike Tyson:
Lights out

CENSORED PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Seventy-seven years after *Ulysses* was first banned, James Joyce is still being censored—this time, by those entrusted to preserve his legacy. Author **Richard Zacks** wanted to quote Joyce's 1909 love letters to Nora Barnacle in his upcoming *An Underground Education,* an alternative history book. The letters spell out details like Joyce's "wild beast-like craving for every inch" of his future wife's body. But the estate denied Zacks permission, and because publishing private letters has become a thorny legal issue, Zacks and Doubleday bowed to the estate's wishes. "It's so ironic," says Zacks, "that Joyce is being suppressed by his prudish grandson." Grandson **Stephen Joyce** would not come to the phone; agent **Andrew Wylie,** who just took over the Joyce estate, did not return calls.

DAVID-WEILL BACKS DAUGHTER'S *CRUSH*

Not all society daughters spend their time hosting charity balls and sipping tea. **Cécile de La Baume,** 37, daughter of Lazard Frères president **Michel David-Weill,** has published "an erotic novel" titled *Crush.* The book, recently translated from the French and just published here by Grove Press, is chock-full of graphic sex scenes and racy language, and caused quite an uproar when it was first published in France (one of the tamer passages: "I'd like to feel you . . . in my mouth, hear you cry out, see your eyes roll back, and penetrate into you for a long, long time . . ."). Explains De La Baume, "As a reader of romance novels, I was frustrated when the sex scenes were so vague—all they give you is rumpled sheets and the morning after." As for her family's reaction? Her father was apparently supportive. "He thinks it's a healthy book," the author says. "He doesn't think there's anything unnatural or perverted about it." Her mother is equally at ease with the subject matter. "When I first told her I had almost completed a novel, she turned very pale and asked me what it was about," reports De La Baume. "I told her it was an erotic novel, and she breathed a big sigh of relief and said, 'Oh, good, just so long as it's not about our family.' " Mr. David-Weill did not return calls.

KELLY'S NEW FRIEND; PHOTO OP'S END

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND: It may be 113 years old, but jewelry giant Bulgari is going to great lengths to create a new, youthful image for its Manhattan store's reopening. The retailer has pulled out all the stops to ensure that eighties pop star **Boy George** acts as D.J. at its opening party. Eager to avoid bureaucratic red tape, Bulgari brought in high-powered attorney **Richard Goldstein,** who reduced a four-week waiting period for a work permit to just four days; the company even agreed to fly George in on the Concorde. The hotshot lawyer was still worried that the papers wouldn't go through in time and ultimately found himself appealing to the American embassy, which expedited the process. "It was a roller-coaster ride. We were on the edge of our seats," says a spokesperson for Bulgari.

DARIEN IT AIN'T: Convicted rapist **Alex Kelly** is sharing a cell with another notorious criminal, according to the *Advocate* of Stamford: **Richard Lapointe,** who was convicted five years ago of raping and murdering his then-wife's grandmother. Lapointe suffers from a brain malformation known as Dandy-Walker syndrome; his case has been taken up by **Arthur Miller** and **William Styron,** and he has received sympathetic media coverage—in sharp contrast to his cellmate, who entered the maximum-security McDougall Correctional Institution on September 10.

TYSON'S PUNCH LINE: Mike Tyson was obviously in testosterone overdrive the night before he crashed his spanking-new Yamaha. When the scary pugilist came out of the Vudu Lounge with an unidentified woman and an equally unidentified pal, *Post* photographer **Gary Miller** attempted to capture the moment. "Tyson told him that if he took a picture, he'd punch his lights out," reports a witness. Miller quickly determined that he'd come out a loser and put his lens aside. But the clever shutterbug struck up a conversation with Tyson, who eventually agreed to pose astride his bike, while the girl was safely ensconced in a black Mercedes.

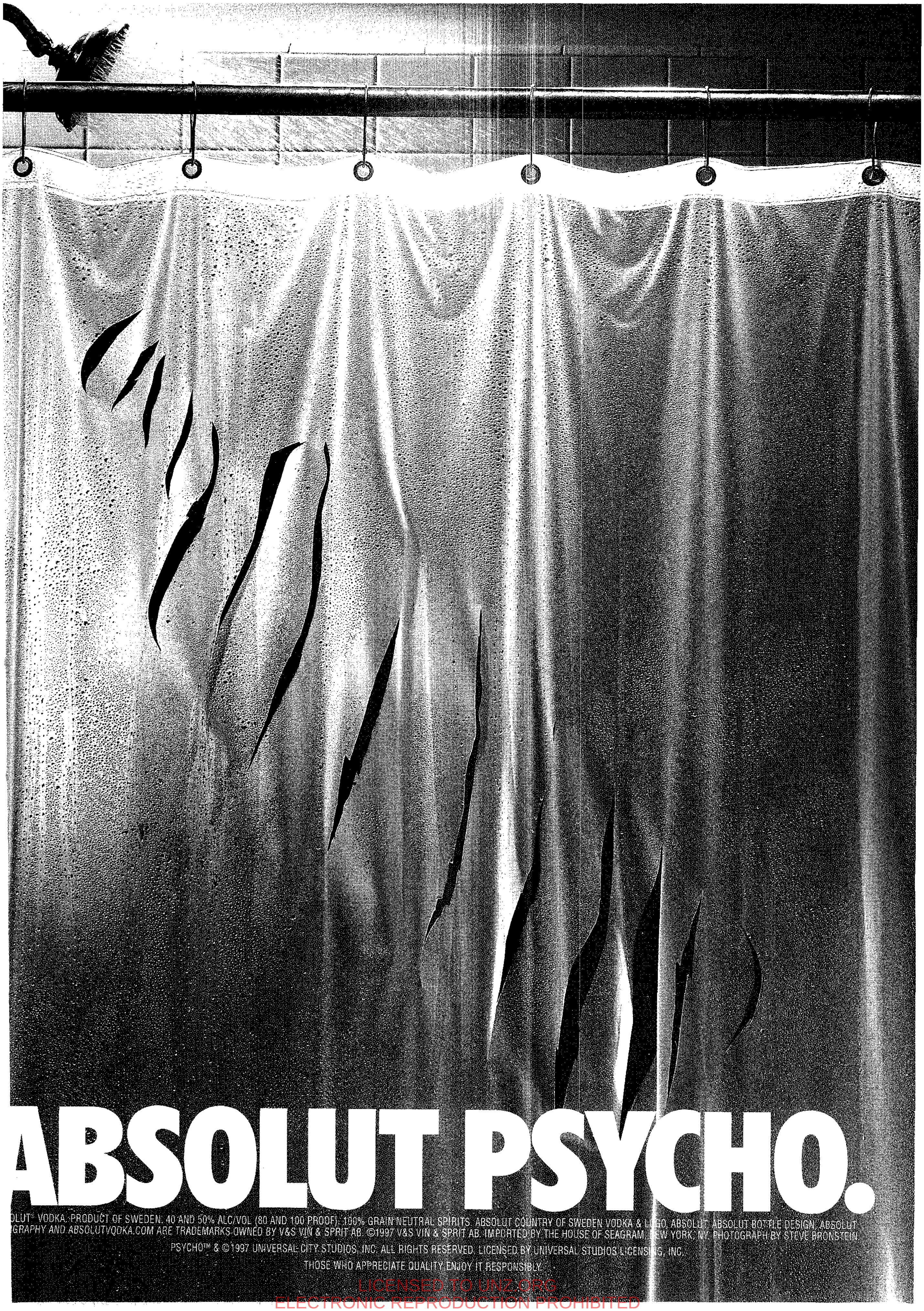
Boy George:
Career chameleon

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Shana Ting Lipton.

FASHION WEEK'S SURE BËT

Is Xuly Bët getting too big for its funky britches? The artsy women's label made the social gaffe of double-booking for Fashion Week, lending its name to two different parties, both to be held at Life. According to club insiders, Xuly Bët designer **Lamine Kouyate** committed to host *Paper* magazine's Fashion Week fête on November 5 and another for the Paris nightclub Les Bains Douches on the seventh, leaving organizers at *Paper* and Les Bains none too pleased. **Norma Quinto,** promoter for Les Bains Douches, claims Kouyate confirmed his appearance with the couple last month in Paris, but a spokesperson for Xuly Bët denies that the designer ever officially agreed to do the Les Bains party, explaining that scheduling conflicts were a problem from the start. Quinto insists that Xuly Bët's P.R. people are to blame for the mix-up, stating, "[They] confirmed the party with *Paper* without even letting Lamine know." Says *Paper* publisher **David Hershkovits,** "Seems to me that Xuly Bët would rather have no party than to do [the Bains Douches] party."

Photographs: left, Steve Sands/Outline; right, Jeff Slocomb/Ou



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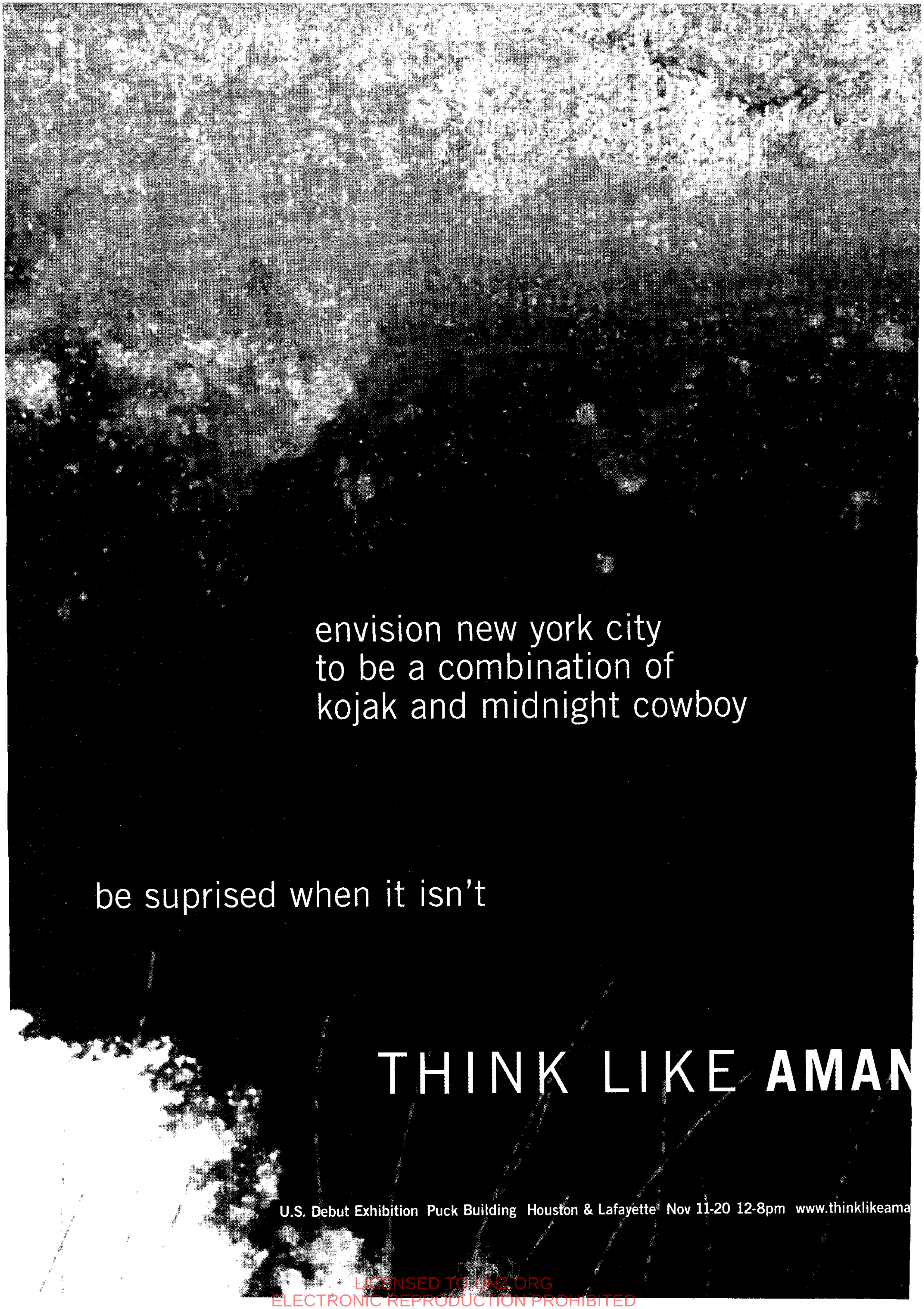
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NEW YORK IS A ROUND PYRAMID—*SALVADOR DALI*

GOTHAM

MISTER VERTIGO

The highs and lows of last week's wild financial ride.

THE APOCALYPSE CAME early for Andy. He's a currency vice-president at a European bank, and he follows the Interbank markets worldwide. By mid-ight Sunday, all four of his ome-phone lines were on hold ith calls from the Pacific Rim. was clear this would be an all-ghter.

The 6:28 from Katonah the xt morning was surprisingly, rogantly empty: Just a hand-l of those brooding-apoplectic pes from the bond desks and tures pits—the ones who re-ctantly follow the global econ-ny. Andy, who sees cyclicality everything, took the empty in as yet another sign that the rket was close to a top.

By 9:30, of course, everyone ew Hong Kong had collapsed d taken Europe with it. Didn't em to matter. Everything pped on the opening bell, as ected, but the recovery was mediate, and arrogance was in bulletproof. What's-his-ne in Thailand—or was it laysia—had taken on George ros a month earlier, and the market hadn't even hiccupped. Andy looked at the perfect dip-and-recover Vs forming on his various five-minute bar charts, shrugged his shoulders, and stood in awe once again before the unflappable bull. Too bad about London.

By 10 A.M., the Dow was close to 7,700 again, with a shot at going above that before the customary 10:30 reversal. Then the usual fighting and scalping until lunch. Too bad about Hong Kong, really.

When trading halted, no one on the floor knew what to do with himself. It was only 2:35. A minute later, on one of the more heavily capitalized futures floors downtown, a guy who actually went back to '87 decided he could single-handedly make a rally in the S&Ps with a buying spree at the bell. What arrogance, what *cojones:* The S&Ps had locked limit-down twice al-

(continued on page 20)

RASHOMON

Give Us Your Tired, Your Hungry, Your Recently Paroled

● "Israel has released a U.S.-born man convicted of killing two Palestinians on condition he spend the next eight years in the United States. In April 1982, [Alan] Goodman shot at Palestinians praying at the Temple Mount."
—*Associated Press*

● "We are outraged at Goodman's release. Simply sending the man out of Israel does not justify his crime. Letting him come here is even worse."
—*Said Hamad, deputy director of the Palestine Affairs Center*

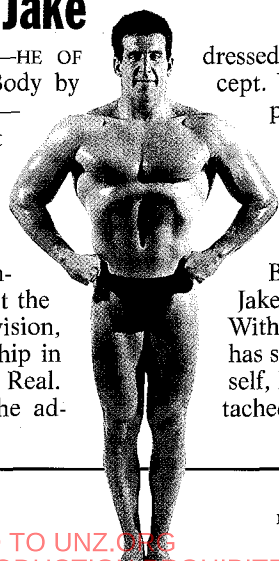
● "There was no 'deal' with the Israeli government. . . . While I certainly wouldn't say he's 'welcome,' the government cannot prevent his entry."
—*State Department spokesperson*

● "He's a good boy. He just wants to have some peace and quiet now."
—*a Goodman relative*

● "What I did was politically correct."
—*Alan Goodman*

CAMEO

Body and Soul by Jake



WHEN JAKE STEINFELD—HE OF the $300 million "Body by Jake" fitness empire—walks into a room, it is not his self-authored physique that one first notices. To be sure, it merits attention, but more striking is the fact that it occupies the standard three dimensions, not just the four walls of late-night television, that he has won dual citizenship in Infomercial Land and Planet Real. The NYU business students he addressed last week struggled with the concept. What would happen to the empire, a student asked, if Steinfeld died in a plane crash? "Gee, thanks," Steinfeld answered with a nervous laugh, but it was clear that the underlying question—could there be a Body by Jake without a Body of Jake?—had occurred to him before. With the wistful pride of a man who has successfully commodified his very self, he said, "Right now, I'm very attached to the brand."

on by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Nancy Ellison/Sygma.

Vertigo *continued from page 19*

ready, meaning anyone stuck with a contract had to eat limitless losses until the market unlocked. No one would say how many contracts were bought. Minutes later, the S&Ps locked limit-down again. Too bad about those poor bastards in Rio; man, they really got hammered.

At five or so Robert Rubin glissandoed down the Treasury steps like Norma Desmond, offered 30 seconds of platitudes, gave a Cheshire grin, and disappeared. A few hours later, Hong Kong collapsed again, taking Tokyo with it this time.

Tuesday breakfast was a 4 A.M. affair. Not just for Andy. Katonah is close to the end of the line, but his regular seat on the 6:28 was taken by the time he got on. By seven, the entire Metro-North was SRO.

In '87, the banks had stopped answering brokers' calls, leaving them out to dry. Now brokers knew better. For most of Tuesday, they didn't answer customers' calls. No one will ever know how much commission money was lost. One firm in L.A. seems to have disconnected five different 800 numbers. The lines of market-makers looking to dump were five to ten times longer than the buyers' lines on NASDAQ's Level Three. The S&Ps opened limit-down again.

Then came IBM's announcement of a $3.5 billion stock buyback. Up next was President Bill Clinton, who, like Herbert Hoover before him in '29, announced that the fundamentals of the economy were stronger than they had been in a generation. The speech was carried on trading-floor monitors from New York to Chicago. So government was sitting it out, and big business was stepping up to the plate. In Chicago, the S&Ps started to rally, and this time the stocks rose along with their futures.

Thursday morning, Andy slept in. By the time he stepped onto the platform at Grand Central, the S&Ps were tanking. Now, however, no one seemed to mind. Just another trading day. To Andy, it seemed like unspeakable arrogance. A sure sign the market was topping.

JOHN GOLDMAN

ACTIVISM

SWEAT COP

Kathie Lee's favorite organizer has big plans for the holidays.

Charles Kernaghan zeroes in on celebrities in the rag trade.

CHARLES KERNAGHAN GETS into the Christmas spirit early. The president of the National Labor Committee needs time to orchestrate his "Holiday Season of Conscience," time to rouse consumers into sufficient fits of indignation at the retail giants—Wal-Mart, Disney, Guess?—that, he alleges, continue to sell clothing made in sweatshops. So in mid-November, just as the shopping season gets under way, Kernaghan will release a list of apparel companies with the worst human-rights practices. Meanwhile, out in the streets, the NLC will be trying to gather 1 million signatures on a workers'-rights petition to present to President Clinton, who has endorsed the campaign.

Kernaghan's style is unusual: Rather than pay corporations the usual diplomatic courtesies—meeting in private, trying to build consensus, using negative publicity only as a last resort—he takes his message straight to the media. "The element of surprise is critical," he says. "We often just let the companies hang themselves."

In the past twelve months, Kernaghan launched the attack on Kathie Lee Gifford, proved his case, and won her over as a convert. In the wake of that scandal, President Clinton endorsed a new code of conduct for the industry. Even *Women's Wear Daily* declared that "Charles Kernaghan and his anti-sweatshop battle have been shaking up the issue of labor abuses in the apparel industry like nothing since the Triangle Shirtwaist fire."

Such behavior hasn't won him any allies among the executive class. Kernaghan's pit-bull-style methods also diverge sharply from those of pro-labor activists who favor more traditional tactics, such as consumer boycotts, about which Kernaghan is skeptical. "I try to purchase only union-mad clothing," he says, but "it' nothing I'd go recommendin to people. You can't build movement on it." He says he' just updating the rules. "We us the media in ways that othe groups don't. Fundamentall we see this as a battle over pub lic perception. The companie understand this, but I think lot of other groups—includin the unions—don't."

But living by the sound bit can mean dying by the soun bite. When the NLC targete Disney, the company tried a unusual defense. "These accus tions have been around for a most three years now," a Disn spokesman said, as if that nega ed them. On the other hand, yo can bet that neither Disney n any of the apparel giants wan to appear on Kernaghan's ho day hit list.

AYEL PRE

TRENDS

Virgin Territory

THIS WEDNESDAY, IN A SMALL, PRIVATE CEREMONY, John Cardinal O'Connor will bless the newly expanded Saint Patrick's gift shop, which after years of existence in a tiny cathedral alcove will now sit proudly just down the street from A/X Armani Exchange.

The church is a bit shy about seeming entrepreneurial (God and Mammon, you know) but its retail expansion may provide divine guidance for a job-hungry, quality-of-life-obsessed city. Consider this: Nationally, the Christian retail business racks up $3 billion in annual sales—about as much as the triple-X rental-movie industry. But while the mayor has driven the number of local porn shops down from 177 to 128, the inspirational industry has done little to expand its tiny presence in New York. Out west, mere towns support huge religious emporia, filled with quality products like Testamints ("The Mint with a Message") and WWJD ("What Would Jesus Do?") insignia. If New York can accommodate Home Depots, why not a few outlets like these?

The products that fly off the shelves at those evangelical superstores won't be available at the tasteful new Sain Pat's shop. But now that the Vatica has started to license the image from its vast art holdings, Catholics who used to dominate the religious-goods market, may be making comeback.

ADAM FISHE

Photographs: top, Kathy Willens/AP/Wid
bottom, Steve

FINANCE

"Correction" Dep't: Glossary of a Crash Retold

● "The market is a fickle mistress," say its players and pundits, and so are the buzzwords they use to describe it. Seldom in Wall Street's long history of slippery doublespeak has market terminology evolved more quickly than it did last week. Below, a few meta-mutations from the Doomsday Lexicon.

IVAN SOLOTAROFF

TERM	... BEFORE MONDAY	... AS OF MONDAY	... TUESDAY
ASSET REALLOCATION	The gradual movement of funds from one type of financial instrument to another, usually safer one.	Why didn't I listen to Dad? I don't want to eat cat food from a can.	The act of a man afraid of his own shadow.
THE FLIGHT TO QUALITY	The attempt, during times of panic, to find risk-free investments.	Gold? Treasuries? Cash under the mattress!	Hello, New York? 10,000 Intel, any price.
THE INSTITUTIONS	The big boys: mutual funds, pension funds, insurance companies, etc.	The only hope. Will these 26-year-old counterfeit-Cohiba suckers stay the course?	The snot-nosed pigs who tripped the circuit breakers.
IBM	Aging tech giant that turned it around in time to catch the tail o' the bull.	Why on earth did I buy that dinosaur?	The buy-back saviors. Go Big Blue!
VOLATILITY	The degree and speed with which markets move. A measure/indicator of risk.	Captain, we can't take this kind of punishment much longer.	"Go! Go! Go!" (chant begun at 2:45 as NYSE volume neared 1 billion).
BUY AND HOLD	The "old-fashioned way," as opposed to trade, speculate, and panic.	Your call is important to us. Please continue to hold for the next available broker.	The final lesson of 1987.
500-POINT LOSS	1987. A startling but necessary correction, created by unique circumstances.	And I looked in the Heavens and saw the four horsemen . . .	Yesterday's downdraft.
THE PACIFIC RIM	The markets and businesses of the Far East.	I don't care where the sun rises. I'm not losing Jr.'s tuition to these paper tigers.	End-market consumer base.
THE GLOBAL ECONOMY	The interconnection of markets and currencies.	Maybe I'll do the living room over in bhat.	God bless America.

NICE JEWISH BOY SEEKS HOT-BLOODED JEWISH GIRL FOR LOVE IN COLDER CLIMES PART II

● JAY RAMRAS ISN'T LOSING hope in his quest to find a Jewish bride willing to go home with him to Alaska, but it's been a hard week. Fortunately, he has help.

THE ADVISER: Cathy, an executive assistant who lives down the hall ("Jay's little Waspy confidante," she calls herself), strictly enforces a prerequisite: All candidates must like the idea of moving to Alaska. "I check in with her every night," says Jay.

THE ADVICE: Make at least one date every day. Cathy bought him a daily planner to replace his customary scraps of paper, "so I don't screw up."

THE PROSPECTS: A schoolteacher who's been to Alaska and loved it, and an executive assistant obsessed with the *Love Boat* episode in which Julie McCoy must decide between staying with her new love in Alaska and sailing off on the *Pacific Princess*. (Note to Jay: Julie chose the *Princess*.)

ITELINES

The Second Coming of the Roger Williams

MADISON AVENUE BELOW 34TH STREET IS Nowheresville, a stretch of carpet showrooms and all-night delis, centrally located but obscure. The area did enjoy a moment of notoriety a few years ago when its rundown hotels were briefly favored by the city as repositories for the homeless. Now, on the corner of Madison and 31st Street, there is a building so self-assured that it appears to have been transplanted from the Armani end of the avenue: the Roger Williams hotel, a 1928 gem rescued from fleabagdom by the Gotham Hospitality Group.

The interior, minimalist but for the grand piano in the lobby, looks Scandinavian, or possibly Japanese. The designer, however, is Uruguayan-born architect Rafael Viñoly, who has lived and worked in New York since 1979. Viñoly has spent the past several years designing the massive Tokyo International Forum, but says that what he learned from the Japanese is a facility for working in "small dimensions." Indeed, the Roger Williams's diminutive guest rooms are furnished ingeniously, with custom-made furniture fitted like puzzle pieces and shoji screens blocking dreary views of neighboring office buildings. But the hotel's greatest achievement is the way it transforms its stretch of Madison Avenue. Unlike Philippe Starck's Paramount and Royalton—hermetically sealed universes of cool—Viñoly's Roger Williams embraces the street, lighting up a corner of Nowheresville as if it were someplace special. KARRIE JACOBS

aph by Robert Wright.

DIARY OF...

The Lone Trader

WHEN I WAS 11, I EMBARKED ON A CAREER IN finance. It lasted only two days, during which I bought four shares of Exxon stock under the tutelage of my mother, and then pretty much forgot about them. It wasn’t until after college that I found out those four shares had increased in value by 900 percent. That was in 1992, at the beginning of this bull market. I began teaching myself how to invest; today, I make my living trading stocks from home.

So last Monday really sucked.

I wasn’t surprised that the previous week’s sell-off was continuing, but the Dow’s sheer morning drop of 250 points was hard to take. I turned to CNBC, whose correspondents I usually consider allies, even co-workers and friends (working at home can be damaging to the psyche), but their attempt to encapsulate this massive disruption in cute little catch phrases like “Blue Monday” or “Asian Flu” was driving me out the window. Nevertheless, with CNNfn on in one room and CNBC on in another, I paced around my apartment wondering what to do.

What I knew I *wasn’t* going to do was sell: Anyone who sold during the 1987 crash regretted it. So I watched as the Dow and NASDAQ crashed through one support level after another, and fixated unhealthily on the $20,000 I’d lost in three trading days. I also pondered my enemies: “gurus” like Barton Biggs from Morgan Stanley (who are wrong far more than I could ever afford to be) and money managers who kept warning that small investors would panic. (*They’re* the ones who can’t see farther than their yearly bonuses, who sell everything at the news that, God forbid, employment is up.)

Sick of these so-called experts, I went online to chat with my fellow home traders, who clearly found the chaos exhilarating. “Even popular-music stations in Los Angeles were commenting on what was happening,” one person wrote. “You know when a rock D.J. says something about the stock market that it’s a big event.”

Many expressed gratitude for our little electronic community: “It’s like everyone’s watching a ball game in progress and assessing performance while they toss one-liners!” said “TMF News.” “I think most investors can grasp fundamentals of the U.S. economy and companies just fine, but throw in intricate moves in the Hang Seng, and who wouldn’t want somewhere to go for a little background and context?”

On Tuesday I decided to do some trading. Apparently, so did every other person in America, because my telebroker was even slower than usual. I called the usually off-limits voice line—and prepared my lunch, ate it, and watched Jerry Springer, all while on hold. Finally, a woman on the verge told me that my trades had gone through. It might just have been the scariest moment of my investing life. But I even made a nice profit.

Trading is a sport for obsessive-compulsive people, and doing it solo is even more so. Communicating with my fellow home traders, knowing that I wasn’t alone in being alone, helped. But so did knowing that whatever the real-life consequences of my job, it still pretty much came down to watching TV and talking to my friends. Just like when I was 11. KATE AURTHUR

THE SCENE

Rock of Ages

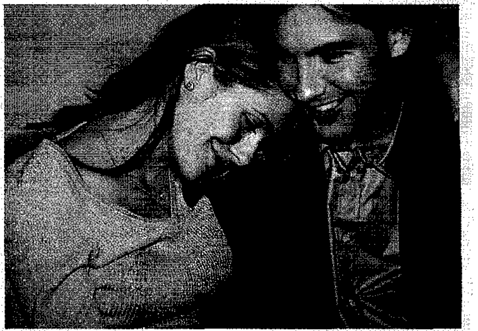
At parties with David Lee Roth and ZZ Top.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

David Lee Roth and Andy Dick celebrate the one-year anniversary of Chaos.

Collector Jeffrey Deitch and artist Janine Antoni at the reopening of the P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center.

Barbara Leary, Dennis and Victoria Hopper, and Tony Shafrazi at the Dia Center for the Arts Fall Gala, honoring Mildred and Martin Friedman and Emily Rauh Pulitzer.



At Clementine, for a party hosted by Kyra Sedgwick and Emanuel/Emanuel Ungaro, *Manhattan File’s* Christina Greeven sits with singer Duncan Sheik.

Ashley Judd amid ZZ Top at the VH1 Fashion Awards at Madison Square Garden.

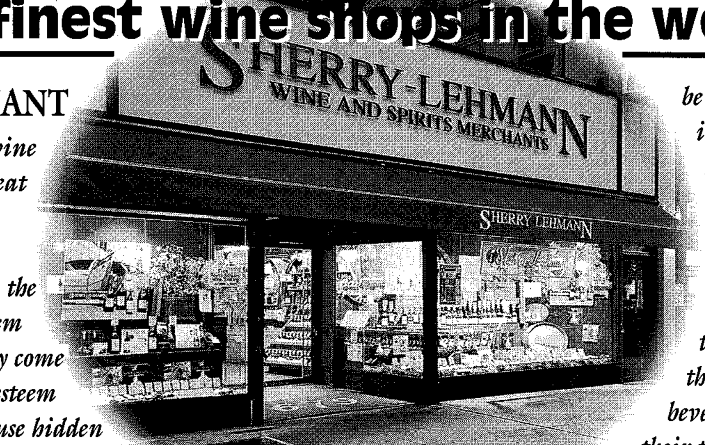
Sharon Stone and set designer Tony Duquette at the opening of his boutique in Bergdorf Goodman.

Amber Valletta and Pauline Trigère at the reopening of the Elizabeth Arden Red Door Salon & Spa.

Sherry-Lehmann

'One of the finest wine shops in the world" – Zagat Survey

BEST WINE MERCHANT



'Our Choice for the city's best wine hop is Sherry-Lehmann, the great mporium on Madison Avenue 'at 61st St.). And that's hardly ecause we regularly belly up to the ounter and order cases of Yquem or our sons to inherit when they come f age. Quite the contrary. We esteem herry-Lehmann precisely because hidden ehind the intimidating array of precious ottles ... there lurks a friendly staff that would be as happy to sell you an inexpensive Oregon Pinot Noir, and teach you something about it, as they would to walk some swell through a big-ticket purchase. Sherry-Lehmann's all business, but they're aware that their business is ultimately the slightly silly one of peddling beverages. And that, along with their terrific selection, wins them our nod." -New York Press

FASHIONABLE ITALIAN RED & WHITE WINES ON SALE

).	ITALIAN RED WINE	BOTTLE	CASE
68	AMARONE 1991 Allegrini	29.95	359.40
2	AMARONE CLASSICO 1983 Zenato	27.95	359.40
1	BARBARESCO "ALBERTA" 1993 Contratto	39.95	479.40
3	BARBARESCO "SANTO STEFANO" 1993 Bruno Giacosa	66.95	803.40
02	BARBERA "LA SERA" 1995	7.95	95.40
93	BARBERA D'ASTI "CAMP DU ROUSS" 1995 Coppo	13.95	167.40
	BAROLO "BOSCARETTO" 1990 Batasiolo	34.95	419.40
	BAROLO "VILLERO" 1993 Bruno Giacosa	62.95	755.40
	BRUNELLO RISERVA 1983 Col d'Orcia	29.95	359.40
	BRUNELLO DI MONTALCINO RISERVA 1991 Soldera	179.95	2,159.40
27	CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1995 Mezza Corona	6.99	83.88
	CHIANTI CLASSICO RISERVA 1994 Antinori	15.95	191.40
	CHIANTI CLASSICO 1995 Badia a Coltibuono	15.95	191.40
0	CHIANTI CLASSICO 1994 Castellare di Castellina	12.95	155.40
	CHIANTI CLASSICO 1993 Castello di Querceto	9.95	119.40
	CHIANTI CLASSICO 1995 Fonterutoli	14.50	174.00
	CHIANTI CLASSICO RISERVA "MONA LISA" 1993 Vignamaggio	17.95	215.40
1	CHIANTI CLASSICO RISERVA "IL POGGIO" 1983 Monsanto	24.95	299.40
	CHIANTI CLASSICO RISERVA DUCALE GOLD 1990 Ruffino	29.95	359.40
	COSTERA 1994 Argiolas	9.95	119.40
	DOLCETTO D'ALBA 1996 Clerico	15.95	191.40
	FOBIANO MERLOT 1995 La Carraia	29.95	359.40
	GRAVELLO 1991 Librandi	17.95	215.40
	LA GROLA 1993 Allegrini	14.95	179.40

NO.	ITALIAN RED WINE	BOTTLE	CASE
181	MERLOT 1993 Mezza Corona	7.59	91.08
582	NOTARPANARO 1990 Cosimo Taurino	9.95	119.40
193	LE PUPILLE MORELLINO DI SCANSANO 1992	15.95	191.40
314	RAMITELLO RISERVA 1994 Di Majo Norante	9.49	113.88
983	SANGIOVETO 1990 Badia a Coltibuono	49.95	599.40
7200	SASSOALORO 1994 J. Biondi-Santi	26.95	323.40
369	VINO NOBILE MONTEPULCIANO 1993 La Braccesca	14.95	179.40

NO.	ITALIAN WHITE WINE	BOTTLE	CASE
4099	ARNEIS 1996 Mancheiro Carbone	11.95	143.40
1078	BREGANZE DI BREGANZE 1995 Maculan	11.95	143.40
850	CHARDONNAY DELLA SALA 1996 Antinori	8.95	107.40
7150	CHARDONNAY 1994 Mezza Corona	6.99	83.88
801	GAVI LA SCOLCA BLACK LABEL 1995	29.95	359.40
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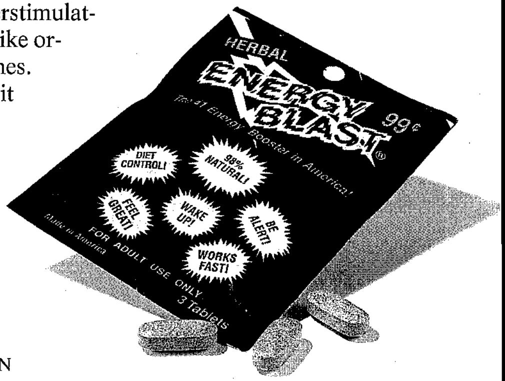
GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

Pep Talk

Against all odds, the latest mood-enhancing substance to hit clubland is not only affordable—it's *legal.* Energy Blast, a foil packet of three "energy booster" pills that goes for a mere 99 cents at your local Korean deli, is fast becoming the upper of choice among overstimulated, underage night crawlers. "It's sort of like organic crystal meth," one 21-year-old gushes. "The high's not as satisfying, but at least it doesn't make you paranoid." He's right about that, at least: Despite the array of exotic ingredients listed on the package (Korean red ginseng, Siberian ginseng, gotu kola, fo ti), whatever kick the pills deliver comes mostly from plain old everyday caffeine. "You'll probably get as much of a buzz from a cup of coffee," says an FDA spokesperson.

James Patrick Herman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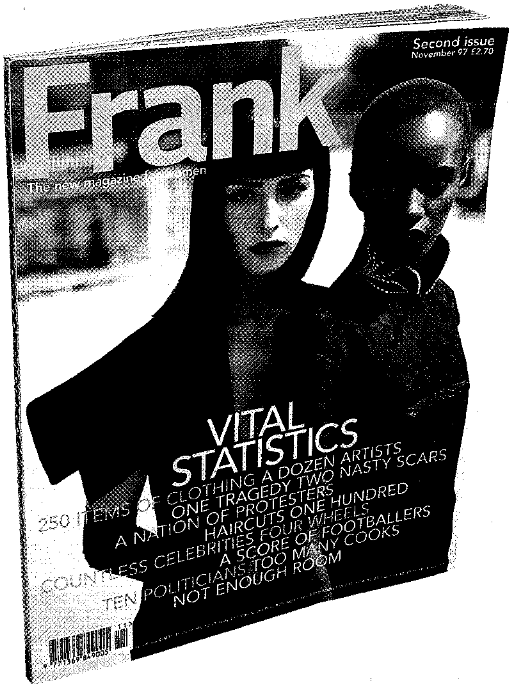
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TEN POLITICIANS TOO MANY COOKS
NOT ENOUGH ROOM

Frankly, My Dear

A pregnant model, smutty language, impossibly hip cultural references, a dig at Naomi Wolf: hardly standard fare for a women's magazine. But *Frank,* a new glossy from the British publishers of *The Face* and *Arena,* isn't playing by the rules. The fashion spreads tend to be austere psychodramas (like headless models creeping around a strangely sterile motel room), and in the first issue's obligatory woman-of-style-and-substance profile, Trudie "Mrs. Sting" Styler was—horrors—actually branded a hypocrite. Despite flouting conventions, the magazine's a hit, even here, where the first issue quickly sold out ("It was those model-y types buying it," reports one Hudson News clerk). The second issue—with a profile of Zandra Rhodes and a celebration of the compost heap—arrives this week.

BODY TYPE

The Ripple Effect

Seaweed wraps, $60 creams, spandex underwear—the entrepreneurial energy of the anti-cellulite industry is something to behold. The latest innovation to hit the American market: endermologie, a technique pioneered in France and popular there for the past decade. Practitioners, wielding a machine akin to a souped-up Dustbuster, massage and suction patients' problem areas. Happily, the idea is not to yank the cellulite right through the skin but rather to (a) break down fat cells by increasing blood flow and (b) lengthen contracted tissue, thereby sundering the fibrous bands that attach skin to subcutaneous fat and create that disheartening "dimpled" look. No post-op scars, only the occasional bruise, swelling, and slight discomfort ("Your legs feel like you've just run a marathon," enthuses one devotee).

Denise Margulies, a personal trainer and licensed "endermologie technician" at Manhattan's Skin & Body Care (one of 27 endermologie purveyors in the New York area), recommends that first-timers start with twelve to fifteen weekly sessions at $100 a pop, with monthly maintenance visits to follow. The American Dermatological Association is cautiously optimistic about endermologie. An ADA spokesman notes, "It must be done with some intensity in order to achieve results, which must be maintained, and more research needs to be done." Meanwhile, there's always next year's New York City Marathon (entry fee: $50).

Kate Coyne

Vanity Plates

Further testament to the limitless manifestations of the vanity trade: Gil Ferrer, the swank Madison Avenue salon, now offers a "passport makeover" for self-conscious globe-trotters. Clients (such as Judy Licht, shown here) get cut, colored, and made over; professionally lit and styled; and captured in a two-by-three-inch photo for use in a passport or driver's license. "We wanted to do the makeovers right there at the passport office," explains Penny Kjellberg, the salon's publicist, "but they wouldn't let us. They thought it was going to be like a movie shoot." Indeed, the powers that be don't much like the idea. "There's not supposed to be any makeup," warns a passport-agency officer. "There could be trouble if they don't look like that when they get off the plane."

PASSPORT
NEW YORK

Photographs: clockwise from top, Steve Wisbauer (2); Steve Freeman.

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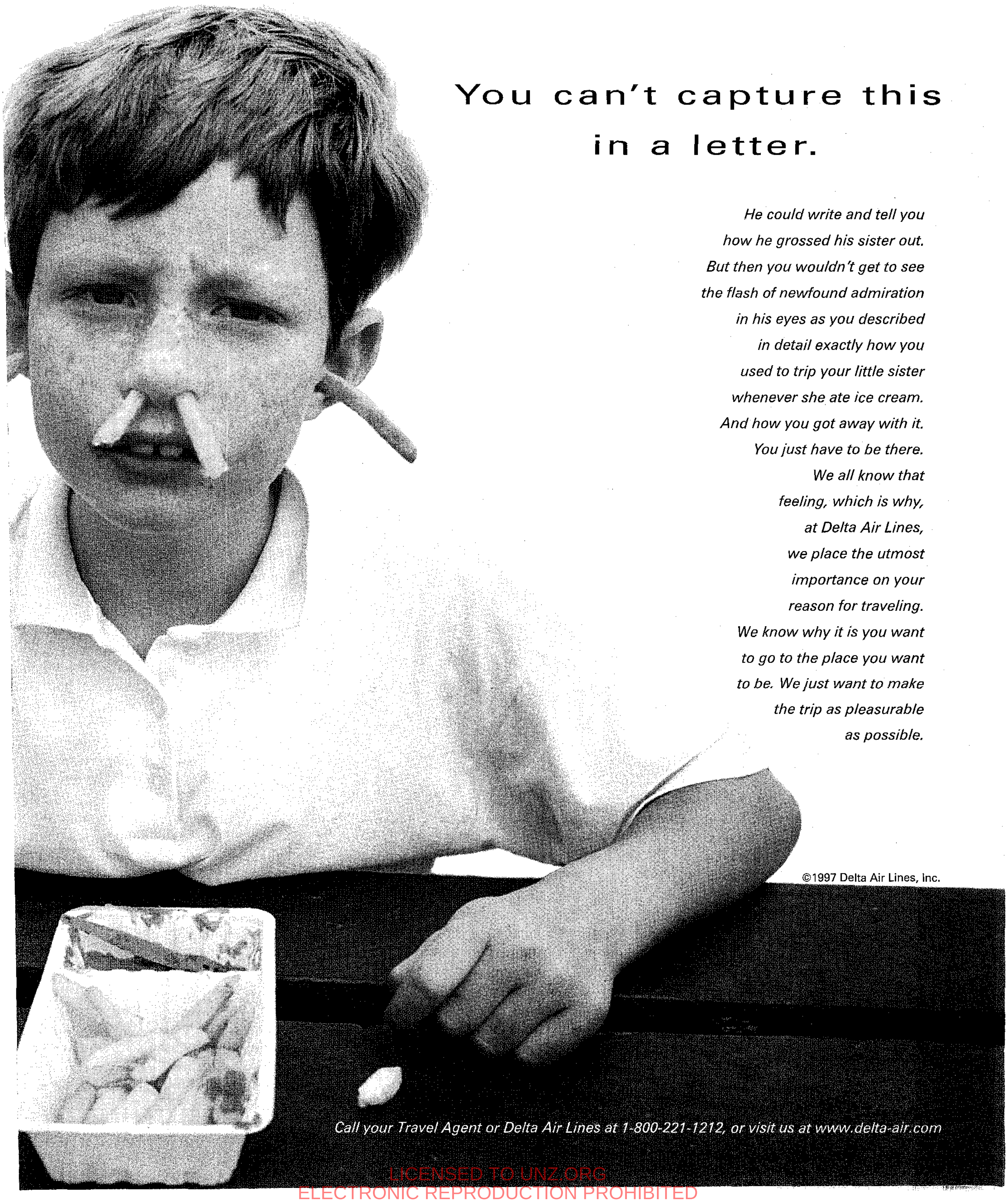

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THE BOTTOM LINE JOHN LISCIO

Fasten Your Seatbelts

It may get bumpier. Alan Greenspan was so busy beating up inflation, he didn't notice deflation had sneaked in the back door.

IT LOOKS LIKE ALAN GREENSPAN dodged the bullet again. Most central bankers are fortunate enough to avoid any kind of market crash during their tour of duty. Last week's 554-point nosedive was the second mammoth collapse to occur on the current Fed chairman's watch. If you're scoring at home, don't put away your calculator just yet. The market may have rebounded much more quickly than it did in October 1987, but that doesn't mean we're out of the hot zone.

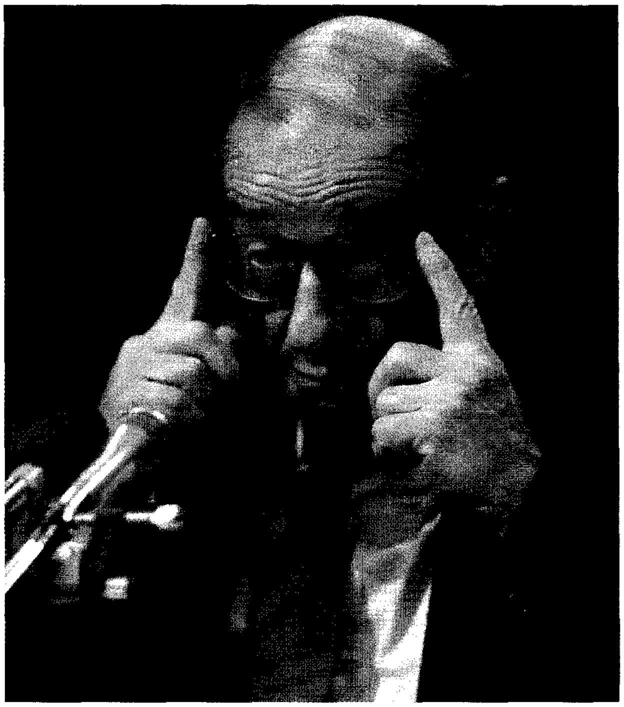
Newspaper editors may be as squeamish as airline pilots when it comes to using the "C" word, but how else to describe the more than $1 trillion that three days of pounding subtracted from the net worth of investors in U.S. equities, or the 15 percent one-day decline in Brazil, or two double-digit dives in Hong Kong?

One of the compelling features of last week's plunge was its global synchronicity. What started as a currency crisis in Hong Kong spilled over into the whole of Asia and Australia, then migrated to Europe and North and South America. Aside from U.S.-government securities, there was simply no place to hide. Even gold sank to a twelve-year low, inspired by apparent selling from the Swiss Central Bank, no less.

Central bankers, first and foremost, are sworn inflation fighters; on that score they've earned an "A." But it's starting to look like Greenspan and his colleagues in other G-7 countries overdid it.

Given the current quiescence of price pressures in the developed world, one has to question their dogged, if not misdirected, campaign against an invisible enemy. With the exception of Japan, whose economy plummeted by more than 11 percent last quarter, every other G-7 country has tightened the monetary screws this year while also pursuing stringent fiscal policies.

Enough of the hair shirts already! U.S. authorities have been so relentless in their battle to balance the budget that the job should be done sometime early next year. As it stands, the current budget deficit of $22.6 billion is a mere third of one percent of GDP, a tenfold improvement since Clinton took office. Across the pond, double-digit unemployment in Germany and France suggests that the austerity measures mandated by the European Monetary Union may carry too high a price.



Battle stations, everyone: Greenspan tries to reassure Congress.

Though the historic stock-market sell-off began in Hong Kong, Greenspan himself must shoulder some of the blame. In testimony and speeches over the summer, the Fed chairman spoke at length about how "the maturity of major technologies" has led to more rapid productivity growth, fatter corporate profits, and subdued inflation. This is outside-the-envelope stuff from a normally staid central banker whose preferred rhetorical style is obfuscation. In private conversation, Greenspan even allowed that deflation might be an emerging problem.

Deflation. Now there's a forgotten foe. If you're like me, you've lived with steadily rising prices nearly all your life. Experience has probably taught you that inflation is natural, normal, even inexorable. But as David Hackett Fischer points out in *The Great Wave: Price Revolutions and the Rhythm of History*, this common assumption just ain't so.

The Western world has endured four very long bouts of inflation in the past eight centuries. The last began in 1896 and has continued to the present day (interrupted by the Depression in the thirties). But conditions that drove prices higher for the past hundred years are changing rapidly. This has led some observers to speak of a new paradigm; upon closer inspection, it may not be so new after all.

The demand for product created by unfettered population growth has galvanized inflation in this century. But with the birth rates in many industrialized countries falling off, these populations show no signs of being replenished.

This powerful demographic trend has coincided with the abrupt end of the Cold War, which in turn has sent global expenditures for defense spiraling downward, exerting another negative pull on aggregate demand. Since 1990, the annual value of government assets privatized throughout the world has trebled, the growth of government spending has been sharply curtailed, and public employment has been shrinking. The shredding of the Iron Curtain has, in turn, increased free trade and competition across the globe. Rapid technological advancements, as Greenspan has noted, have also brought price down, by both increasing productivit and cutting labor costs. Deregulation too, has tugged prices downward. And restrictions on investment have been reduced virtually everywhere, what with b

Photograph by Joe Marquette/AP/Wide V

lateral investment treaties on the upswing and many countries now allowing businesses to accept more foreign cash.

One of the reasons the U.S. is enjoying strong growth and declining inflation is because we are importing deflation from the rest of the world. Due to overzealous investment, China now has enough capacity to produce twice as much as it does. That excess capacity is putting a squeeze on prices and threatening the export-driven economies of Southeast Asia and even Japan.

Does this describe a world that could benefit from higher interest rates? Well, that's exactly what Greenspan intimated in a bombshell speech he delivered to Congress on October 8. Perhaps concerned that his summertime optimism about the economy had boosted equity prices to even loftier heights, Greenspan declared that the economy was on an "unsustainable track. . . . If labor demand continues to outpace sustainable increases in supply," he warned, "the question is surely when, not whether, labor costs will escalate more rapidly."

Why the shift? Greenspan surely knew that the Bundesbank was going to raise short-term German rates the very next day. And it is almost certain he was aware of the outsized (and aberrant) gain in the September producer price index that would hit the tape on October 10. The monetary hawks on the Fed's policy panel may also be urging him to jack short-term rates up modestly to head off any incipient inflation down the road.

In any event, the markets promptly swooned. Faced with a hostile Fed and calamitous markets in troubled Southeast Asia, that swoon soon turned into a full-fledged rout. It was the small investor who came to the rescue. An ABC News poll conducted after Monday's record slide found that eight in ten Americans believe the U.S. stock market will stabilize or bounce back in both the near- and long-term future. And get this: Only one percent of U.S. stockholders were thinking about selling. The very next day, investors poured enough money back into the stock market to generate a 337-point gain on record volume. IBM did its part to end the weeping and gnashing of teeth by announcing it would buy back $3.5 billion of its stock. Even Abby Joseph Cohen, the Joan of Arc of this upward charge, emerged rom a brief, meditative retreat, to prolaim the bull still snorting.

But is the market immune from further nd deeper plunges? That depends on whether Greenspan and his cohorts overseas turn their sights away from the retreating enemy of inflation and focus on the bête noire in plain view. Not long ago, *USA Today* ran a lengthy piece under the banner headline LOOK OUT BELOW: PRICES ARE FALLING EVERYWHERE. The article detailed how many everyday consumer items were tumbling in price. A box of Kleenex is now just 87 cents at Wal-Mart (last year, it went for $1.17). Charmin toilet paper in the twelve-roll economy pack costs $2.78, down from $3.47 last year.

Those kinds of price drops used to be most closely associated with high-tech products. Now the price of just about any item can be slashed. How can this be happening, with low unemployment and the economy percolating? Competition is more cutthroat than ever. With superstores and flagships shooting up on every street corner, there's just too much samey merchandise on the block for companies to make a profit. In case you haven't noticed, there's a full-fledged price war in the auto industry. Chrysler broadly lowered new-model sticker prices for the first time since the sixties. The New York City Transit Authority is actually considering cutting the price of a subway fare. Discounting is so prevalent that the New York *Times* ran a lengthy feature on the plummeting cost of street sex.

Last Wednesday, Greenspan appeared to signal that the Fed will not raise interest rates when its policy panel next convenes in November. He even went so far as to say that the recent crash would, in time, be viewed as a "salutary" event, which slowed the "unsustainable pace" of economic activity and would "help to prolong our six-and-a-half-year business expansion." He also assured investors that the Asian crisis will have only a modest impact on the U.S. economy because exports to trouble spots like Thailand, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Malaysia account for only 4 percent of total U.S. exports. Add Hong Kong, Korea, Singapore, and Taiwan to the mix and the combined groups constitute just 16 percent of the U.S. export market. Greenspan even resurrected talk about the "new paradigm," allowing that greater productivity growth has contributed to an increase in corporate earnings power. However, he stopped short of asserting that the emerging new economic era spelled the death of inflation.

The U.S. economy is sound, inflation is falling, real wages are rising, and the budget deficit is virtually in balance. "The U.S. economy," as Nixon once said, "is so strong only a genius could ruin it." Let's hope the genius central bankers don't continue to direct their monetary firepower in the wrong direction. ■

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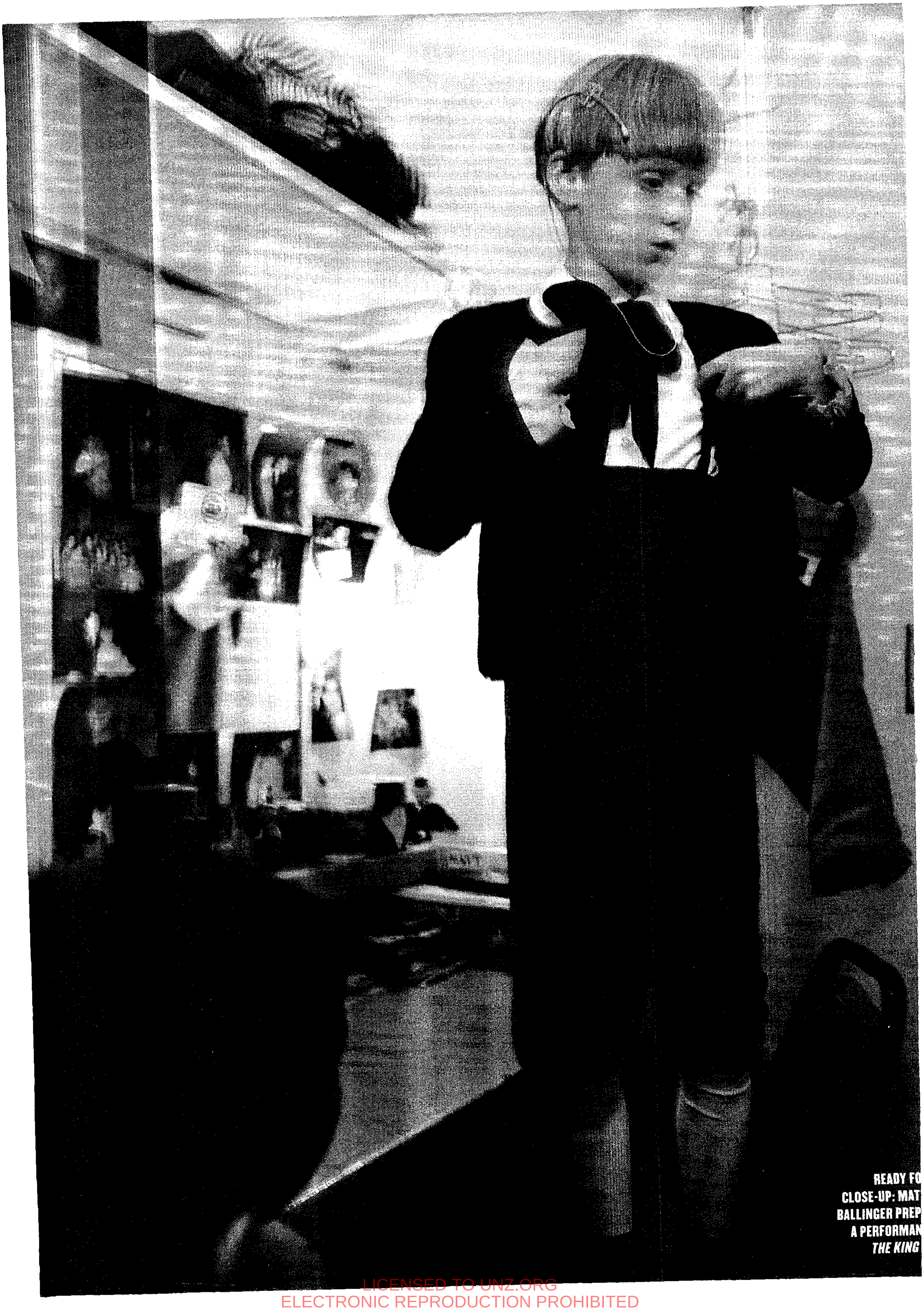


READY FO
CLOSE-UP: MAT
BALLINGER PREP
A PERFORMAN
THE KING

Attack of the Four-Foot Celebrities

THEY *LOOK* LIKE ORDINARY KIDS, BUT DON'T BE FOOLED. TODAY'S CHILD STARS, SAYS AN AGENT, ARE "MUTANTS," WHO CAN SING LIKE SINATRA, DANCE LIKE ASTAIRE, AND WIN THE AUDITION RAT RACE WHILE DRAGGING PARENTS ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

BY RALPH GARDNER JR.

NINE-YEAR-OLD JULIA YORKS IS MORE THAN JUST AN actress. She's also a songwriter. "Rosie O'Donnell, you're tops," she sings in the hallway of a building on West 26th Street as she waits her turn to audition for a role in the upcoming Broadway revival of *The Sound of Music.* ou're the zaniest host with ratings soaring." ▪ "They know out it," whispers Julia's mother, Pat Yorks. "They might t it on the air." ▪ "Rosie O'Donnell, you're tops," Julia es on. "You're lovable, huggable, and the Queen of Nice." Seated a few feet away is the equally talented Christina nn Skleros with her dad. Yankee fans may remember

GET ABOUT THE VON TRAPPS: THE PETKANAS FAMILY AT THEIR AGENT'S OFFICE.

IOTOGRAPHED BY MARK PETERSON/SABA

Christina as the "good-luck charm" who sang the national anthem at game six of the 1996 World Series. I wonder whether an 8-year-old gets butterflies before stepping up to the plate in front of 50,000 fans.

"Fifty-seven thousand," Christina corrects me. "I wasn't nervous at all. I'm never nervous."

CHILD ACTORS ARE USUALLY thought to be the creations of stage parents, pushed from audition to audition with little choice in the matter. But in an age when media-savvy kids scheme their way on to talk shows and don't even need to visit the bathroom before singing to sold-out stadium audiences, stage moms almost seem quaint.

"I've had 4- and 5-year-olds tell me they have agents, managers, and publicists," said Ilene Starger, the former head of casting for Touchstone and Walt Disney Pictures and now an independent casting director. "These are children one has never heard of."

Child stardom has never seemed more accessible—with the flourishing number of kid-friendly cable channels; sitcoms about families of every race, color, and creed; and the Disneyfication of Broadway with shows like *Beauty and the Beast* and the upcoming *Lion King.* What's more, the trend these days is away from sugar-coated sitcom kids toward more naturalistic, sarcastic, moody, knowing children who don't even appear to be acting—in other words, New York kids.

"Everybody's constantly looking for the next breakout child," explained Mark Saks, the director of casting for Warner Brothers Television. "Right now, real is very in."

Business is booming for the young and precocious. Jonathan Lipnicki, who did a commendable job playing Renee Zellweger's son in *Jerry Maguire,* now shares a sitcom on CBS with Michelle Trachtenberg of *Harriet the Spy* fame.

However, their blue jeans and sneakers to the contrary, the kids who haunt the casting offices and land the network deals are anything but typical. "When he was two years old he'd hear something and be able to sing it perfectly in pitch," explained Pamela Petkanas, of her 12-year-old son Zachary, who starred in Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* at Spoleto.

Besides being generally smarter than average, prodigiously talented, and usually a little small for their age (casting directors like that because 6-year-olds make smarter 4-year-olds and because it takes them longer to outgrow parts), they also possess self-discipline and adult-strength ambition that baffle even their own families. "She says we'll just keep going and going and going like the Eveready Bunny," explained one grandma who accompanied her granddaughter from Pennsylvania Dutch country for the *Sound of Music* audition.

Perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of these kids is how badly they want it—badly enough to pick themselves off the ground whenever they lose a part, which is almost every time they try out for one. According to people in the industry, the only thing special about 12-year-old redhead Joanna Pacitti's cold-blooded firing from *Annie* last February, less than a month before the revival hit Broadway, was her parents' decision to publicize it.

"It's something that happens all the time," said Nancy Carson, a leading child-talent agent who looks clients as young as 6 in the eye at their first meeting and asks them how much rejection they're prepared to endure.

"I think they're mutants," Nancy added, meaning it in the nicest possible way. "The kids who drag their parents through the door with the parents saying, 'I don'
know what I'm doing here
I just brought him so yo
can tell him he has no talent and we can go home'—that's the child I want."

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TH
soundproof door where Ju
lia Yorks serenaded us sa
Jay Binder, *The Sound o*
Music's casting directo
Binder, who also cast *Th*
King and I, Beauty and th
Beast, The Lion King, an
a half-dozen Neil Simo
plays, has a way with chil
dren that seems to ste
from his compassion f
their plight. "Whethe
you're 8 or 80, it's an u
natural thing to walk into
room and turn your perfo
mance on and off like
tap," he said.

Each child is called in
the audition room—ba
except for a piano, a tabl
and three grown-ups: Binder, an accon
panist, and an actor to read the script o
posite the kids. The kids exchange a fe
pleasantries with the casting director, si
a couple of songs, read from the scrip
and leave with little if any sense abo
whether they bombed or made it to t
next round. At the end of the day, Bind
calls the children's agents to give them t
good or bad news.

By the time it's over, Jay Binder w
have seen more than 1,000 childre
"Right now, if you're a kid actor and c
sing, this is the project to be in," the ca
ing director explains, as an assistant u
ers the next hopeful into the room. "W
take seven of them and see what kind
sound they make. Then it boils down
whose technical skills hold up the best

There's a timeless twenties Jim
Cagney atmosphere to the drill. "A lot
them have been coached by their moth
and are little robots," observes Ned V
Zandt, the actor who reads with the c
dren. They're the ones who, when they s
"Do-Re-Mi," pantomime a needle pul
thread or shield their eyes from that bli
ing ray of golden sun. "Others play

BRUSHING UP: A YOUNG CAST MEMBER FROM *THE KING AND I* GETS HER HAIR DONE.

cene with me." An "unsentimental" *Sound f Music* was basically Binder's idea, and e's also one of the show's producers. His oncept isn't a Peter Sellars–type update here Brigitta has a pierced tongue and olf's into S&M. But he's also not interested in little girls in satin sashes singing and ancing their way through the Holocaust. ne young contestant declares his intenion to sing the national anthem. "Is it okay f I don't stand?" Jay asks.

The extraordinary professionalism of ost of the children going out for the usical is best observed in the breach. hen one hopeful's voice breaks and she tumbles through her lines at *The Sound f Music*'s final audition, Binder calls her gent to find out what went wrong. "The gent told me there's something going on t home." Jay didn't ask what. "It's none f my business," he explained, though he dds, "She's somebody I'd have to exlore further to see where her head is at efore she came in again."

"When they come in and self-destruct, when they get so nervous you now they're not having fun, you can't o that to a child," Susan Schulman, the ow's director, explains. or to a multi-millionollar musical.

The next kid, a Massausetts boy who is unoubtedly the star of his mily's weddings and bar itzvahs, belts out "Don't et Around Much Anyore" so loudly that the ano seems to skip backards. "He can't sing," nder sighs after the door oses behind the child. hat's screaming."

The child who seems to excite Jay most is afternoon is a 12-year-old named egan. She has long brown hair, a short nim dress, and glasses, a rarity. Jay bs her "Peggy Cass." Megan gets to d the scene from the musical where aria encourages Brigitta, in that annoyly saintly way of hers, to befriend the bidding Frau Schraeder because she's ing to be her new mother.

"Oh, Fraulein, Father's never going to rry her. Why, he couldn't," the little l says from memory.

'Why couldn't he?" Maria asks innotly.

'Because he's in love with you," Megan swers firmly.

ozens of Brigitta wannabes have been ering those same lines all afternoon. But en Megan says them, she sounds as if were living rather than reciting them.

You want to spend time with that kid, ause she has a point of view about ," Jay said after the door closes behind little girl. "She's her own person."

"New York kids are much more evolved as people," says an L.A. casting director. "I think you get that from riding the subway."

Yet Megan, too, will be eliminated before the final auditions. "Jay loved her personality and look," explained one of his associates after the musical was cast. "But ultimately her singing wasn't as strong as other kids' for this particular role."

WHEN IT COMES TO SITCOMS, NEW York kids, at least those who don't drop out of school and move to L.A. for "pilot season," start out at a disadvantage. "It's very difficult here with situation comedies to find children who are practiced in those rhythms and can hit those sitcom beats," says Mark Saks.

However, when Hollywood feels the need to cast kids who bear a passing resemblance to real-life children, they often turn to New York and to people like Avy Kaufman, the casting director who spotted Adam Hann-Byrd puzzling over math problems in second grade at P.S. 3 in Greenwich Village several years ago and cast him as Jodie Foster's genius son in *Little Man Tate.* Ms. Kaufman declined to discuss how she gets to raid the city's public schools for its most promising young talent. She's afraid of turning places like P.S. 3, which has an abundance of the sort of pretty, ethereal, hip, artistic children of counterculture parents that make Hollywood swoon, into satellite casting offices for Sony and DreamWorks SKG.

"New York kids are much more evolved as people," said an L.A. casting director who asked that her name not be used. "I think you get that from riding the subway."

Some believe, too, that the New York stage parent may be slightly more dignified than his or her Los Angeles counterpart, though they're probably splitting hairs. "In L.A., there's a feeling the business is everything," said Ilene Starger. "The mothers tend to get more indignant and upset." Ms. Starger recalled the kid who arrived bleary-eyed at an audition for the remake of the film *The Parent Trap,* explaining that she'd been up late while her mom had dyed her hair brown. "Did you want to have your hair dyed?" the casting director asked the little girl. "I looked at her picture. She had flowing red hair."

Starger quickly deduced what had happened. The previous day, she'd put out the word to agents that she didn't want to see any more redheads for the role. "The mother had decided to take matters into her own hands," she explained.

The children who do the best in the business seem to be those with the best-adjusted parents. But there remains the stubborn minority who insist on seeing their child's or grandchild's success (with so many working moms, grandparents are often assigned audition duty these days) as belonging to the entire family and the child's failure as wholly his or her own. One agent's assistant happened into the ladies' room recently and overheard a couple of grandparents spanking their grandchild in the next stall because she hadn't been sufficiently perky in her meeting with the agent.

In the grandparents' defense, they apparently weren't doing any more than their daughter, an attorney, would have done if she hadn't been suffering under such a heavy caseload. "I called the mother into my office and said, 'I'm very concerned about what's going on,' " the agent recalled. "She immediately took all her pictures and résumés and went to another agency."

SOMEWHERE INTO MY third hour of *Sound of Music* auditions, it occurred to me that my 9-year-old would be perfect for the part of Brigitta and I decided to introduce her to Nancy Carson. I mean, if Broadway, Hollywood, and the networks are searching for "real" children, what could be more real than a child who hasn't had a single acting or singing lesson and has expressed zero interest in a show-business career? My wife was appalled, having read all the stories about how those cuddly child stars from the fifties and sixties are all recovering alcoholics and coke fiends. But she eventually came around. "She does have this cool that's very Austrian," she conceded, only half in jest.

"At an initial meeting, the first thing I look at is the eyes," the agent had told me. "I'm not sure that beautiful is as important as magnetic. It isn't a perfect look. It's a winning look and personality." Lindsay Nyman, a 7-year-old I'd met on another visit to Nancy's office, was the sort of force of nature the agent had in mind.

On her way to her *Sound of Music* audition, she belted out "Do-Re-Mi," throwing her hands in the air in a final flourish; gave an interview that included a spirited account of her birth—"You know when you're in the hospital and they clean you off? I hit the nurse"; sang "Do-Re-Mi" a second time even louder than the first; and shared her desire to star on Broadway "if not today or tomorrow, then in twenty years. It's a definite."

"We didn't pursue this," her father, Bruce, insisted. "We're the only parents in America who say, 'Sit down and watch TV.' "

We've certainly never had to say that to our daughter, who happily watches TV without having to be told. However, I didn't think the meeting started auspiciously as Lucy mumbled answers to Nancy's questions about a tarantula, encased in Lucite, that she'd brought along to keep her company during the ordeal. The two of them—three if you include the spider—vanished into the agent's office, and I picked up a well-thumbed copy of *The Hollywood Reporter.*

About twenty minutes later, Nancy called me in. Apparently, they'd hit it off. Lucy's eyes reminded Nancy of some Calvin Klein kid model's, my daughter proved downright loquacious when I wasn't around—Nancy even liked the spider; it showed Lucy was, well, different. "She has the potential to do this," she said.

Since we'd missed pilot season, I asked her what my daughter's chances were of landing a part in *The Sound of Music.* She didn't seem offended by my impertinence. I guess she's seen worse. "She's very green," she said diplomatically. "She may want to get into a class."

Then the agent, who takes the standard 10 percent, launched into the rap she gives every potential client about what a hard-knock life show business is. "I think it's important she know how much rejection it is," Nancy said, explaining that winning a part in Robin Williams's next project is a lot more challenging than making your school's volleyball team. "In a movie, they pick one person," she explained solemnly. "If you're the kid who almost got it, you don't get a red ribbon. In our business, there isn't a consolation prize."

None of this seemed to faze Lucy, perhaps because she'd already decided that she wouldn't give up a single sleepover for a movie role—so what if it paid for her entire college education? When we hit the street, I asked her whether she'd be interested in taking singing or acting lessons.

"I don't think so," she said. "It would take up all my time after school. I wouldn't get to play much. I'd be under a little bit of pressure."

"What's wrong with a little bit of pressure?" I asked.

"Everything," she answered.

MY DISAPPOINTMENT WAS FLEETING. AS I'D listened to Nancy tick off the potential damage show business could do to my daughter's psyche, it had occurred to me that somebody would have to schlep her to auditions, and it wasn't going to be me. Susie Keenan and her husband Rory Bolger had made four round trips between Detroit and New York in September alone, so that their talented children, Andrew and Maggie Keenan-Bolger, could attend *Sound of Music* callbacks. Both kids had made it to the finals, and the repercussions for the parents if their children won roles seemed almost worse than they'd be if they lost them.

"If we move from Detroit to New York, one of the big things is our retirement,' Susan explained. "We'd lose our pensions. You have to make a decision—hov much sacrifice do you make for you kids? Our midlife crisis isn't around *us* It's around our kids."

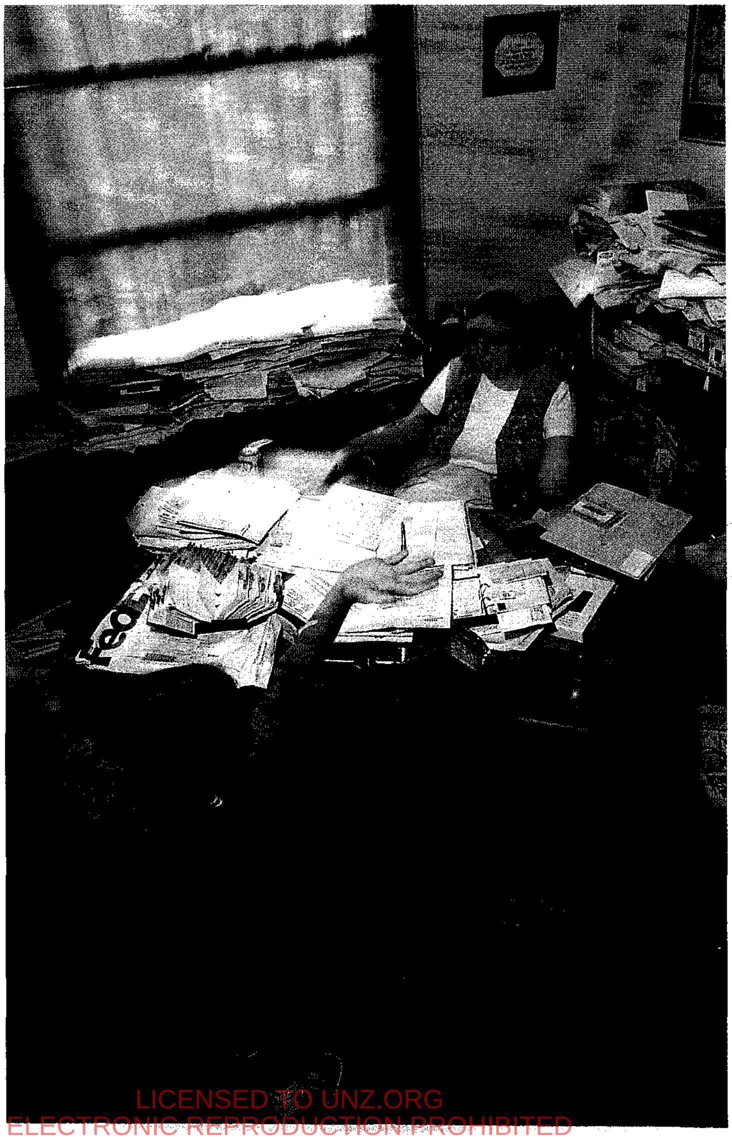
Some parents have to put their own careers on the back burner for their children's. For example, Jacquie Hann, mother of Adam Hann-Byrd (currently starrin in *The Ice Storm*) and a children's-boo writer and illustrator, sometimes spend months on a set with her son, who, b California law, must have a parent o guardian present until he's 16. An there's little glamour involved, moms apparently being low man on Hollywood towering totem pole. "Nobody know your name," Jackie explained. "Everybody calls me 'Mom,' which is okay for couple of days. But it gets tiring to b Mom for three months."

After being on the set of *Diaboliqu* starring Sharon Stone, for thre months—much of it spent in Adam trailer—Jackie learned just where sh stood in the show-business firmament a she waited on line to get into the wra party. "They had T-shirts, hats, and ba they were giving away t everybody," she remembered. "They came to m and said, 'You can have hat and a T-shirt, but not bag. We don't ha enough.' It wasn't abo the bag. I said to them, haven't paid my du here?' "

However, these parer realize it would be petty complain about wh amounts to their talent children's absurd good fo tune. The parents who c serve the most sympat are those whose childr don't win the parts.

"Fifteen hundred peo were going for *The Li King,* and Justine made to final callbacks," recal Robert Rosenthal, w owns the Robert Stuart lon on the Upper W Side, referring to his year-old daughter, a ipino-American Ford m el. "We thought she v going to be a major star

"Justine wanted to TV," Robert said, sou ing almost rational. " thought this was perh



WITH FEELING: AGENT NA CARSON COACHES LIND NYMAN BEFORE AN AUDITI

lead to that as well."

When Justine's agent called to congratulate her on coming so close—in other words, she didn't get the part—'Justine fell apart," her father said. "She cried and started to scream that she's never going to get a job. Kids are so vulnerable. Every time she goes up for omething, the possibility of it happenng again makes me sad."

According to Justine, this wasn't even her worst experience. "The most hard hing is when you're auditioning with a riend and your friend gets it," she explained. Among her friends is Lea Michele arfati, a schoolmate, who played the role f the little Cosette in *Les Miz* and recently landed a part in *Ragtime.*

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES TO SHOW TIME AT *The King and I,* and there's a giddiness in the air as the King of Siam's children slip into their costumes and horse around before they're shipped ownstairs for makeup. One can only uess at the addictive effect the rush of a roadway show has on a 6-year-old's still nder cortex.

"Parents tell me if they have a fever, ıey still say, 'No, I can come in,'" reorted Gay Merwin, the production's ead child wrangler.

"Can you go to the bathroom?" she ks one of the younger kids.

"Why?" the child answers in age-apopriate fashion.

"We want to get you in costume and ike," Merwin answers firmly.

One of the 4-year-olds still wears Pamers. "We've had a couple of accidents," e wrangler confessed. "A little girl has ne to the bathroom onstage."

Gay Merwin could teach America's erindulgent parents a thing or two out child-rearing. When one 8-year-old rows a temper tantrum minutes before ow time, she simply ignores her. "It's en going on all day," she shrugs.

Some of the these kids, such as 7-year-l Shelby Rebecca Wong, who was disvered at an open casting call in Chinavn, had never been onstage, not even at ıool, before. Her mother, Julie, regards r selection as something of a miracle d attributes it to Shelby's grandfather, a Yul Brynner fan, who passed away eks before Shelby got the part.

'We thought he had a lot to do with it," ie said. "It was his way of saying, 'This one's for you, kid.'"

'Good afternoon," the intercom anınces. "This is the half-hour call."

The kids and their wranglers pile onto elevator and head downstairs to keup, a pleasantly tumultuous place ıeath the stage, filled with mirrors and s and makeup artists and the King's utiful wives, who drop by to borrow

Do, Re, Me Me Me!

TOP AGENTS TALK ABOUT WHAT IT TAKES TO SUCCEED IN THE CHILD-ACTING BUSINESS.

PUT ASIDE YOUR OWN DREAMS OF A STANDING OVATION, AND THINK ABOUT YOUR KID. Does she want to take taxis from school to auditions, commute from Long Island for a little early-morning rejection, learn show tunes? Does your son love Velveeta, Tide, and the sound of "Take 25" more than soccer itself? If the answer is yes, then read on. We've asked the experts in four-foot talent, the agents, what it takes—from parent and child—to become the next Jean-Luke Figueroa.

A PICTURE IS WORTH 1,000 WORDS, NOT $1,000. "If someone tells you it's going to cost you money, run in the other direction," says Nancy Carson of Carson-Adler, who represents *The Addams Family*'s David Krumholtz and *Jungle 2 Jungle*'s Leelee Sobieski. "Any of these screen tests, demo recordings, anything like that is really a scam." A reasonable amount of money to spend on head shots, Carson says, is $150 to $300, but she'll take on children based on a snapshot.

In fact, Ellen Gilbert at Abrams Artists has agreed to represent children based solely on their photos. "Ryan Hopkins lives in Florida. His manager sent me a photo, and I thought he was adorable," she says. "I sent all my New York kids to the *Sound of Music* auditions; he booked the role of Friedrich over all the New York kids. I only met him moments before the audition."

Ross Reports, available at any drama bookstore, lists the names and addresses of the Equity-affiliated talent agencies and whether they have a children's division. Take a picture, make your child a résumé (yes, they care about pottery class and T-ball), and send it in.

TALK TO STRANGERS. "I hate it most when a little kid comes and won't come into my office without the parents," says Cunningham Escott Dipene's Alison Neuman. "The parents will say, 'I swear he's not like this at home; he makes best friends with everyone in the elevator.' If they won't come with me, then they can't go on an audition either."

PARENT = CHAUFFEUR. "What parents have to understand is, they are the excess baggage that comes along with the talent," says Innovative Artists' Claudia Black. "It's the parents' responsibility to make sure the child is prepared, on time, and has rehearsed the scene." Black, who represents Geoff Wigdor, who played the young Ron Eldard in *Sleepers,* and Monica Keena, who fled Sigourney Weaver on Showtime's *Snow White: A Tale of Terror,* is only putting bluntly a pint-size truth: If agents can't get along with the parent, they won't take the kid. "It's really not just about the kid being amazing," says Neuman. "Its a joint thing, fifty-fifty."

Parents who haven't acted can hurt their child's chances by coaching them in the wrong direction. Says Black: "I've had parents who didn't understand a scene" and told their child to make it dramatic. Luckily, "The kid was very adept and understood that it was a comedy."

AUDITIONS ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH FIRST COMMUNION. "The pageant child with makeup and processed hair is not a child we respond to," Carson says, regally.

"The quirky look, the glasses, and the chubby kids, the freckles," are currently in vogue, says Neuman, inspired by the ascent of Jonathan Lipnicki. "It just depends on the product. Companies like Procter & Gamble want cute kids, but a McDonald's commercial, they'll go a little bit more character. Model-pretty kids do the print work." Brandon Hammond, who plays the son on *The Gregory Hines Show* right after Lipnicki's *Meego,* has the right "real" look. He's currently on the big screen in *Soul Food.*

Local kids have an advantage at the moment because they are more likely to be smart, rather than slick. "New York kids know how to hold their own," says Black. "There's a tendency to have a chauffeur in California, but in New York, kids skateboard to auditions or they ride their bicycles. You have 14-year-olds commuting from New Jersey. That savvy really comes out in the way you handle yourself with a director."

THIS IS FUN. "Make entirely sure that your children want to do this, that they are 100 percent invested in this and the prospect of going out and constantly facing rejection audition after audition," says Warner Brothers' Mark Saks. "I've had situations where the parents are in the waiting room and the child is screaming, 'I don't want to be an actor today!'—and he's 6."

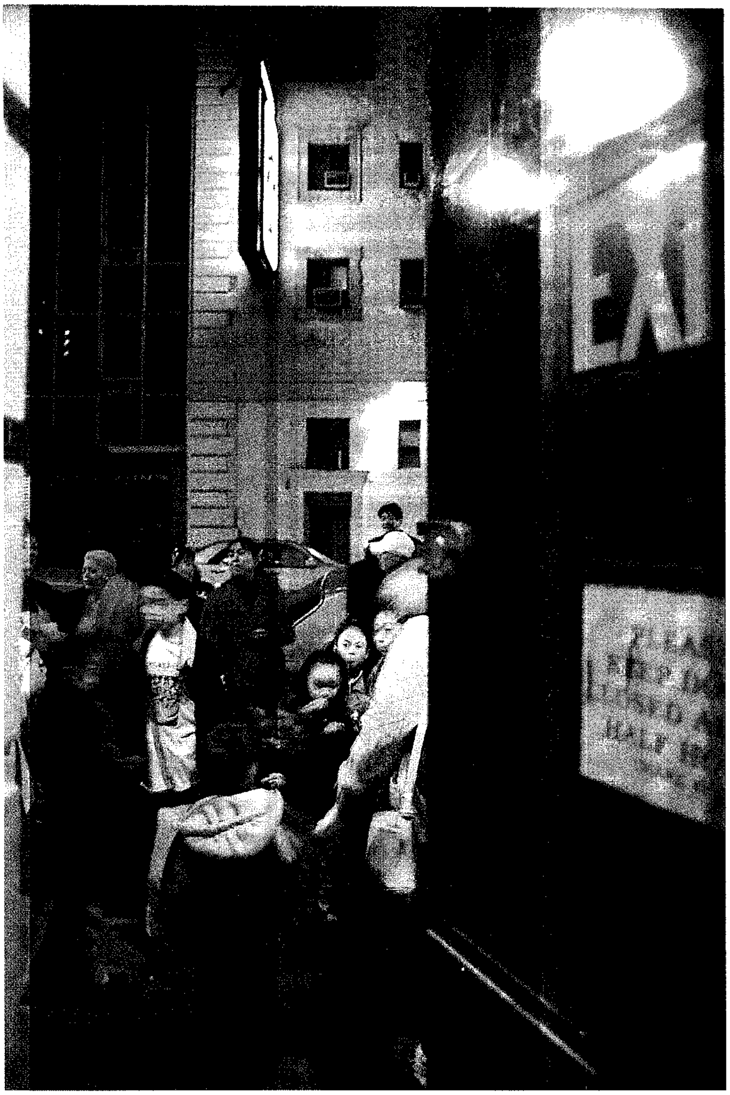
ALEXANDRA LANGE

eyeliner and make a fuss over the kids. Onstage, the wives not only fawn over the King in pre-feminist, politically incorrect fashion, they also keep the kids in line.

"Devon will start winking," said Mary McGuinness, one of the many royal spouses, referring to 4- year-old Devon Liu. "He's done it to people in the audience."

With ten minutes to go, the kids rush back upstairs to go over Gay Merwin's notes. She instructs one kid to move farther downstage, another to face a different person during the death scene—keeping a straight face during the death scene seems to be a particular challenge for several children.

Shelby Wong, on the other hand, had the unfortunate habit of collecting sequins that had fallen off the costumes, in the middle of the show. "When we first started, she'd get a lot of notes," her mother recalled. "They told us, 'You have to remember these notes. You're a professional.' We both cried. We cried here, and we cried on the car ride back home. Shelby was devastated. She cried in front of Lou Diamond Phillips once. He said, 'I'm a big, famous movie star and I get notes.' " Shelby just kept crying.



CARPOOLING: ***THE KING AND I*** **PARENTS PICK UP THEIR CHILDREN AFTER A SHOW.**

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the five-minute call," the loudspeaker says.

Merwin cues the warm-up tape, and the children sing "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," creating a calming, unself-consciously beautiful sound.

"Okay. Let's go to the elevator, please." A minute later, they hit their marks onstage alongside the adults, and the curtain rises on Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1951 musical and the teeming docks of Bangkok. Maybe no child should be handed such thrills so young. How can it not be all downhill from here?

TRIBECA'S ADAM HANN-BYRD WAS PREsented to me as proof that it's possible to grow up well-mannered—not just in Manhattan but also in show business. Perhaps his easygoing temperament owes something to the serendipitous way he was discovered—spied that day in class at P.S. 3 by Avy Kaufman, who was searching for a little boy who looked like he could be Jodie Foster's son.

Adam, an old-timer at 15, attributes his equilibrium not only to his unpretentious mom, who informed him on the first day on the set for *Little Man Tate* that he could open his own car door and get his own breakfast rather than have one of the fawning production assistants do so, but also to Ms. Foster's mentoring—"She told me it's more like reacting than acting"—and, perhaps most of all, to karate.

"I really think it's the perfect balance to the movie business," he observed. "In karate, you bow. There's no excuse for acting above it all and looking down on everybody else."

Scott Irby-Ranniar is similarly down-to-earth. An interview with him is conducted when he slows down between rotations of the swivel chair in his agent's office as he sucks on the dregs of a lollipop. "I never thought of it as a career; I'm still not thinking of it as a career," he insisted, contrasting himself to the predators he runs into at auditions. "You can get excited. But jumping up and down, screaming, 'I got it!'—and you see the other kids watching, sad? I'm just having fun."

Annie's little orphans are also just having fun particularly when they snif an interview in the air.

"I've been on the news three times," boasted Bianca Collins, one of the orphans, during the lunch break at the school the children attend above the Martin Beck Theatre.

"I was in the *Tribeca Tribune,*" countered Cassid Ladden, another orphan.

"You can interview m now," Bianca said, givin Cassidy a gentle nudge an launching into her life story. "When I first auditioned, I had an itch."

"My first show was *Le Miz,*" a third orphan vo unteered.

More orphans poured i reminding one of thos bite-size flesh-eaters wh gang up on the picnicke at the start of *Jurassic Par The Lost World.* "I saw *Le Miz,* too, and got calle back four times," reporte Courtney Leigh, who wa making her Broadway d but in *Annie.* "So I decide to keep going with m showbiz career."

"On the ribs," Bian said, pointing, to the location of her itch. A chor of orphans started making snoring nois at Bianca's expense.

"You should make the headline BIAN HAD AN ITCH," Cassidy said facetiously.

Throughout this impromptu pre conference, 8-year-old Brittny Kissing who had stepped into Joanna Pacitt party shoes to play Annie after the pr ducers gave Joanna the old heave-h stayed majestically above the fray. B she could afford to. She was onstage t hours every night, and once the sh closed, she would be taking it on t road for the next 40 weeks. Not all h fellow orphans would be joining h "I'm sure they'll get another job- movie or something," Brittny said nc chalantly.

Losing the spotlight doesn't frigh her. She may only be 8, but she knc she's not the same little girl who left B ston Spa, her home in upstate New Yc a year ago. Not that she's planning to turn any time soon. "Someday when I back to Ballston Spa for good," she sa "nobody's going to be picking on me the bus like they used to because my te are weird."

Yessss!
#1 AT 2.3 MILLION
seventeen

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SNAPSHOT

During the Street's wild week, one face kept traders and financial fellow travelers glued to the tube: CNBC's Maria Bartiromo. Smart reporter? Sure. Is that why NBC says she's ready for prime time? By Jennifer Senior

THE MONEY HONEY

ONE WOULD HAVE ASSUMED THAT RICHARD Grasso had more important things to do last Wednesday.

Two days before, the stock market had taken its spectacular plunge. Within 24 hours, it had rebounded in an almost equally spectacular fashion. The president of China, in a much-touted act of geoeconomic diplomacy, was expected to arrive on Broad Street before the week's end. Yet to all appearances, Grasso, the chairman and CEO of the New York Stock Exchange, was unconcerned. He was promoting the virtues of Maria Bartiromo, the 30-year-old, cushion-lipped Bay Ridge belle of the stock market. On twenty minutes' notice. At her behest.

"We're very excited about what she's done," he said, "because she has opened up the marketplace to a whole new panorama of consumers." He spoke in careful, measured tones. "She has stimulated a real interest in the marketplace."

Indeed. As the sexiest (and first-ever) television floor reporter on the NYSE, CNBC's Bartiromo has become known as Wall Street's "money honey"—along with a whole other assortment of presumably flattering but ultimately trivializing sobriquets (the most curious being "the Sharon Stone of business cable"). Last week, when the market bungee-jumped, her fizzy blend of smarts, sultriness, and scrappiness was in high demand: Monday, she showed up on *NBC Nightly News* to rehash the day's events with Tom Brokaw, and Tuesday, she improbably, impossibly, appeared on the *Late Show With David Letterman*—as the first guest—to do the same. The show later flew her back to CNBC's Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios by helicopter, in time for her to co-host the cable network's new seven-o'clock program, *Business Center.*

But it isn't just the broadcast machine, or her inspirational bone structure, that have made Bartiromo the phenomenon she is today. It's also the market itself.

With a blazing Dow, mutual-fund-devouring baby-boomers, and share-trading made easy over the Internet, today's Wall Street has created celebrities of market nerds and hedge-fund managers. (James Cramer, a pitchman for Rockport?) As a result, the media outlets covering this humming world have mushroomed and flourished. Ten years ago, CNBC, CNNfn, and a dizzying array of personal-finance magazines didn't exist. "We've been lucky," concedes Bob Pisani, a CNBC Business News correspondent, "in that in the [eight-year] period CNBC has been on the air, the market has been rising steadily."

Even more important, Bartiromo came of age during this giddy, bullish era. She was still at New York University, studying journalism, when the stock market crashed in 1987; by the time she left for CNBC in 1993 (after a five-year stint as a producer and assignment editor for CNN), "Don't worry, be happy" seemed a genuinely sound investment policy. "Business news and the stock market have become sexy," Bartiromo says. "I love this. I really do."

So here she is, virtually created in the modern market's likeness—seductive, persistent, spirited—issuing reports with woolly enthusiasm. Small wonder Grasso is willing to clear his schedule and extol her virtues. "This isn't Mardi Gras," he says. "This is business. You want the enthusiasm she passes on to the consumer."

It's this kind of sporting attitude that drives calamity-howlers nuts. "She's the public representation of a type that has become ubiquitous on Wall Street," says James Grant, editor of *Grant's Interest Rate Observer,* a twice-monthly financial publication. "She's not unlike the greenhorn investment banker or the brand-new trader. The power and the relentless rise in stock prices has conditioned these people out of a skeptical state of mind. They believe that, with the exception of Saturday or Sunday, you are going to be richer just for showing up to work." He stops, then adds: "I think her career is going to track identically with the trajectory of the Standard & Poor's 500."

Whether this is a fair assessment remains to be seen. Bartiromo is undeniably talented, processing vast amounts of information in incredibly short periods of time. She is well regarded among traders and analysts, works fourteen-hour days, and comes across onscreen thoroughly, endearingly New York. (That accent could butter a bialy.) The suggestion that her career is intertwined with the market's upward surge makes her bristle. "I'm an excitable person," she says. "The market is very exciting to me. But I've covered the short-selling community before. It's the same network of people. It's the same reporting."

But would she have opted to cover Wall Street twenty years ago? She pauses. "It's hard to say," she replies. Then: "I'd sa yes. I was interested in it from the get-go."

At any rate, it is increasingly the Bartiromos, rather than th Adam Smiths and Louis Rukeysers, who are dominating bus ness TV. Bartiromo, naturally, approves. "Increasingly, peop my age are focusing on financial matters," she says. "And the are a lot of young people out there who are managing mutu funds." Which may explain why CNBC wanted Bartiromo co-host *Business Center,* the network's trendier, sassier answ to CNN's *Moneyline With Lou Dobbs.*

But as is usual during a generational shift, full acceptance, in some cases respect, still lags behind success.

"Lou's an institution around here," says Robert Zito, the s nior vice-president of communications for the stock exchang "When he comes out on the floor, people chant, 'Lou, Lou,' li Lou Piniella."

And for Maria? "Nothing," he says. "Or 'Hi, Maria.' " In t August issue of *GQ,* a profile of Cramer included a scene which he and his colleagues were sitting around the office, st ing at CNBC, taking bets on which outfit Maria would be we ing that day.

Some are even more bullish.

"I got a call from a Baltimore trading firm once," she sa "The guys were taking bets about my age."

Jim Kelly, a sales trader at Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, members this: "One night I was in a fancy restaurant with h The next night, the maître d' called me and said, 'Boy, she c come to my restaurant anytime. *Any*time. *Anytime!*' "

Now, that's irrational exuberance. ∎

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LAVINE/EDGE

THE MURDERS

ID THE MUSICAL

MEDIA CIRCUS: A YOUNG GABE PRESSMAN GRILLS THE CAPE MAN, AS THE UMBRELLA MAN LOOKS ON.

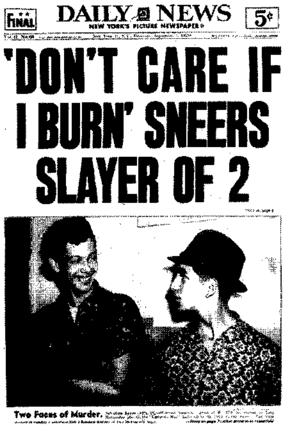
CAPE MAN, the 15-year-old killer who inspired Paul Simon's Broadway debut, is long dead. But his sidekick, UMBRELLA MAN, tells of the deaths and lives that followed.

By Mike McAlary

THE WHITE KIDS, ALL POMPADOURS, SIDEBURNS, and grease, were singing doo-wop when the Vampires entered the park that night and blocked the gate. A wild figure in a black satin cape and silver-buckled shoes swept in, followed by a tiny guy wearing a green velour hat with a white feather, swinging a black umbrella over his head. The singing stopped. Salvador Agron, the one with the cape, commanded*: No gringos leave the park.*

"I was standing right here when Sal said that," Luis Antonio Hernandez remembers. In the deadly attack that followed, two white kids were murdered and a third was wounded. The killer, Agron, became known in the press as the Cape Man. Hernandez, his accomplice, was called the Umbrella Man.

"We destroyed so much," the Umbrella Man says today. "Ourselves. The other kids. Maybe the city. We were such fools."



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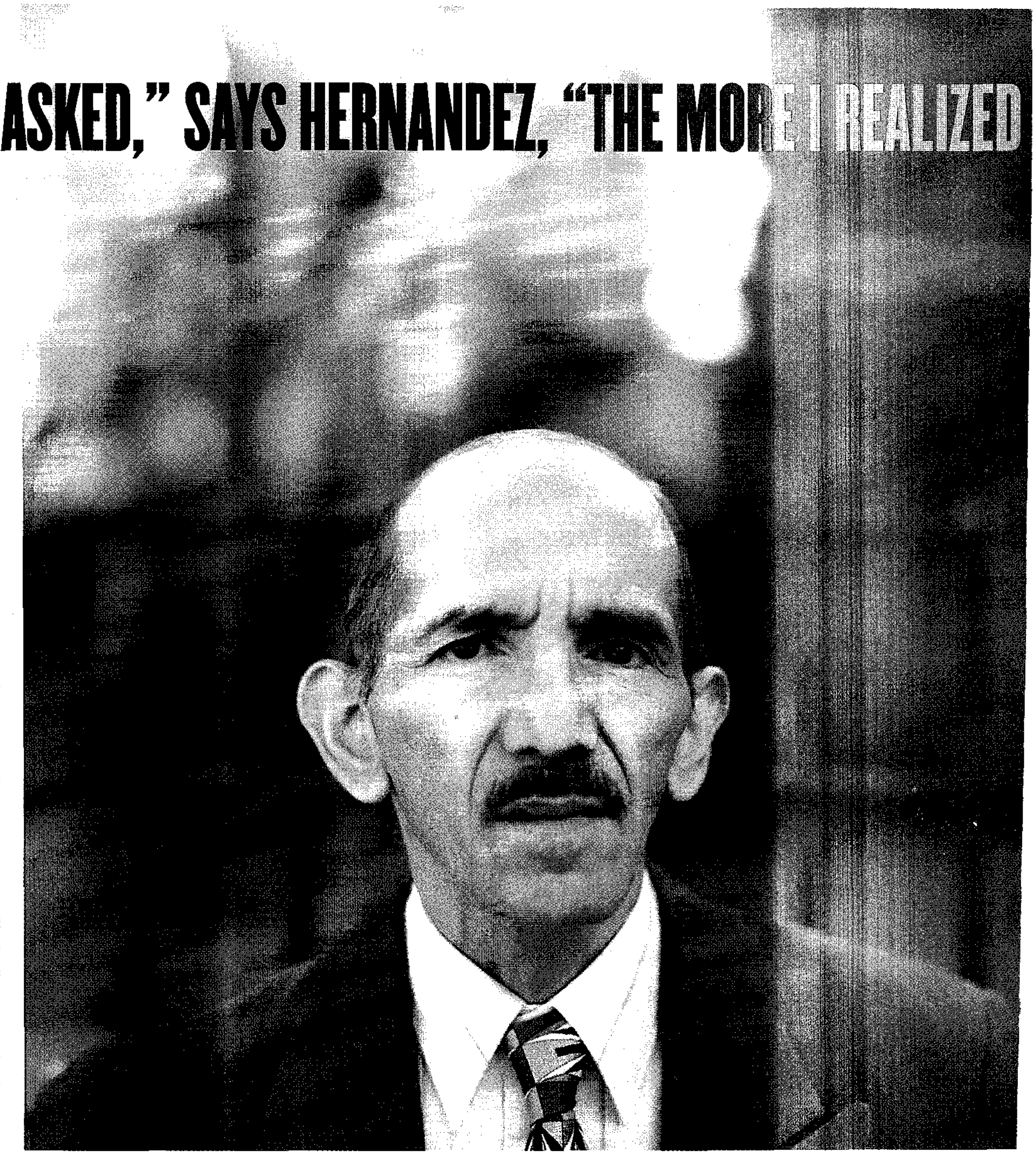
'DON'T CARE IF I BURN' SNEERS SLAYER OF 2

Two Faces of Murder.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, AS PAUL Simon's ambitious musical about the explosive Cape Man murders was making its way to Broadway, Luis Hernandez, now 55, walked into the May Matthews Playground on West 45th Street for the first time since that summer night in 1959. He arrived dressed for a wake: black pants, white shirt, a gold tie, and polished oxfords. "I died that night, too," he said, as if in explanation. Absently scratching an eight-inch blue tattoo—Jesus cru-

"THE MORE I ASKED," SAYS HERNANDEZ, "THE MORE I REALIZED



REDEMPTION: THE UMBRELLA MAN, LUIS HERNANDEZ, SPENT HALF HIS NINE YEARS IN JAIL O DEATH ROW; THE FATHER OF EIGHT, HE PRAYS HIS CHILDREN WON'T JOIN GANGS.

cified on a blue cross—on his right forearm that he'd gotten not long before the killings, he fairly trembled.

"We came looking for a fight," Hernandez recalled. "We came here to hurt somebody."

Today he goes about five feet four, 140 pounds—not much bigger than he was as a 17-year-old junior gangster. Sal Agron—who died eleven years ago, having served twenty years in prison for murder—was taller, about five ten. The Umbrella Man pointed across the park to a brick building with a green door at 449 West 46th Street. The name of one of the kids killed that night—Bobby Young—is still painted above the handball court.

"Is that where the white kids crawled and died?" Luis asked. "I seen the photographs on the front page when Sal and I were on the run." He mouthed the Lord's Prayer.

The park is colorful and rubberized now, but on August 30, 1959, it was dark, all steel and concrete; the lights were added after the double murder. The crime frightened parents across the city, and the lurid drama, fueled by anti–Puerto Rican sentiment, provided tabloid fodder for months.

"As I stand here now, I can understand the outrage the white community felt for us," Hernandez said. "Crazy Puerto Ricans and knives. Now, as the father of eight kids—with a teenage son the same age as the kids that was murdered, I can feel the same outrage."

Members of the Vampires, a Puerto Rican street gang from the Upper West Side, had begun arriving just after midnight by bus, subway, and cab. They joined up with two other gangs and planned to leave to rumble with an Irish gang nearby that they believed to be named the Nordics. Some thought a rival group had beaten a Puerto Rican kid. Others said a Puerto Rican was beaten after selling another kid marijuana.

"We didn't need a reason," said Hernandez, who had jumped bail earlier that month after stabbing another boy in the chest in Harlem. "We rumbled every weekend." Music and cultures may mix today, but not then, and especially not white and Puerto Rican. New York was fast becoming one big knife fight that summer. Twenty kids had been killed in gang fights, and gangs like the Vampires, Heartbreaks, Savage Skulls, Chaplains, and Bishops were tightening a garrison belt around the city's neck.

In the playground, the Vampires mistook two 16-year-olds—Bobby Young and Tony "Skinny" Krzesinski—for rival-gang members. Agron stabbed them; mortally wounded, they collapsed and died in neighbors' doorways. Full-page photographs of the blood-covered bodies were splashed across the front pages. Upon his arrest, the sullen teenage killer, just a week beyond his 15th birthday, growled to a taunting mob of reporters, "I don't care if I burn. My mother could watch me."

Until recently, murders, capes, and umbrellas had been carefully eliminated from Hernandez's thoughts. But then newsp per items began to appear about Paul S mon's plan to use Sal Agron's jailhou transformation from insolent killer to co templative poet and thinker as the ba for a musical about redemption and t possibility of forgiveness. (In a few da an album of songs from the show—dc wop tunes, big mambo numbers, a haunting ballads—will be released, a performances will begin in December the Marquis Theater.)

So after 38 years, the story was back the news again and Hernandez knew t time had come to tell his children ab the kid he used to be, about gangs, m der in a neighborhood park, and life death row. His 17-year-old son, who tends a public high school in the Bronx the same age his father was when walked into the park that night. In housing project where the Hernan family lives, make-believe Bloods are o recruiting drive.

Photographs: previous page, the *Daily News* (2); this page, David Barry; opposite, UPI/Corbis-Bettm

S THAT GOT KILLED WERE JUST KIDS. THEY WERE INNOCENTS.”

“I am afraid that my son will join up with a kid like the one I used to be,” Hernandez said. “That is my fear, that Umbrella Man will lose his kid to a gang.”

LUIS HERNANDEZ BOUGHT THE RED satin-lined nurse's cape at a store at 317 West 125th Street for about $20. “Our gang was the Vampires,” Hernandez said. “So the cape was cool.”

That night, before they got in a cab near West 80th Street, Sal Agron asked Luis Hernandez ould he wear the cape. Lightning had illed three people that afternoon as the emperature plummeted fourteen degrees n one hour and the weather went insane. The sidewalks were still wet after a torrenial downpour. Sal gave Luis his umbrella n exchange for the cape before getting ino the cab with two other gang members.

“Years later,” Hernandez said, “when ve were both in the Death House at Sing ing, Sal used to tease me and say, ‘You now, if we didn't switch the fucking ape and umbrella that night, *you'd* be e Cape Man and I'd be the Umbrella Ian. People would hate you, not me.’ nd I would reply, ‘Yeah, Sal, but even if had the cape, you'd still be the one with e fucking knife.’ ”

It took the police three days to find em. The prosecution team (which inuded, in a supporting role, a ung lawyer named Edwin rres, now a Manhattan dge and author), portrayed gron as Dracula, a deranged, anton killer. The boys themlves put a sneering, snickerg face on juvenile delinquen-; they were true-life incarnaons of the wisecracking nks singing “Gee, Officer upke” in *West Side Story,* nich had hit Broadway two ars before.

Not everyone was quick to ndemn them. The country s preoccupied with the ld War, Fidel Castro, and Communist threat. But eanor Roosevelt and Nelson ckefeller declared that juvee delinquency was a plague d that gangs were waging a t War that would destroy nation. “Social experts” ared that Agron was an illiter-, weak, and timid kid who s “grotesquely deprived” of ental love and community rsing.

“We cannot throw our children away,” Mrs. Roosevelt said.

In 1959, teenage girls swooned over Fabian's “Turn Me Loose,” Ricky Nelson's “It's Late,” and Paul Anka's “Lonely Boy.” Puerto Rican immigration, which came in a torrent after World War II, had topped out. Most of the newcomers were already United States citizens who arrived not at Ellis Island but at Idlewild airport. Puerto Rican kids were being jailed at four times the rate of white kids, and 15 percent of Puerto Ricans—as compared with 4 percent of the rest of the population—received public assistance.

That year, some 17,000 people emigrated here from Puerto Rico. Thirty-five thousand Puerto Ricans celebrated at the San Juan festival on Randalls Island, and 15,000 marched up Fifth Avenue in the fourth annual United Puerto Rican Hispanic Unity Day parade. Governor Rockefeller and Mayor Wagner urged people not to judge all Puerto Ricans by the actions of Cape Man and Umbrella Man.

“It would be very unfortunate if we were to generalize on the character of these people by the recent incidents,” Rocky said. “Puerto Ricans are wonderful citizens and are making a great contribution to the life of our city.”

AFTER ONE OF THE MOST RACIALLY CHARGED murder trials of the era, Agron and Hernandez, by now ages 16 and 17, were sentenced to die in the electric chair. Their fates were among the last to be decided by an all-white, all-male Manhattan jury. Agron is the youngest man in New York history to have been sentenced to death. Saving the delicate-featured, almost effeminate-looking teenager—Inmate No. 16486—became a gargantuan liberal cause. In 1962, three days before his scheduled execution, Sal's sentence was commuted at the urging of a group that included Mrs. Roosevelt, Puerto Rican politicians, and even the man who'd won his conviction, Manhattan D.A. Frank S. Hogan.

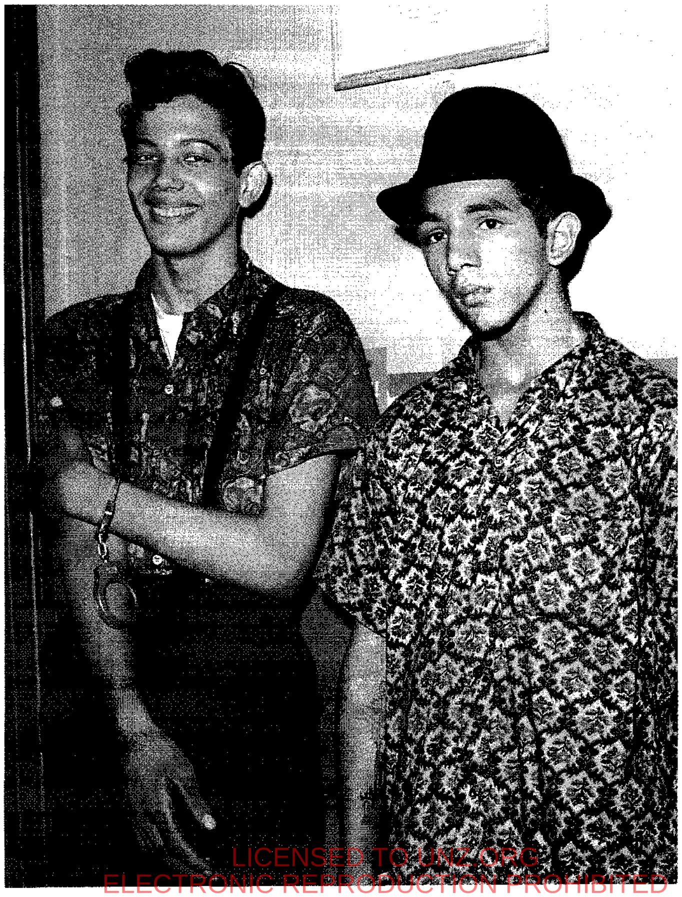
Through it all, Cape Man and Umbrella Man spent time in several jails together—Sing Sing, Clinton, and Auburn. “I used to ask guys from Hell's Kitchen about the kids murdered in the park,” Hernandez said. “For the longest time I wanted to believe they were involved with a gang. But then the more I asked, the more I realized, the guys that got killed were just kids. They were innocents.”

On death row, Sal had become religious, singing so loud that his condemned cell mates demanded he be moved to a different tier.

“He was always blessing me when I walked by his cell,” Hernandez said. “He was like me, afraid of being put to death.”

It was never proved that Hernandez had stabbed anyone, and his conviction was eventually overturned. Rather than face a second murder trial and a return to death row, he pleaded guilty to manslaughter. When Sal's death sentence was commuted, Hernandez welcomed him to Auburn prison.

“When Sal first started writing his poetry, I recognized some of the stuff from Robert Frost and the prison library,” Hernandez said. “But eventually Sal stopped stealing and started writing his own poetry. He graduated from high school and college.” On the outside, Hernandez was smarter, but inside prison Sal grew his mind and he became the smarter man, corresponding with people outside the prison and making a new kind of name for himself. The Cape Man was paroled in November

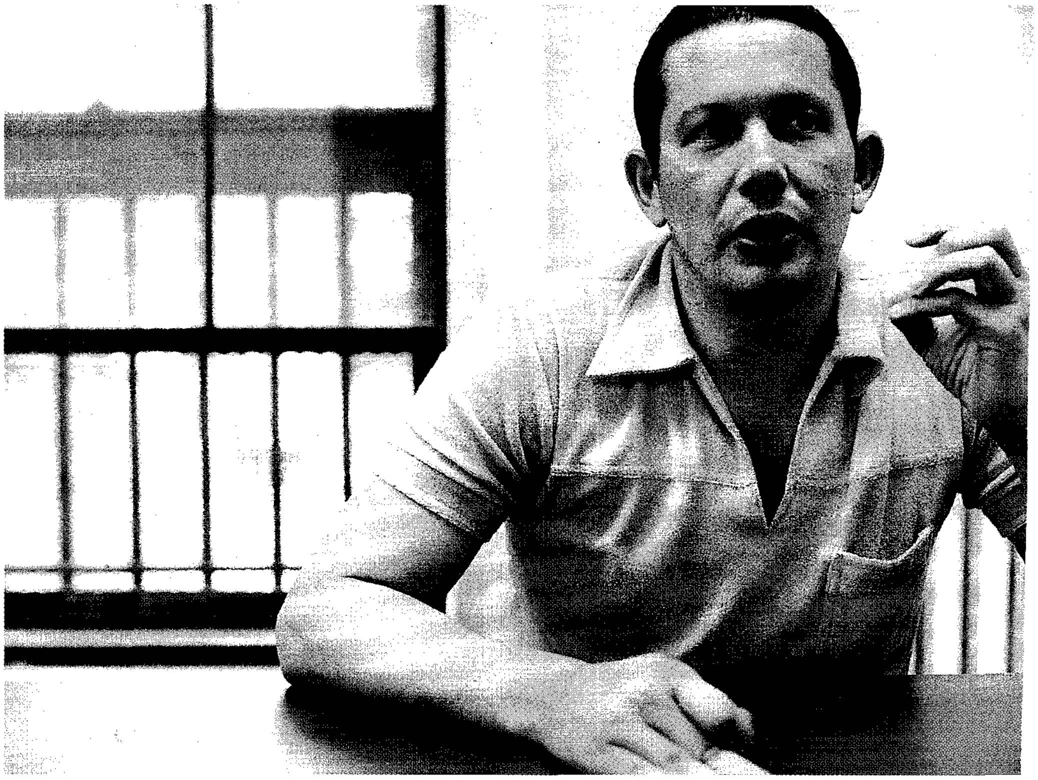


NO REGRETS: AGRON (LEFT) AND HERNANDEZ MUGGING FOR THE CAMERA.

“SKINNY WAS MY BEST FRIEND. I STILL GO SEE HIM SOMETI

1979. Once, Sal came looking for Hernandez, but though they talked on the phone from time to time, they never saw each other again. Sal died of a heart attack on his 42nd birthday, in 1986.

“I look at my transformation as a rehumanization,” Sal told the New York *Times* a month before his release from prison. “Life out there made me get away from my humanity, or maybe I was never in it. But when I came here, in the ashes of my misery and desolation, there was still a little flame and I was able to put wood in it and light a fire inside of me and sort of rehumanize myself, you know, become a man again, feel like a human being.”



TRANSFORMATION: WHILE IN PRISON, THE CAPE MAN BECAME A SCHOLAR AND POET: “I WAS ABLE T LIGHT A FIRE INSIDE OF ME AND REHUMANIZE MYSELF.” HE WAS RELEASED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BILLY Luken, a blond-haired, sad-eyed kid, and his sister, Sandy, then 14, went to the movies that night with a couple of other kids, including Skinny Krzesinski. They saw Otto Preminger’s *Anatomy of a Murder* at the old Criterion Theater. Skinny wasn’t streetwise and became Billy’s protégé. They palled around together, slept on the roofs before air-conditioning, snuck into 42nd Street movie theaters, took the bus to the Astoria pool, stole loaves of bread from Fink’s bakery, and freed doomed pigs in the meat market. All the teenagers really cared about was getting laid. None of them actually had, but they all bragged about their imaginary conquests.

“We were surrounded by gangs, but we weren’t a gang,” Luken told me. “You want to rumble, go screw around with the Westies. You want to sing and dance, come see us. We were just doo-wop kids trying to get lucky, getting ready for school before the Labor Day weekend.”

Luken, a former Marine who drives a truck for the Veteran’s Administration, lives upstate near Monroe with his wife and two kids.

“We were mostly white kids—Polacks, Irish and Italian kids from broken homes,” said Luken, who at 55 is hearty, barrel-chested, and bearded. He looks like he could blow the Umbrella Man inside out if he wanted.

“The park was our family,” he continued. “Our best friend was a Puerto Rican kid, Junior Melendez, who could sing like Elvis. We came back to the park and had just sat down on the benches when we saw this caped guy come in with the little guy holding an umbrella. They were pretty scary looking. I was with Skinny and this little kid Bruno, who hid under the bench and grew up to become a jockey. Cape Man came in and asked, ‘Where’s Frenchy?’ They were looking for a guy in their group, José “Frenchy” Cordero, who supposedly got smacked around by some Irish guys after he tried to sell pot to somebody’s mother. But we didn’t know that. Cape Man walked back to the fence with Umbrella Man and I smelled trouble. My only thought was to save my kid sister.

“Two guys started taking off garrison belts and I stood up. They grouped around us and started swinging their belts and fists. I got hit in the head with a bottle. The last time I saw Skinny and Bobby Young, they were punching back. Their shirts were covered with blood.”

If there was a hero in the park that night, it was Billy, who detailed the attack in the *Daily News* the next day under the front-page headline KNIFE SLAYINGS TOLD BY BOY, 17, and a picture of him with a bandage around his head. Billy’s own kids hadn’t heard the story or seen the pictur until last month.

After Sandy was slapped in the fac Billy pushed her out of the park just Cape Man yelled, “There they are. Le get them.”

Like Luis Hernandez, Sandy, now 5 lives in the Bronx. She returns to her o neighborhood with some regularity. S was the perfect white girl in the fir newspaper and television reports- blonde, pretty, and weepy.

“Umbrella Man let me pass,” Sandy membered. “He let me out. They we swinging belts and cursing. After I g slapped, I ran screaming. It was all o in two minutes. I can still remember Sk ny’s mother and her unspeakable gri She laid in bed and refused to move. I c feel the flashbulbs hot on my face at t funeral. We didn’t even know anybo who had been murdered before Ca Man came to our park.”

All these years later, Judge Edwin T res said, he remembers just two numb from the case: “Six and seven: the de of the knife plunges.” Skinny wobbled a door, grabbed a girl’s hand, and di Bobby Young collapsed near a televisi set where an old man, John Brody, v watching *Arsenic & Old Lace.*

“They just finished with a body in

Photographs: This page, Van Patten/The New York *Times;* opposite, UPI/Corbis-Bettm

YS BILLY LUKEN, “WHEN I DRIVE BY WOODLAWN CEMETERY.”

basement when I got one in my living room,” Brody mused then, posing for a front-page photograph in the *News.*

SAL AGRON HAD ALSO SEVERELY INJURED A third person, Ewald Reimer, 18. A newcomer to the park, Reimer was stabbed, but a garage attendant rushed him to St. Vincent’s, and he survived. Now 56, Reimer lives in a run-down house just a ong crap roll west of Atlantic City on Route 50. His wooden shanty in Bellecourville is not far from a farm stand and something called Yogi Bear’s Jellystone Park.

At the murder trial, Reimer was the on-y person from the park to identify Sal as he killer. He just walked calmly over to Agron, pointed, and said, “He did it.” To-lay, Reimer is reluctant to even answer his hone. We spoke through his mail slot.

“The Cape Man is a long time gone,” Reimer told me. “I ain’t going back to hat. They can do whatever they want, ven make a musical. But the Cape Man illed them kids, and stabbed me. He one it because we were white, and I on’t guess that is anything to fucking ing and dance about.”

AFTER THE FUNERALS, LONG AFTER the Lukens identified Sal Agron and Luis Hernandez in a police lineup and testified against them before a Manhattan grand jury, Billy and Sandy were shipped off to live with an uncle in Little Falls, New York. Billy joined the Marines and arched along a fence in Guantánamo ay during the Cuban missile crisis.

Before he would share his own life with e, Luken asked me to share what I had arned about the case. I told him about mbrella Man and Reimer.

“My youth died in the park that night,” lly Luken said. “We never got together ain after the funerals. No graduations, eddings, or baptisms. Skinny was my st friend. I still go see him sometimes hen I drive by Woodlawn Cemetery.

“I read in the papers that Cape Man ed, like he was a celebrity or some-ng,” Luken continued. “They had the neral at the La Paz Funeral Parlor on st 149th Street in the South Bronx. is was the first time I saw him since the al and I wanted to see him carried out. anted to see him dead, but I was still ared of creating a problem. The memories were really hard. I started weeping but stayed across the street watching. After a while, I just took off, because I couldn’t take it. I am not a hater and I only hate those guys because they killed my friends. When I heard a radio commercial for the musical, I felt a stab in my stomach. We can’t be talking about *that* Cape Man. I believe in redemption, but it seems to me Umbrella Man made it back further than Cape Man.”

SAL AGRON CERTAINLY HAD A difficult life. He was born in Puerto Rico to Esmeralda Rodriguez, and his sister is named Aurea. Their father was a drunk who chased their mother with a machete. His mother fled to the United States and met a wretched Pentecostal minister in Brooklyn. Sal was sent to a Catholic asylum for the poor, where he became a bed wetter. He later returned to live with his mother and the minister, who refused to let Sal and Aurea call him Daddy and beat them regularly.

“My stepfather never let us sing in the house or play the guitar,” said Aurea, who also lives in the Bronx. “We were going to kill him one night, but my mother woke up. He was a complete hypocrite.”

Sal was driven out. His sister, then 15, lied about her age and got married and pregnant. Sal lived with her and her husband for a while before joining the Vampires. He developed a habit of collecting razors. During the summer of 1959, he roamed the streets, cheered Floyd Patterson outside Madison Square Garden, and followed his idol, Sal Mineo. He slept in West Side parks and on rooftops before he met Luis Hernandez, his only real friend in New York.

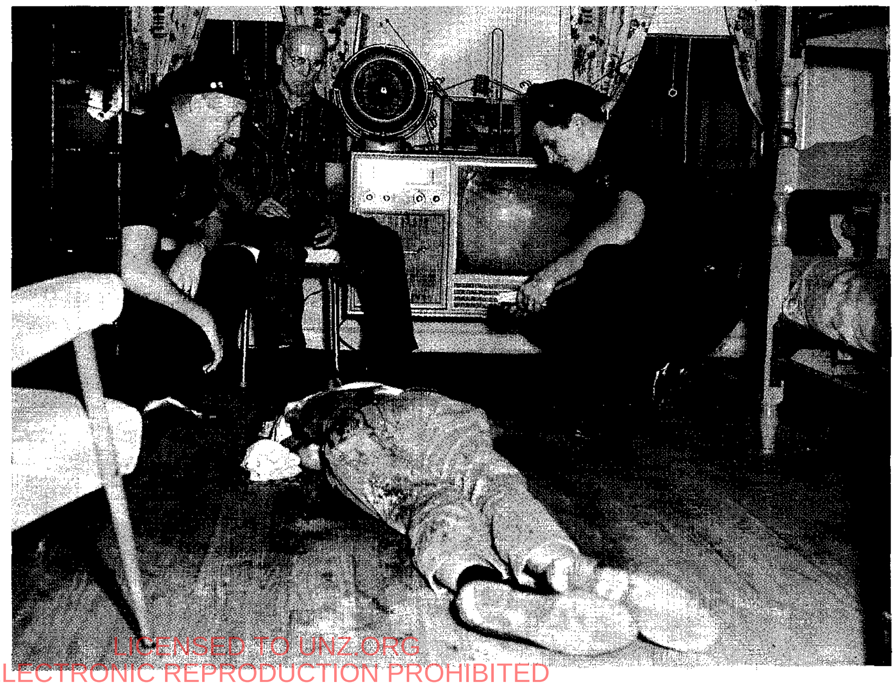
After the stabbing, Agron and Hernandez fled to the Bronx to live in an abandoned building. “Sal and I kept seeing these Puerto Ricans the cops grabbed after the killing,” Hernandez said. “There were guys from three gangs—people we didn’t even know. Right after the rumble, I took a bus back up Tenth Avenue to this gay guy’s house where we hung out. Sal was already there. The story came on the radio and he got all excited. He told people he stabbed six or seven kids. We decided to hide out together in the Bronx.”

POLICE OFFICER GEORGE PEORETTE AND HIS partner, “Big Pat” O’Hara, both now dead, worked Sector G in Car No. 448 on the midnight tour in Morrisania. Peorette was a beat cop who rose to command a detective squad after the Cape Man case. His son Jack is a detective in the Bronx Cold Case Squad, and not long ago, he found a manuscript his father wrote on his career. Like Jack, O’Hara’s son John, also a cop, grew up with the Cape Man legacy.

“My father was my hero,” Jack said. “I carry the gold shield they gave him—No. 315—for catching the Cape Man and the Umbrella Man three days after the murders.”

Jack gave me the unpublished chapters on the Cape Man case and they are brutally honest. No one knew the Cape Man’s identity, but the cops knew that detectives in the 16th Precinct were looking for a Luis Hernandez, 17, of West 77th Street, and a guy named Sal in connection with the double homicide.

It was a hot night, and because the racial climate was even hotter, the cops



STAKEN IDENTITY: MORTALLY WOUNDED THE PLAYGROUND, BOBBY YOUNG LLAPSED IN A NEARBY APARTMENT.

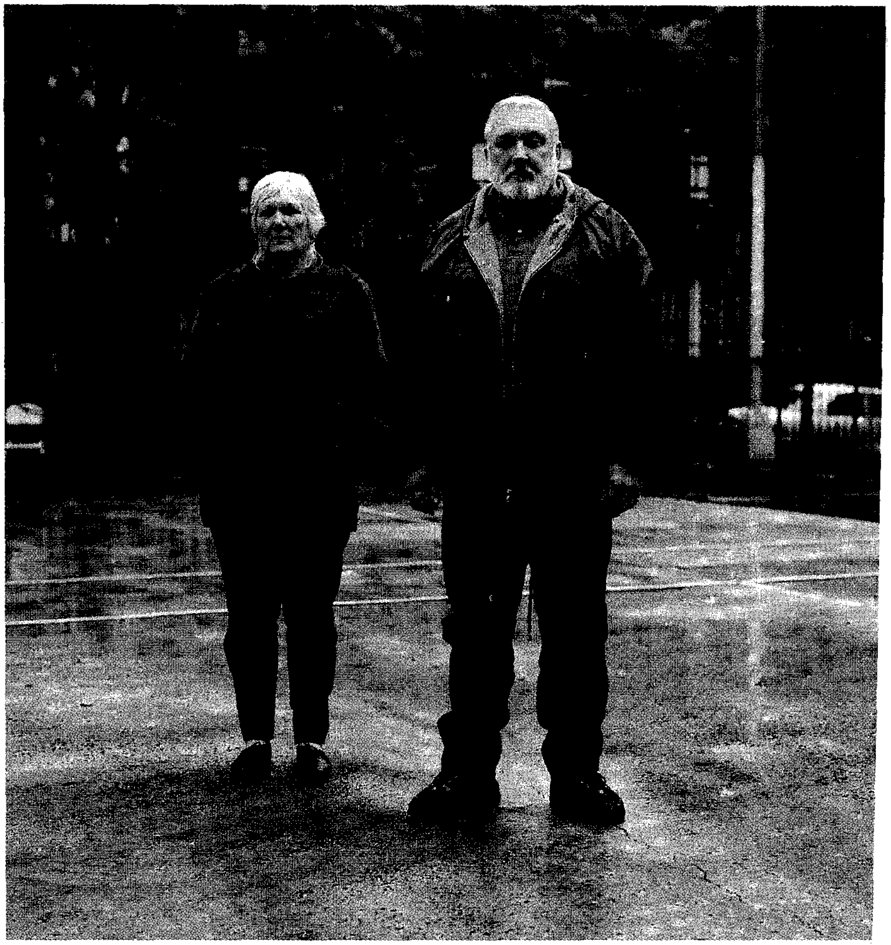
decided to send home any white or Puerto Rican kids they encountered. They had just received a maternity call to an apartment on 157th Street when they spotted three kids playing around a garbage bin at about 1 A.M. They rolled down the window of the squad car and told the kids to get home. Two walked away. The taller one walked in the opposite direction, and Peorette saw him ditch something under a car.

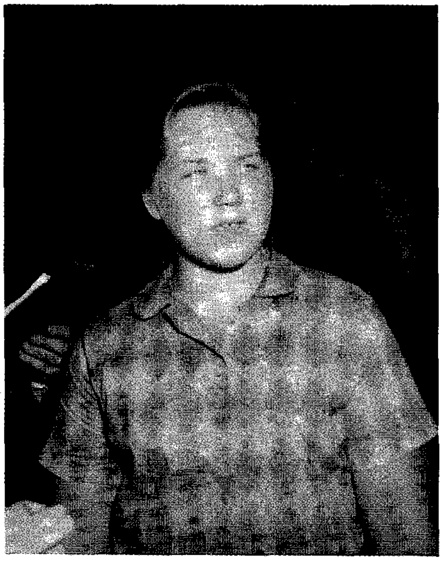
They stopped and found a knife. They drove farther, came upon Sal Agron, called him over. He was polite and receptive, Peorette remembered.

"Boy am I glad to see you," the kid said. "I thought those guys were going to mug me. They asked me for a match, but then I saw they already had lit cigarettes. Boy, was I glad to see you guys."

They asked for identification, and the kid with the sardonic smile said his name was José Santiago Rodriguez and that he was from Manhattan but visiting friends on 158th Street. They put him in the car.

"We had him in the front seat between us and the knife on the dashboard," the cop wrote. "He rode with us on the maternity call. As I waited with him in the car, he told me he lived on West 77th Street. Now I remembered the citywide alarm and said, 'Oh, you must know Luis Hernandez.' He said, 'I don't hang out with him, but I know him.' "





**CLOSE CALL: IN 1959, BILLY LUKEN WA
INJURED WHILE PROTECTING HIS SISTE
SANDY; RECENTLY, THEY RETURNED TO TH
MAY MATTHEWS PLAYGROUND (ABOVE).**

The cops drove to the house where the kid said he was staying. A relative came out and addressed the kid as Sal. Peorette took him to the station house, figuring he could help the Manhattan cops search for Umbrella Man.

"We just thought we had someone to help the Manhattan case as a witness," Peorette wrote. "But when we called the Manhattan squad and said we had a guy named Sal who knew Hernandez, the detectives got all excited."

Now the two patrol cops went back to Sal.

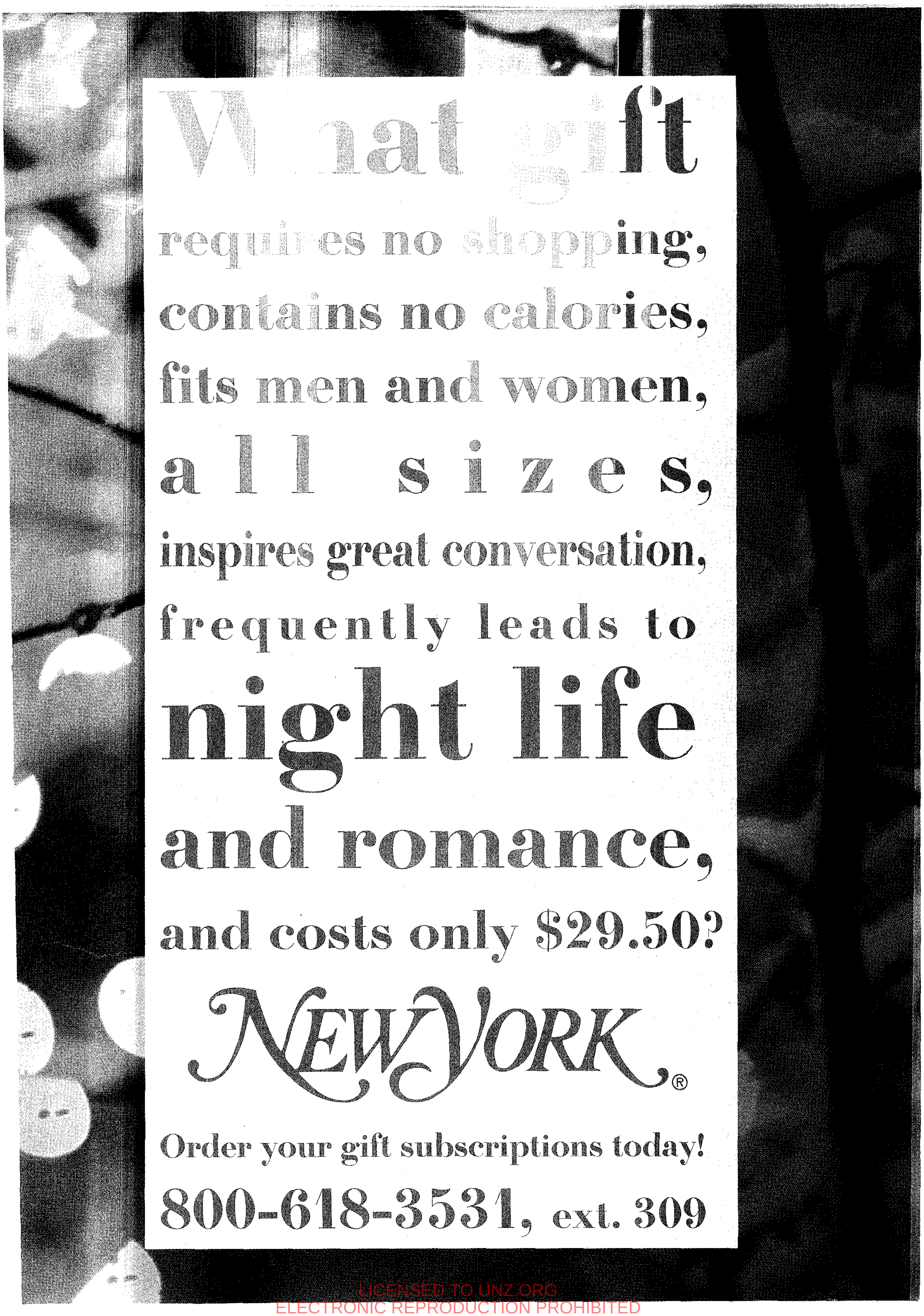
"Pat was using fear tactics to get a rise out of this otherwise docile suspect," Peorette wrote. "The youth just sat back and said, 'I had nothing to do with that, I swear, I know nothing.' Pat then raised his arm as if to strike him, and Sal said, 'Okay, yes, it was me. I didn't kill him, I just stabbed him once. I didn't mean to kill them.' "

Sal said Hernandez was one of the ki
with him and led the cops back to the
hideout. Hernandez was quickly grabbe
and remembers: "A cop came into t
vestibule where I was hiding and show
me my own picture and said, 'Do y
know this guy?' and I said 'No.' The c
slapped me and said, 'That's you, s
head. Sal, he led us to you, why prot
him?' But I wouldn't say anything ev
after they beat me." By the time the s
pects were taken to Manhattan, the
were dozens of people in the stree
screaming, "Kill the Spics!"

Peorette and O'Hara were both p
moted to third-grade detective by the
lice commissioner the same day. Jack P
rette carries the same handcuffs to
that his father put on Cape Man.

"They beat me up in front of Sal," H
nandez said. "Then they turned to him a
said, 'You are going to get what he g
and Sal confessed. That was the only ti
he did it, and though I didn't see him s
anyone, I always thought he did it. Ye
later, Sal would say, 'I wonder who ki
them kids.' I would think, 'You did, S
But I never said *(continued on page*

Photographs: clockwise from top right, David Barry; *Daily New*



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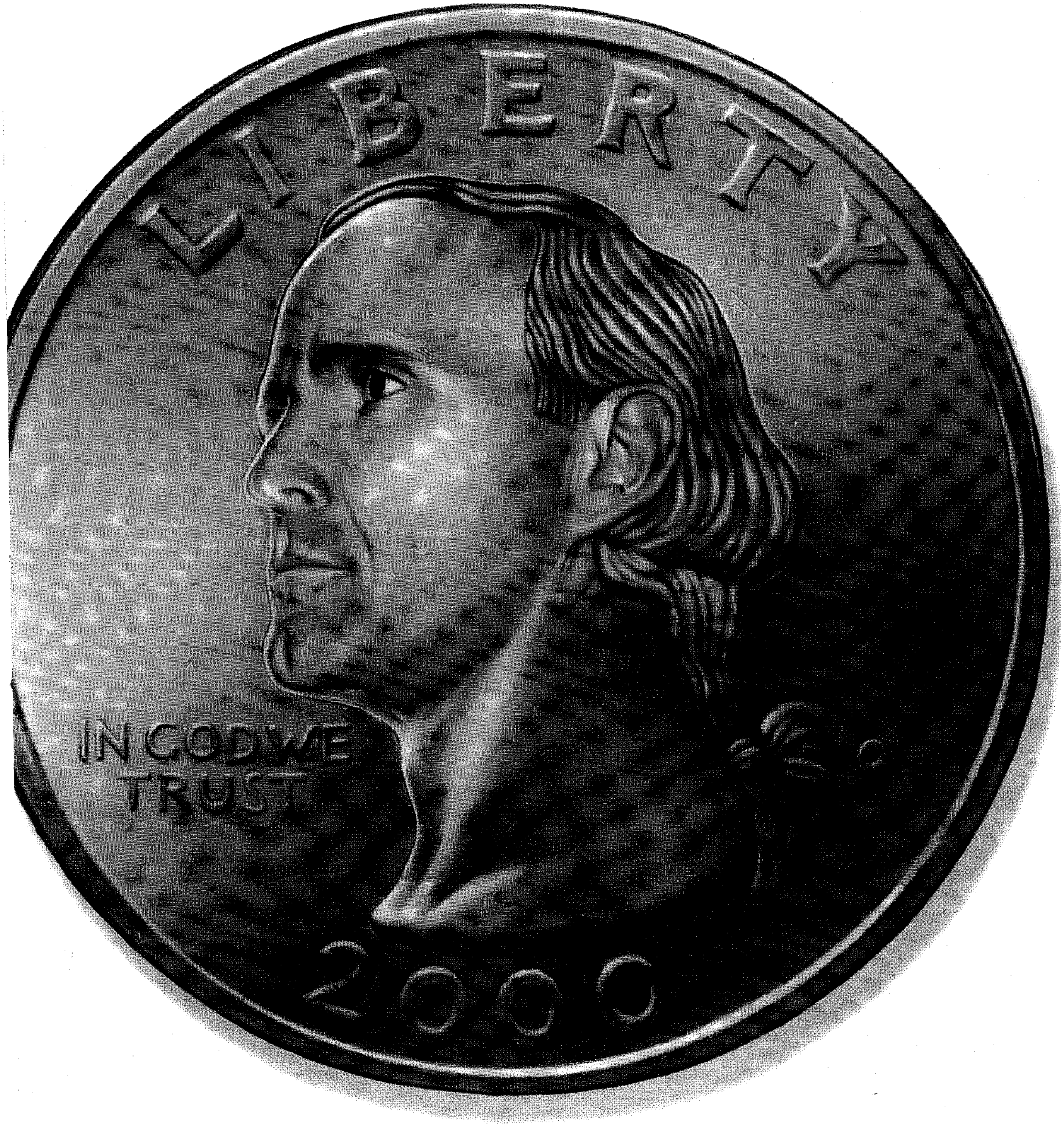
The mayor will be looking for work in a few years, and he might just be willing to relocate. But even New Yorkers who applaud him wonder: Would President Giuliani be good for America?

By Mark Jacobson

RUDY'S OVAL OFFICE DREAM

BY THE TIME THE "ICE-CREAM TRUCK," THE MAYOR'S MILK-WHITE STEED OF A GMC SUBURBAN VAN, PULLED up in front of the Sand Bar Lounge on Cross Bay Boulevard, the cheering was already in full swing. For 25 years, since the antediluvian days of Abe Beame, this distant Queens province had attempted to end the onerous $1.75 toll on Cross Bay Veterans Memorial Bridge. "Every time I pass gas, I have to pay a toll," said Dan Tubridy, a large man with a red beard and a wide-brimmed leather hat. But now Rudy was here, poised to shatter the offending toll, much as the great La Guardia had once sledgehammered slot machines. ■ "Just because a problem is far from Manhattan doesn't mean it will be ignored," Rudy said expansively, rescinding the toll for local residents. Yes, a bit of history was being made today here on the banks of Beach Channel, Rudy acknowledged, an air of rebel triumph in his voice, his bulky form etched against the stark-

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN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2000

COIN TOSS: Will he or won't he? Depends who you ask—the mayor, or anybody else.

blue sky. Spartacus in a Yankee cap, slayer of tolls. Without the bridge, Rudy would likely have carried a mere 85 to 90 percent of this most remote (and old-line-ethnic) outpost of his far-flung domain. Now, local pols said, the vote for him against hapless Ruth Messinger would be unanimous, except for a few cranks.

"A clean sweep, Mr. Mayor, you'll see," croaked Al Stabile, the more-than-portly city councilman. As if making a commentary on the auspicious moment, a jet bound for Kennedy thundered overhead, leaving a majestic contrail. Eyes went to the streak in the sky.

EXCEPT THEN IT WASN'T A PLEASANT EARLY-FALL morning in Queens anymore. Now snow was funneling down upon the Capitol Mall, and it was winter in Washington—January 20, to be exact. And now, instead of a Yankee jacket, Rudolph William Louis Giuliani III was dressed in a long wool coat, his famous comb-over (which the mayor's NYPD security detail referred to as "The Drape") glued flat in the stiff breeze. Years before, after much tortured deliberation, he'd decided not to be a priest, yet here he stood, his doughy hand upon a Bible after all, swearing to solemnly discharge the trust placed in him as the president of the United States of America.

The slick, slack era of the ethically challenged southern con man was over. How refreshing that the new resident of the White House was the greatest crime fighter since before J. Edgar Hoover's press went bad. Someone who had a very firm idea about the demarcation line between good and evil. Someone who would be zealous about policing that line.

The burst of applause snapped me out of the daydream and back to Beach Channel. Rudy was snarking at Messinger again: *She'd* never deign to save the decent people of Cross Bay Boulevard $1.75 of their hard-earned pay. Then the mayor was gone, back in the Ice Cream Truck, steaming back up Cross Bay Boulevard, like, *Who was that masked man?*

"I PITY THE GUY WHO TAKES RUDY FOR VICE-ANYTHING," SAYS THE REVEREND AL SHARPTON. "HE'LL NEED A FOOD-TASTER."

Rudy as prez: It was all just a dream . . . or was it?

Mario Cuomo, who many once thought might be president himself, started these bouts of feverish speculation. As if attempting to pump some drama into the desultory current city election, the Hamlet-like ex-governor said the whole story was Giuliani, considering that Rudy, the 107th mayor of the City of New York, might someday be the 43rd, or the 44th, or the 45th president of the United States.

"Here is a man who could be president," Cuomo said.

A phone call to Cuomo at his law office elicited the following rapid-fire addendum: "I didn't say, on the issues, that he *should* be president, or that he *would* be president. I said he *could* be president. . . ."

Cuomo then drew the following comparison between himself and the current mayor: "Rudy has more overt ambition than I ever did. His singularity of purpose is total. . . . Why wouldn't he want to be president? How much of a surprise would it be if he tried?"

Not much, really. Indeed, where else is there for Rudy to go but up? In the age of term limits, with his expected re-election Rudy Giuliani becomes a lame-duck Mayor Rudy Giuliani. Lame duck? That doesn't compute. This is a man cooks people's ducks. Knocks crime down 45 percent, murder 60 percent. Makes crooks—from squeegee men to Fulton fishmongers all the way to Pizza Connection capos—cringe. He chased those Pakistani porno peddlers from Times Square, put Disney in instead. Big deal if it looks like some corporate Seattle knockoff; the tourists are coming. That Rudy, he's never afraid to do the hard and necessary thing. Throw 300,000 off welfare? They're gone. Privatize hospitals? Bring on that managed care. So what if the school system is a mess and his two most prominent black allies in city politics are also named Rudy? Sure, Giuliani's a dick, who else but a dick can run New York? He's a whirlwind, barely sleeps. Is everywhere. Shows no sign of slowing down.

"The mayor will be, what—57?—when his term expires in 2001," comments former congressman and current Giuliani operative Herman Badillo. "Somehow I find it difficult to imagine Rudy going back to practice law at that time."

Difficult indeed, especially for anyone gauging the mayor's recent spin. Often accused of being a press hound in his G-man days, Rudy has gone coast-to-coast of late. *U.S. News & World Report* (now an official Giuliani-administration prop) painted him as the greatest single urban statesman since Pericles. *Esquire* said he was a "colossal asshole" (not exactly news) bu one damn effective, strangely lovable colossal asshole. While Rudy has been known to be somewhat short—did someone say curt and borderline abusive?—with the local press, the mayo found all the time in the world to schmooze these purveyors o national profile.

Look out, USA! Here come the Ice Cream Truck, with it less-than-good-humored pilo behind the wheel. The past few weeks have often found th mayor beyond the confines o the five boroughs. In September, Rudy was in Boston, wher the mayor, usually hampered b a fact-bound speaking style summoned a rousing, almos (Robert) Kennedyesque closing, saying his goal was to create a place where people live "free from fear and intimidation," which was, after all, "th goal of our democracy." A couple of weeks later, at the National Press Club in Washington, Rudy went into world-cop mod delivering his new, multi-point drug initiative. The policy com complete with numerous foreign-policy recommendations, th mayor's most comprehensive foray into this sphere since castin Yassir Arafat from Lincoln Center in 1995.

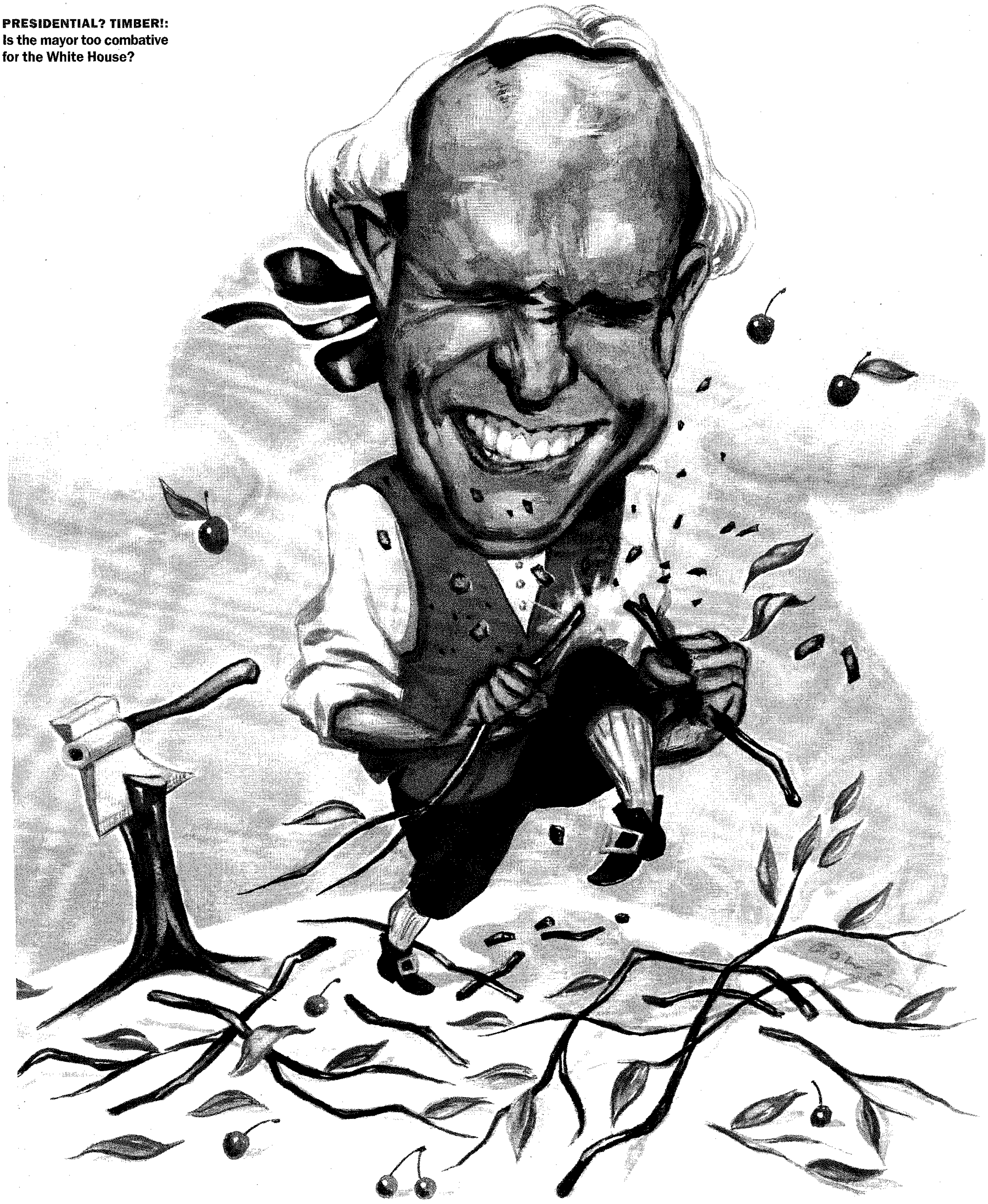
"Everything he does now is about seeking national office says Mitchell L. Moss, director of NYU's Taub Urban Researc Center. "To get 60 percent in an 80 percent Democratic ci isn't anything the Republicans, who have finally realized th need the Northeast, can ignore. That's why he's run such tough campaign against Ruth."

Giuliani did appear to be trying to run up the score on t shell-shocked Messinger. In a race where a gentlemanly ha ride would certainly have sufficed, the mayor, possibly becau he knows no other gear, went to the whip big-time. After clai ing Messinger was insensitive to Italian-Americans because s didn't attend a Columbus Day mass (as if the explorer-plund er's birthday were some religious occasion the Jewish Messing was duty-bound to observe), Rudy apologized, "to anyone w feels they need an apology." This anyone did not include M singer personally, reinforcing the impression that this may never has to say he's sorry, for anything.

"Rudy's had a spectacular first term," says the crotch

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM BOWE

PRESIDENTIAL? TIMBER!:
Is the mayor too combative
for the White House?



David Garth, who declined to "get into" the immediate future of his former charge (the key campaign operative in the city over the past 25 years, Garth ran Giuliani's losing 1989 race against David Dinkins, as well as John Lindsay's presidential attempt). "But what's he do now? If you're a politician—you *have* to ask yourself—what do you do next?"

Giuliani says he hasn't thought about it. Trail around with him for a couple of weeks, track his all-Rudy-all-the-time saturation junket of firehouse openings in Astoria, speeches to Corrections Department graduations, appearances at East Indian New Year's ceremonies, and the mayor will steadfastly refuse to speak of what he might "do next."

"I'm a very directed person. I don't think about the next job," the mayor said the other day, somberly, as the muscly Ice Cream Truck barreled along the BQE. (Does Rudy know the gas-guzzling Suburban van is a noted vehicle of choice for L.A. gangsters and punk-rock bands? Probably, at least subliminally. No candy-ass limos for him.) Recalling the Yankees' recent ouster from the playoffs, Rudy said ruefully, "I think if you spend too much time thinking about what's next and don't watch what's in front of you, that's when things start to go wrong."

Passing over the Kosciuszko Bridge, Giuliani peered through the Ice Cream Truck's deeply tinted windows at the vast city skyline spiking the horizon. He was mayor of all that, and everything in every other direction too. As far as the eye could see. But was it enough?

The future wasn't anything he could put a finger on, Giuliani contended. "If I can say when I'm 75, or 80, that I was mayor for eight years and I helped make the city the capital of the world again, that's enough satisfaction, in terms of public service, for anyone," Rudy said. In 2001, the mayor intimated, he's just as likely to fade into the mist, like some grand prosecutorial lion, content to receive the joys of his oft-declared tripartite passions, the Yankees, opera, and pizza.

No one, of course, believes a word of this, even for a minute.

Dick Morris, the kinky but brilliant erstwhile Clintonian mastermind, sees Senator Giuliani as a near-certainty. "Rudy'll serve the next three years as mayor, then challenge for Moynihan's seat. Moynihan will make noises like he's going to run, but when he sees what's coming at him he'll decide to make a graceful exit. Giuliani'll carry the city and the suburbs, where he's even stronger. He won't be stopped. He'll serve twelve years. He'll become like Estes Kefauver: a judicial force, someone who calls the tune."

New York State Republican politics, however, are rife with barely suppressed blood hatreds. Recent peace treaties aside, bilemeister Al D'Amato supposedly holds it against Rudy from way back, still pissed that Giuliani tried to name his own successor after leaving the U.S. Attorney's office. Giuliani's endorsement of Cuomo over Pataki and very tardy support for Bob Dole in 1996 will likely never be forgotten, or forgiven.

The national picture might be less claustrophobic. "The Republican Party is more fluid than anytime in recent years," says the rational David Gergen. "It's more like the Democrats now. Someone can truly come out of nowhere. Respect for Mayor Giuliani is growing rapidly in conservative circles off his performance in New York. His name is beginning to be mentioned more and more often."

While acknowledging Rudy's major negatives in the Republican context, his pro-choice and anti-gun stances chief among them, NYU's Moss maintains that the mayor is "free of the albatross of New York. He's not seen as too New Yorky, like Koch." Rather, Moss says, Rudy is "the man who kicked New York's butt . . . the man who made the place safe for the rest of America."

David Gergen thought Rudy (whose moderate-Republican stock goes up as Christie Whitman's goes down) could possibly make an excellent vice-presidential candidate. A ticket of "two No. 1 guys" like Texas governor George W. Bush and Rudolph Giuliani might be fractious, Gergen said, but had "possibly powerful electoral prospects."

Apprised of this, Karl Rove, Junior Bush's canny chief political consultant, said it was "way premature" to think about 2000. Besides, "when it comes to Mayor Giuliani, people down here don't much care for someone who's anti-life." On the other hand, Mr. Rove added, people down there do care for "a hard-nosed law-and-order guy, a man who isn't interested in government giving away welfare money. Someone who is interested in family values and keeping neighborhoods safe. Texans have no problem with a man like that."

At this juncture, however, it's instructive to toss in some sobering history, at least from an onward-advancement aspect In the 332 years since Thomas Willett became the first mayor o New York in 1665, few City Hall occupants have moved on t what might be described as "higher office." De Witt Clinton, appointed in 1803, served three nonconsecutive terms until 1815 when he was elected governor. In 1866, the seventy-eighth mayor, John T. Hoffman, served two years before resigning to successfully run for governor. That was 29 mayors and 130 year ago. Robert F. Wagner, a three-term mayor first elected in 1953 almost beat the jinx, nearly defeating Jacob Javits for the Senat in 1956. Other notable recent failures include the stunted presidential run by John Lindsay in 1972 and Ed Koch's swipe fo the governorship in 1982. (Koch now insists that his statewid race was "a lark" inspired by a promotion run by the New Yor *Post* instructing readers to send in coupons urging "Mayor Koc to run for governor.")

"The stats are that it's a dead-end job. People told me tha when I ran for mayor: 'Don't do it, it's a dead-end job,' " Rud tells me, testily, as if submitting St. Anselm–like ontologic proof that City Hall is his personal acme, beyond which he ca conceive no greater station in political life. The mayor is, however, mindful that one of his heroes, Theodore Roosevelt (wh finished third in the 1886 mayoral election), moved on to th presidency after a stint as New York City police commission (during which T.R. insisted all cops learn to read and write). S if in the post-Bratton era one is to assume that Rudy is really t police commissioner, the precedent is already in place.

As if Rudy—who as a child was oppositional enough to wal deepest Brooklyn (Dodgerland) in his Yankee suit—might act ally need a precedent.

No, anyone who saw Giuliani march in front of a column police in the Columbus Day parade, his thumb permanent locked in a "No. 1" position, can't believe the man's not goi for it. And not anything penny-ante either.

"I pity the guy who takes Rudy for vice-anything," says t Reverend Al Sharpton, once a federal informer for U.S. Att ney Giuliani, later his prospective mayoral opponent. "He need a food-taster. The minute he gets a head cold, Rudy'll calling an act of Congress. Giuliani would make Alexander Ha look bashful."

NO, RUDY AS PREZ, THAT'S THE PICTURE. T image to dwell on. Politicians live on ma ufactured scenarios, half-told histories, se aggrandizing apocrypha. But moments unvarnished truth seep through all this p turing. Such an instant is described in P Schwartzman's excellent and oddly movi series about Giuliani's early years publish in the *Daily News*.

It is a key moment in the unwritten Rudy presidential b Schwartzman tells how a pudgy, ungainly, infinitely more na 20-year-old Rudy, then working in a savings bank in Freep Long Island, romanced Kathy Livermore, who is described "Massapequa's answer to Julie Christie." At night they'd go dancing—the twist, swim, and funky chicken. Days would be spent at the beach. It was 1964, before the crazy, life-informing times that Rudy seems to have willfully erased from his demeanor began, and Kathy Livermore describes her then-boyfriend as an “okay” kisser. Somewhere in the midst of this idyll, according to Ms. Livermore, Rudy told her of his great dream to become president.

“He told me he wanted to become the first Italian-Catholic president of the United States,” Schwartzman quotes Kathy Livermore as saying. “He liked to say, ‘Rudolph William Louis Giuliani the third, the first Italian-Catholic president of the United States.’ ”

Some guys dream of being Joe DiMaggio; some guys want to be the president. Somehow, you know that when Rudy Giuliani went up into his room, closed the door, and began to recite the speeches he imagined himself making as “the first Italian-Catholic president of the United States,” it was no idle fantasy.

Rudy as prez? Could it really be Giuliani’s time?

It was something to think about as I pulled up in front of 419 Hawthorne Avenue in East Flatbush, just a block from ulking Kings County Hospital. It was here, on this quiet dead-nd street, in this low-slung brick row house, that Rudolph William Louis Giuliani was born. He was the much-longed-for irst and only child (surprise!) f Helen and Harold Giuliani, a avern owner who gave his son oxing gloves when the boy was 2, on the theory that it was nev-r too early to learn how to take are of yourself. If Rudy actual-y makes it to the presidency, 19 Hawthorne Avenue could oin the National Register of istoric Places, which will be ither good or bad news for the amily currently living there.

Across the street from the rospective landmark, a black uy in his mid-twenties with owed-up hair leaned against he hood of a 1990 Plymouth moking a joint, exactly the sort f casual lawbreaking the stern ormer resident of Hawthorne Avenue has been so successful at weeping from sight. Told the mayor once lived less than 50 feet om where he now stood, the man exhaled deeply and said, Sure glad he’s not here now.”

It was then I asked my question, the one I’d been asking all ver town: “If I say President Giuliani, what do you say?”

“Oh, man,” the smoker said. “*Just shoot me now.*”

During my multi-borough canvassing on the “Rudy-as-prez” eat, the above was not a wholly unique response. Other plies from people of color included: “It’d be like back in Alama,” “Slavery days again,” “Tyranny,” “That’d be an Meran moonwalk backwards.” In Flatbush, a karate teacher leved a steely gaze at me and said, “Rudolph Giuliani is an ent of spiritual chaos. . . .” With endorsements from politians like Floyd Flake, Rudy might pull as much as 20 to 25 rcent of what figures to be a very sparse black vote. But I dn’t meet a single soul who had a good word to say about e man. Certainly no one who wanted him to be president.

And over in Fort Greene, at Jessy’s House of Styles, along the ute Rudy likely walked to Bishop Loughlin Memorial High hool (where only 4 of his 379 classmates were black), a hairtter started when I said, “President Giuliani.”

“*President* Giuliani?” the barber exclaimed. “*Just shoot me w!*”

GENERALLY, AROUND THE CITY, THE RESULTS were more mixed. Former mayor Koch, who once entertained notions of becoming the first Jewish president, said Rudy would “absolutely try” for (and might actually make it to) the Oval Office. “He’ll be happier as president because the presidency is a totally abstract job where you don’t have to talk to anyone. That’ll suit him, because he doesn’t like people. . . .” Of Rudy’s chance for the White House, Jimmy Breslin said, “He’s even-money to end up in the nuthouse.” Porno institution Al Goldstein said, “President Rudy? Call Dr. Kevorkian, because I’m out of here.” The Rudy-as-prez bandwagon finds more support, however, among the official New York voices now hectoring taxi passengers to fasten their seat belts. Jackie Mason, who’s been up and down with Rudy, is a booster. “They say he’s like Hitler, but I have not seen him do a single Hitlerian act,” Mason remarks.

On the more man-in-the-street basis, in Bath Beach and Rego Park, and up near Co-op City, each a (white) Rudy stronghold, a definite trend developed. Everyone was voting for Rudy for mayor, but the idea of President Giuliani prompted serious pause. On 47th Street, a Hasidic diamond dealer said, “Giuliani is the greatest mayor, but he might be too . . . combative . . . to be president.” A man wearing a dhoti at the Indian New Year festival thought Rudy was “a man of great qualities, a real leader for immigrants in New York,” but wondered if he “argued too much” to lead the nation. Other nay-says, each from staunch Giuliani voters, were along these lines: “too bossy,” “too tough,” “too aggressive.”

This basic sentiment was summed up by a large tattooed gentleman standing beside a late-model Caddy in the parking lot of the estimable Vegas Diner on 86th Street in Bensonhurst. Identifying himself as an owner of an “independent hauling company,” the man said, “Things were out of control with Dinkins. Rudy fixed it. As an Italian-American, I’m proud of him. But you can’t do what he does and say what he does and be president. I don’t know about Rudy and the bomb. We could be in a war. To run the country, you’ve got to be more democratic. . . . President—that’s like sacrosanct. . . . If Rudy’s going to be the guy, he’s got to change. Grow up a little. I’d like to see him do it; I don’t know if he can.”

“YOU CAN’T DO WHAT HE DOES AND SAY WHAT HE DOES AND BE PRESIDENT. I DON’T KNOW ABOUT RUDY AND THE BOMB.”

It was a clear dichotomy: Even people who called Giuliani a fascist said he had their vote for mayor, i.e., he might be a bastard, but he’s *our* bastard. It was part of an S&M relationship between Rudy and the electorate; he doesn’t feel our pain, he dishes it out. He’s the knuckle-rapper whose castor oil we somehow know is for our own good.

WHAT STARTED AS A GOOF HAD TURNED INTO A SURPRISINGLY PASSIONATE, often thoughtful examination of perceived limits and patriotism. It was an inquiry into how New Yorkers see themselves as New Yorkers and as Americans, for which I had only Rudy to thank. That’s because there is something about Rudolph Giuliani that stirs people up. In an age of the bland and ultra-packaged, he’s a legitimately controversial politician. Never, no matter what you think of him, do you get the idea that he’s a fake.

That was clear enough during the hectic, somewhat despondent couple of weeks I’d spent trailing around after the mayor and his ethos. I've had less gloomy beats. Covering Giuliani, while morbidly interesting thanks to the mayor's alleged Big Brotherism and relentless us-against-them attitude, is rarely rollicking. "They won't give you anything, and then they kill you," one writer said, looking over his shoulder. Needless to say, very few people like to go on the record about the mayor, even those who have been extensively quoted before. "It's just not worth it," says one prominent figure.

For the mayor's part: Asked which "misconception" of his behavior ticks him off the most, he says, "It's the stereotype that I bristle . . . *'The mayor bristled'* . . . I hate that."

Rudy's tight little team, which, deposed police commissioner William Bratton said, no one could be part of unless he or she was "willing to drink the Kool-aid," provides little mirth. Nevertheless, I came to sympathize deeply with Cristyne Lategano, the mayor's no-nonsense top aide, who has been characterized as everything from "the former manager of a running-shoe store" to Lady Macbeth. According to a widely read, deeply scurrilous story in *Vanity Fair,* Lategano (who for the purposes of this story might be referred to as "rumored potential First Other Woman") may or may not have been romantically involved with Rudy, who may or may not be getting divorced from his wife, former TV anchor Donna Hanover—all of which may or may not be a crimp for Rudy-as-prez, since no one with two broken marriages has ever sat in the Oval Office.

I don't know: Lategano seemed all right to me. Maybe that's why my heart went out to her one afternoon at Our Lady of Pompeii on Carmine Street. It was a photo op: Rudy getting his flu shot surrounded by 100 old ladies eating lunch in the church cafeteria. The needle went into Rudy's arm, and the mayor kept on smiling. "Rudy didn't even wince," someone said to the close-by Lategano.

"He wouldn't show pain, no matter how much it hurt," Cristyne replied. Given her situation, it's easy to take what she says the wrong way.

AS RICHARD BEN CRAMER MAKES CLEAR IN his now-classic *What It Takes,* it takes a special man to even dream of being president. There is a need to locate a kind of grandeur in yourself. Could Rudolph William Louis Giuliani III, tough guy, find such qualities in himself?

A glimpse was given last month in Washington, at the National Press Club, where Rudy gave the keynote speech at the Ford Foundation's Innovation in American Government conference. It seemed an easy chance for countrywide platform-building, but Rudy's appearance was not without travail. Once again he outlined his drug program, which, he said, will be the "centerpiece" of his next mayoral term. It is a detailed plan, with *strong* emphasis on local enforcement. The mayor called for a huge ad blitz to get out the word. "That's never been done," Rudy said, apparently unaware of the immense, largely ineffective fried-egg-based "This is your brain. This is your brain on drugs" campaign.

While everyone was appreciative of the mayor's goals (he wanted drug enforcement to be given the foreign-policy status of "trade itself"), people were left wondering what exactly was "innovative" about the plan. "It sounds like a page from the War on Drugs from 1987," whispered one delegate.

David Gergen, who only moments before had been boosting Rudy's national prospects, spoke for a sizable portion of the audience when he asked, not without a bit of bite, what, exactly was "new" about Rudy's proposal.

It was just the sort of question, if asked by a New York beat reporter during one of Giuliani's press "availability" sessions, that would have raised the ire of the mayor, set off a tirade about the pervading cynicism that made his job as the city's savior more difficult. But here, Rudy blinked. Backed up. What was "new" was that all this hadn't been "tried together before," the mayor replied somewhat meekly.

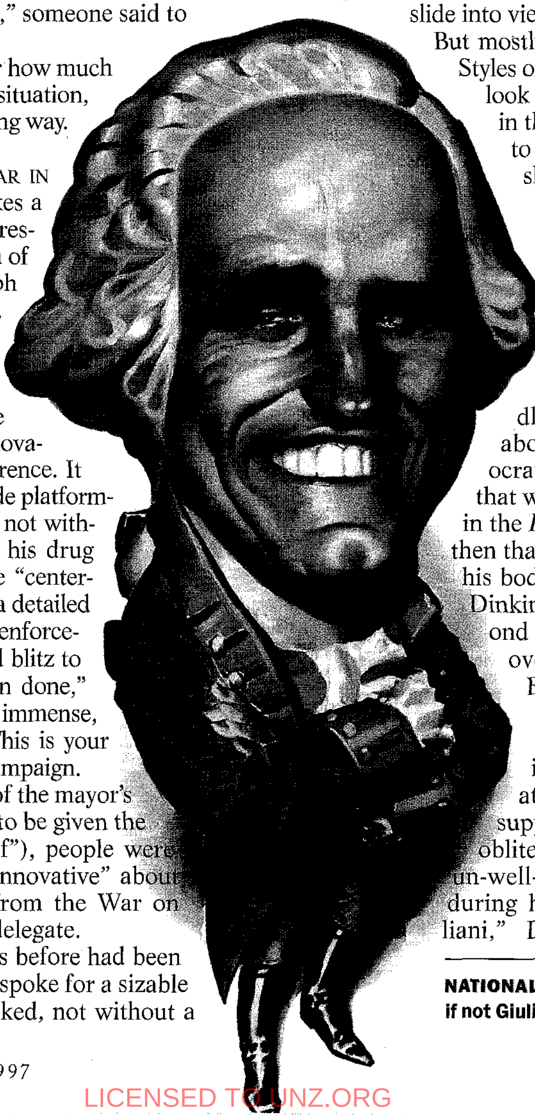
The rules were different down here, I thought, a couple of hours later, standing in front of the White House along with the rest of the tourists. I'd been walking around the capital vibing on the power. This wasn't like funky old City Hall, where a couple of former D.A.'s could sit around cackling and feel like princes. This was a sci-fi set, some vast, intricate urban computer of command. Whoever ruled here *ruled,* but that rule was often invisible.

Arlen Specter, senator from Pennsylvania and former D.A. (who says Rudy is "a special guy" and "could go all the way"), says district attorneys find politics "difficult" because "we're too fact-based . . . too relevant." Was that Rudy's problem, excess of relevancy, I wondered, watching workmen cut the Rose Garden lawn. It was odd, but I found part of myself pulling for the gruff, often obtuse man. He was, after all, from the home team. One of us, so to speak.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK, THE RUDY-AS-PREZ WATCH WENT ON For the first mayoral debate, the urge was to stay home, to watch on TV, grade Rudy's telegenic appeal, which despite the fact that he is a far from handsome man and wears ill-fitting, often schlumpy parochial-school suits, isn't awful. It's just you can't ge past the hair. The upper teeth are a problem, the way they slide into view when he bares that Grim Reaper smile But mostly it's the hair. Jessy over at the House o Styles offered to shave Rudy's head for him. "He'd look a lot better," Jessy shouted over the music in the congenial shop. The mayor is supposed to be a hard case, so why not go with th shaved-head thing? His style people could throw in an eye patch to match.

Still, I was happy I saw the debat live, because Rudy delivered two stel lar character moments, neither picked up by the TV cameras.

First, he was Rudy-as-Nixon (th president he is most often linked wit in the popular imagination). In the mid dle of bludgeoning Messinger with a litan about the twenty straight years of Dem ocratic Party malfeasance and incompetenc that was somehow all her fault, Rudy said, "A in the *Dinkins* administration. . . ." It was righ then that Giuliani extended his right hand acros his body and pointed at his predecessor, Davi Dinkins, who happened to be sitting in the se ond row of the debate audience. It wasn't a overt point, rather more of a Carme Basilio, prosecutorial, short right-han gesture, really. Just to keep clear who th real enemy is. Dinkins didn't apprecia it. You could say he *bristled,* glaring bac at his longtime tormentor. How was h supposed to feel? Rudy has done his best obliterate the memory of any good act the no un-well-meaning former mayor accomplish during his term. Asked about "President Gi liani," Dinkins shuddered with abhorrenc



NATIONAL COMB-OVER: Giuliani's local achievements if not Giuliani himself—could have mass appeal.

"Please, don't do that to our country . . . ," he said.

On a more up note: Rudy, who often complains that people "do not understand my jokes," made me laugh. It was during the summation by Olga Rodriguez, the mayoral candidate of the Socialist Workers Party. Ms. Rodriguez more than held her own, especially in articulating the anti-Rudy position on the crime issue. In her summation, however, she tossed about some unfortunately arcane party rhetoric, including terms like "farmer-workers" and various characterizations of "the state." Rudy almost cracked up. Well, it was funny—"farmer-workers" of New York City. But how typically mean-spirited would that have looked: *Mayor Giuliani laughs mockingly during opponent's summation speech.* Giuliani, ever the political animal, stifled the display.

NO TACK WORKED. "I DO NOT SPECULATE ABOUT RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT," HE SAID, HARSHLY. "IT'S NOT SOMETHING I THINK ABOUT."

A couple of days later, I was sitting on a hard wooden bench n City Hall waiting to see the mayor. It was late afternoon on Columbus Day, and the grand old tatty hall was basically deserted, dark. Above me, the gloomy eyes of Caleb S. Woodhull, another of those mayors of he City of New York (the sev- ntieth, from 1849 to 1851) who never moved on to "higher office," looked down at me rom the elephantine, turbid ortrait on the wall. Rudy was unning late; it was going to take a while. I'd have to wait.

Rudy Giuliani could easily end up on the scrap heap like Caleb . Woodhull and the rest, I thought. In this time of imperial mayoralty, it's easy to forget he beat a badly damaged Dinkins by ust 50,000 votes. The margin for error is not that great. For all udy's accomplished, he has also been lucky, much luckier than, ay, the ill-starred Lindsay—who seemed like a very lucky guy.

POTENTIAL DISASTERS LURK EVERYWHERE FOR Rudy II. The stock market could take another 10 to 20 percent hit, and stay there. The police, many of whom feel Rudy takes way too much credit for crime reduction, grumble about how the mayor gave himself a raise while they got none. One more Louima could bust open a back-burnered race issue; another Crown Heights would ertainly do it. Whiffs of old-time New York City corruption—uff that at one time might have sent D.A. Giuliani into a fren- of wiretaps and RICO threats—have cropped up. The mayor's mpaign recently paid $220,000 in fines for fund-raising vio- tions. There are questions about the lobbying power of Liber- Party czar (and top Rudy strategist) Ray Harding. The most rden-variety of scandals could shatter the mayor's well- uffed, squeaky-clean image. One wondered how someone like udy might react should the wheels start to come off, if things ly got out of control.

Rudy was running too late. There would be no time to chat at ty Hall. The interview was now to be held in the Ice Cream uck, heading out to Rego Park, Queens, the borough of my th, where Rudy would help Ben's Best Gourmet Kosher Deli ebrate its fiftieth anniversary. The mayor was already in the rkened van, still in the same rumpled suit he'd worn for the lumbus Day Parade. A big man who slouches, he sat nched on the shorter bench seat, an eerie, waxy quality to n, like an update of an Edgar Allan Poe character. "This ght be bumpy," he said, moving over to make room on the at, extending his hand through the chiaroscuro.

When you ride in the Ice Cream Truck, some unseen person in the seat behind sticks a recorder between you and the mayor. Any minute you expect a bright light in your face. Not that there was likely to be much on the tape, outside of Rudy's vaguely detached delineation of which classical composers he likes to listen to during which season (baroque in the "clear" fall and winter, romantics in spring and summer). Whatever inquiry might have been launched into, Giuliani's notion of his inner grandeur was easily subverted. Even though he found the unofficial results on the Rudy-as-prez poll "interesting," the mayor had no intention of discussing the future beyond the end of his term.

No tack worked. The conversation turned to Robert Kennedy, another prosecutor with a sharply tuned sense of good and evil for whom Rudy has expressed the highest regard. Kennedy was someone who appeared to exhibit a capacity to grow into himself as a potentially great man, someone who ran for president because he deeply felt he was the right man for the job at the time.

Rudy did not take this bait. "I admired Robert Kennedy," Rudy said, adding that he hated when people called Kennedy "ruthless . . . just because he stood for something." Then, his tone harsher, Rudy said, "I do not speculate about running for president. It's not something I think about. . . . *You are requiring me to think about something I don't think about. . . .*"

This ended the discussion of Giuliani's political future.

All that could be sure was that he would continue to move ahead, wherever that forward motion would take him. Down in Washington, where Mayor Barry lives, people scoffed at the idea of President Giuliani. They wanted him to be mayor. They even said they needed him. Indeed, it points a whole new career track for Rudy: Rent-a-Mayor. That way he, Cristyne, and the rest could ride around East St. Louis in the Ice Cream Truck, kicking that place's butt.

Then we were at Ben's Deli, and Rudy was out of the car, into the crowd. I never even got to ask him about Kathy Livermore and his dream to be the "first Italian-Catholic president." A cheer went up; these days Queens Boulevard, like everywhere else, is Rudy country. There were about 500 people there, mostly elderly, eating hot dogs. In honor of its fiftieth year, Ben's was selling everything at 1947 prices. This seemed perfect for Rudy, the baseball fan, the most retro of New Yorkers. That's his romance, the potent kind of nostalgia he's selling: 1947.

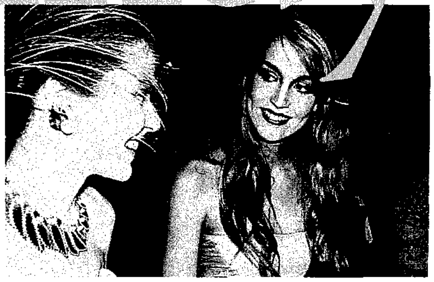
Nineteen forty-seven—before all the stuff started up that people eventually decided they needed someone like Rudy to save the city from. It's a dream, 1947, a dream of when New York really was the capital of the world.

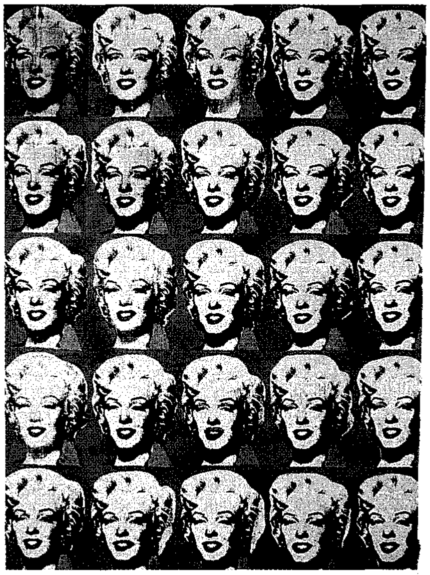
At Ben's on Queens Boulevard, so close to where I grew up, it was easy to slip into a dream. How lovely that would be, for the world to be exactly as you might like it, and for a mayor of New York, a man with a sense of his own grandeur, and everyone else's, to be president. Except then there he was: Rudy, his thumb in the air, rattling off the percentages he'd lowered crime by, etc., etc. The facts, ma'am, just the facts. Hard man to love, Rudolph William Louis Giuliani III—he throws cold water on dreams, even his own.

Halfway through the mayor's address, I turned to the Orthodox Jewish man next to me. "If I say President Giuliani, what do you say?" "As president, I think he'd make a good mayor," the man replied. ∎

LUSTRATION BY DANIEL ADEL

Go Ask Andy





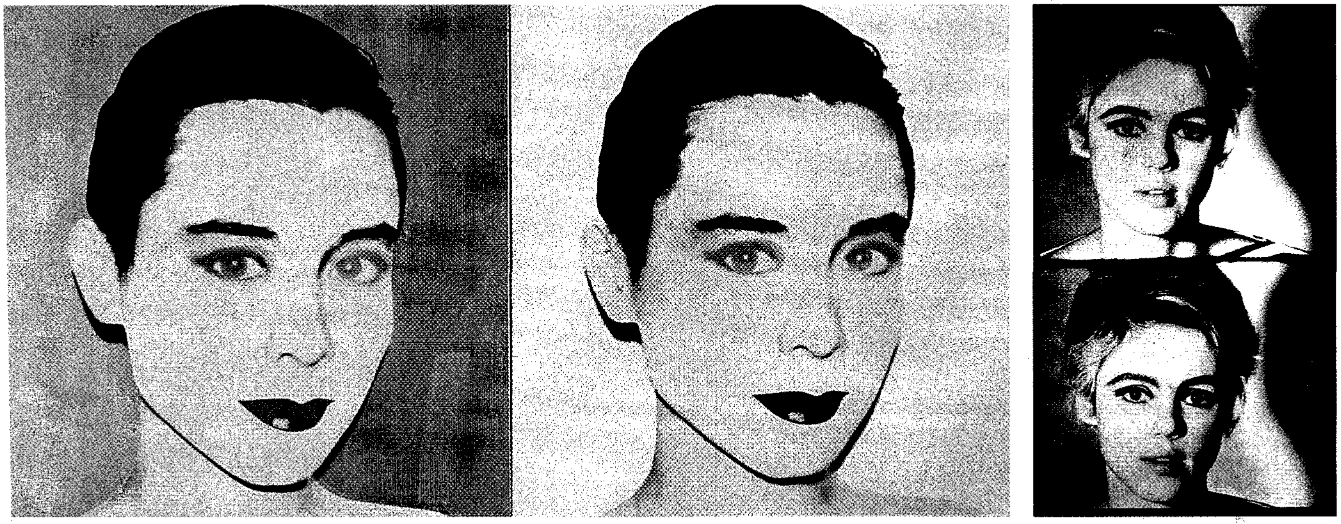
Clockwise from left; *Jay Johnson, Andy Warhol, and Candy Darling,* by Cecil Beaton; Warhol's *Jerry Hall,* 1979; Warhol's *Marilyns,* 1962; *Mademoiselle* fashion spread, 19

T'S AN IRONY THAT EVEN ANDY Warhol—the least ironic of contemporary artists—would have appreciated. Ten years after his death, the artfully disheveled, monosyllabic, self-described philistine who rarely wore anything but jeans and a turtleneck has become an icon of style: a pop visionary who still haunts everything from fashion to film to fine art. Opening this week at the Whitney, "The Warhol Look/Glamour Style Fashion" shows just how extensively he permeated the cultural landscape—from his fashion illustrations to his experimental films to his unabashed obsession with both low culture and high society. Warhol collected compulsively all his life, and much of his trove—on loan from the Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh—is on display in New York for the first time. Here are the Hollywood fan magazines he devoured as a child, his flyaway wigs and corsets, his scrapbooks and window displays, covers of *Intervi* magazine, and hundreds of Warhol-cre ed and -inspired paintings, videos, fa ions, and photographs. But what's And most enduring cultural legacy? *New Y* interviewed a few of his critics, frien and subjects to find out.

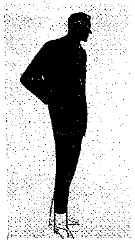
BRIGID BERLIN, *Warhol superstar:* "I thi Andy's biggest influence on style was a collector of fashion. Everything that A saw was a collectible, especially if it v

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Cecil Beaton; Andy Warhol; courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American
David McCabe/The Condé Nast Publications; courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American

Andy may be gone, but his influence is inescapable. As a major Whitney exhibition, opening this week, toasts the Pope of Pop, a panel of his closest friends and hangers-on debates his legacy. By Edith Newhall



Warhol's world: Left, *Tina Chow,* 1985; Edie Sedgwick in *13 Most Beautiful Women,* 1965. Insets: Warhol's *Man,* 1950s; *Shoe,* 1950s.



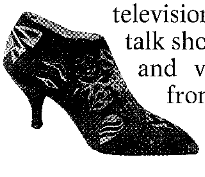
made in the sixties. Andy started collecting clothes by Halston and other designers—he thought they would be worth something. We used to go 'props and ideas' shopping. We walked into Woolworth's or Lamston's once, and he icked up one of those copper scrubber ings and he said, 'See, that would make great pin.' He'd call me to go shopping n days you'd expect stores to be closed, ke Memorial Day—this is when stores sed to be closed on Sundays—and I'd y, 'Nothing is open today, Andy,' and 'd say, 'Gimbel's is open; I saw it in the aper.' We'd meet at Gimbel's, and he'd y 60 pairs of brown socks because he dn't like to have to match his socks. He ore his blue jeans under his tuxedo. He as really a slob. He'd get those down ckets from Eddie Bauer, and within two eeks he'd look like a homeless person. e pockets were stained from the black agic Markers he carried to sign copies *Interview.* He would stuff his pockets th candy bars, vitamins, crystals, bots of makeup, and perfume. It would be, hy can't I be like Halston? Halston is elegant.' "

NNY FIELDS, *rock writer and Factory nger-on:* "There were some eternal ings about Andy that some people ssed. He picked up on beautiful people, male and female. The idea of beautiful men is really making progress. It didn't used to be something you could get excited about without sounding a little weird. He knocked down walls. And we can never look at aluminum foil the way we used to."

HOLLY SOLOMON, *gallery owner:* "Andy freed artists to work in different media. He made films, he made paintings, he made a magazine. He opened up all these spheres of endeavor. To me, this is the single most important contribution he made."

ELLEN LUPTON, *adjunct curator at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum:* "His biggest impact was to make commercial art sexy. The fashion of recycling and turning the detritus of culture into something beautiful is something people are still fascinated with. He wasn't the only one to do that, but he was the most notorious. Warhol was directly involved in commerce, while Duchamp was more of a philosopher, watching it from a distance."

RONNIE CUTRONE, *artist and Warhol assistant:* "In an organic decade like the sixties, with people smoking pot, dropping acid, wearing leather and natural fibers, and trying to find themselves, Andy really stood out. He did speed. There were about 35 cool people in the sixties. Nobody had long hair in 1964. Dylan hadn't even gone electric. Nobody could dance, and that's why the Velvet Underground was so popular. It was a very lonely decade because there were so many fifties leftovers. In the middle of the movement you had the Factory, and Andy's philosophy was plastic—plastic dresses, plastic jewelry, plastic emotions. It was inevitable that Andy's cult of the plastic would endure. In music in the nineties, it would be Kurt Cobain's hair on a techno band. In fashion, it would be the supermodels themselves—if you think about it, the 'super' in supermodels is coined from the Warhol expression 'superstar.' In movies, the Warholian philosophy is manifested by David Cronenberg's *Crash.* Andy's movies had one-title names like *Trash. Boogie Nights* is a perfect Warhol kind of movie, too—raw, hustler flesh with a disco ball. Plastic and sexy at the same time. In restaurants, I guess it would have to be Starbucks, a cheapo chain where the masses can huddle and get spaced on caffeine. In art, it would be painting by computer, because it's a brand-new way of making art and Andy always wanted to be a machine and he hated painting and he just happened to die before the technology caught up with his way of thinking. In television, you have the exposé talk show, where people come and vent their spleens in front of a camera, which is much like Andy's



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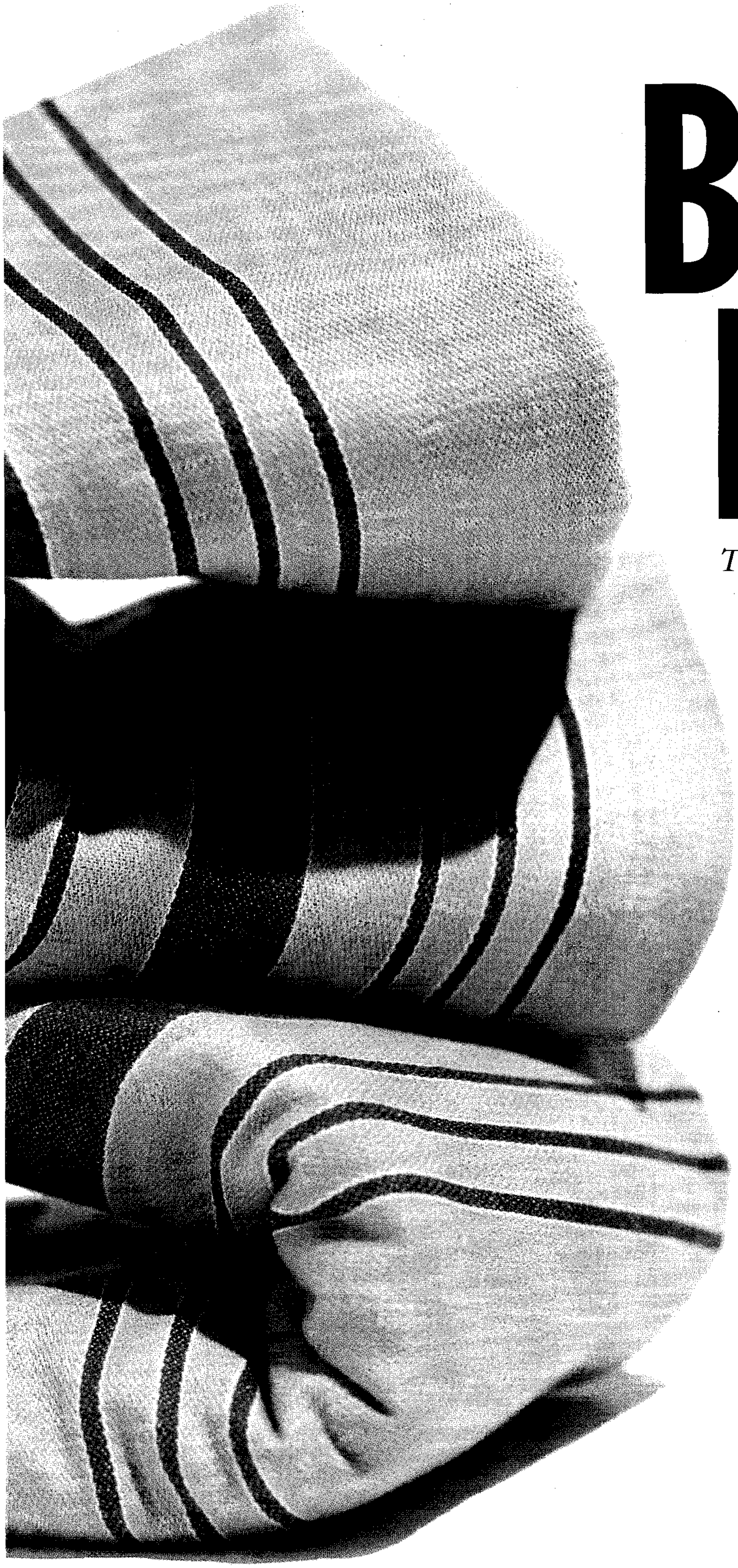
tographs courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art (4).



BEST BETS

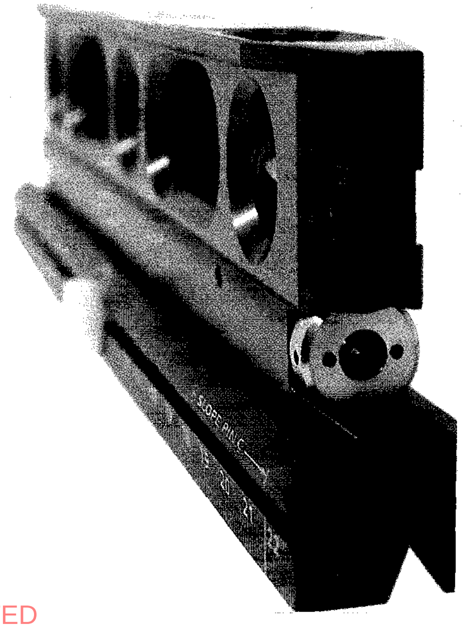
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

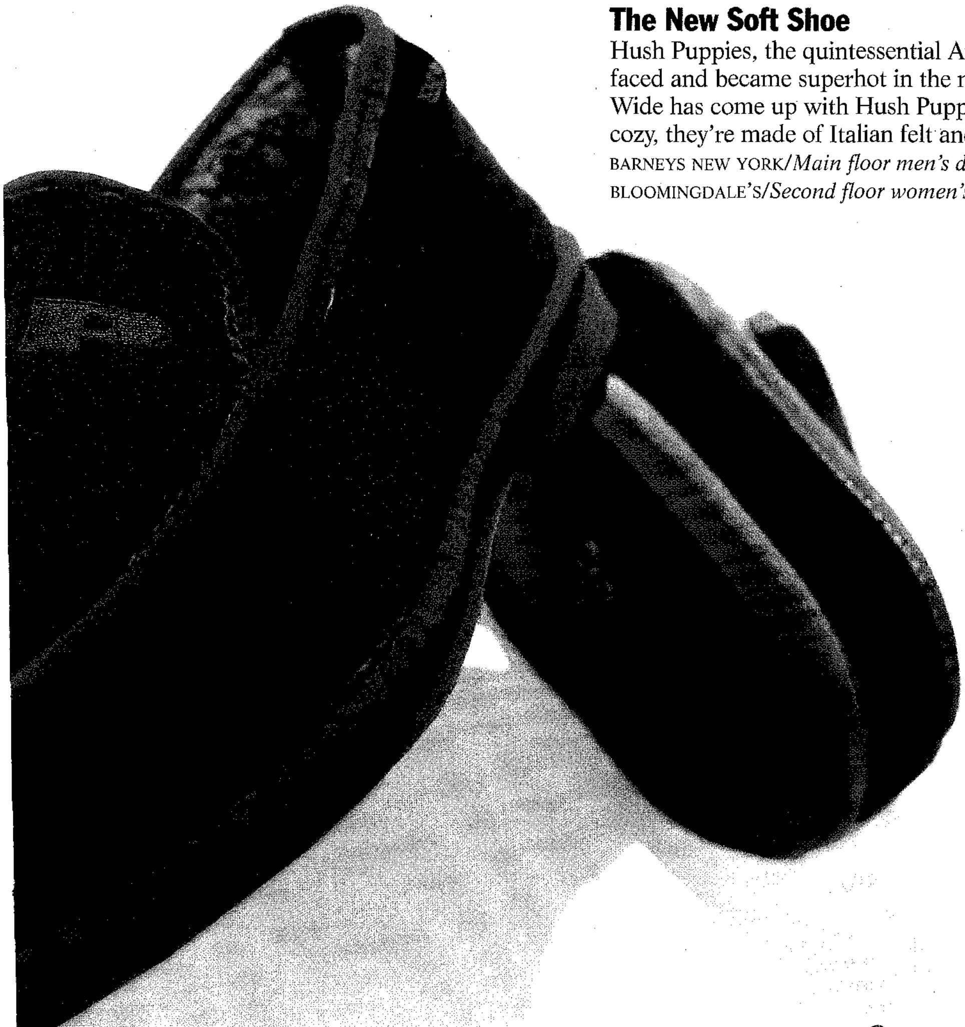
BY CORKY POLLAN

Stripe It Rich

Catherine Weinstock has tucked bolts of stripy fabrics in among the art and antiques at San Lorenzo, her closet-size store. Though the patterns are based on nineteenth-century Swedish designs, today they're made in India. This amalgam may explain why they look fabulous in both old-world and postmodern interiors ($38 a yard).

SAN LORENZO/*123 West Broadway/766-4770*





The New Soft Shoe

Hush Puppies, the quintessential American shoe of the fifties, resurfaced and became superhot in the nineties. Now Wolverine World Wide has come up with Hush Puppies Lounge slippers. Warm and cozy, they're made of Italian felt and lined with acrylic pile ($55).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Main floor men's department*
BLOOMINGDALE'S/*Second floor women's shoes*

Doggie Bag

The newest addition to the Kate Spade *oeuvre* was dictated by personal necessity. How to tote Henry, her Maltese, to work every day in true Spade style? Her canvas canine carrier has all the expected Spade attributes: clean and simple lines, a rectangular shape, and near weightlessness. But it also has side vents, peek holes, and a wide opening so Doggie can easily be stashed inside ($275).

KATE SPADE/*454 Broome Street/ 274-1991; or 800-937-9146*

n the Level

our ordinary level is okay for ordinary
bs: hanging shelves, pictures, and
ch. But the Checkpoint Laser Torpe-
Level lets you sight and match
ights across rooms, even buildings
eaning that its laser beam lets you
gn a picture on one wall with one on
other and set fixtures to match coun-
tops). This gizmo has an 80-yard
ach and is water- and shock-resistant.
a tool can be hip, this is it ($159).

ACIOUS HOME/*1220 Third Avenue, near*
st Street/517-6300

OTOGRAPHED BY JOSH McHUGH

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

Bachelor Party

Supplies for the perfect **dressy evening:** *Great Italian suits, a dining-room table—and even a* **foolproof corkscrew** *for that Margaux '45.*

ALTHOUGH IRANIAN BY BIRTH, THE husband-and-wife owners of Pompeii are Italophiles—especially when it comes to clothing. To celebrate the anniversary of their store, they are offering 20 to 50 percent off on their entire inventory of men's wear; Redaelli handmade loro piana–wool pinstripe suit, was $2,095, now $1,676; Missoni sweater, was $465, now $372; Egyptian-cotton dress shirt, was $190, now $95. (Prices include sales tax.) *Pompeii, 220 E. 60th St. (486-7878); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. 10:30–8, Tues.–Fri. till 7:30, Sat. 10–7, Sun. 12–5; 11/3–11/16.*

Country Living

THE FURNITURE AT PINETREE LODGE MAKES us wish we had a clapboard house upstate to fill up. But the armoires, farm tables, and drop-leaf dining tables are perfect for city digs, too; cabinets with antique shutter doors, were $795, now $295; Willow Lake armoire, was $2,750, now $995; six-foot farm tables, were $995, now $595; coffee tables, were $495, now $195. *Pinetree Lodge, 234 Mulberry St. (941-6370); A.E., checks (delivery additional); Mon.–Sun. 12–9; 11/3–11/18.*

Beauty Vigil

RECOGNIZING PEOPLE'S DESIRE TO look as smooth and radiant as they can under the prying eyes of relatives during the holidays, Lia Schorr has created some beauty packages for the season. Seaweed facial, full-body massage, and paraffin pedicure, was $195, now $145; glycolic facial, foot reflexology, and paraffin manicure, was $210, now $140; deep-pore-cleansing facial, was $65, now $53 (series of six, was $390, now $270). *Lia Schorr Skin Care, 686 Lexington Ave., near 56th St., fourth floor (486-9670); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat.–Sun. 9–6; 11/3–12/31.*

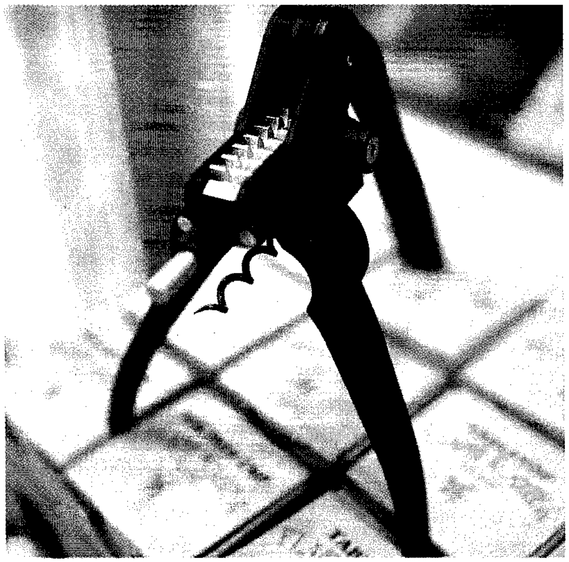
Dear Prudence

TWO IN ONE: DISCOVER PRUDENCE DEsigns, the charming flower-filled store hidden in Chelsea, while attending ét-i-ket's sample-and-stock sale of home accessories. These quirky and funky items in velvets, animal patterns, and other fabrics retail at stores like Bloomingdale's and ABC; for example, eighteen-inch-square velvet pillow, retail $90, here $50; *faux*-leopard throw, retail $220, here $120; linen napkins, retail $15, here $8. *Prudence Designs, 235 W. 18th St. (691-1356); A.E., M.C, V.; daily 11–7; 11/7–11/12.*

Law Suits

PERFECT FOR BANKERS, LAWYERS, AND OTHer professional types who need good suits, Jamak's sample-and-stock sale is overflowing with them; Gruppo Americano two-button long jacket, was $368, now $184; matching skirt, was $150, now $75, matching pants, were $189, now $95; Geronimo short-sleeve polo sweater, was $120, now $60. *Jamak, 200 W. 70th St., Suite 12C (787-0278); A.E., checks; Mon.–Sat. 11–6; 11/4 till supplies run out.*

Must-Have **Leave it to the country that invented Bordeaux to produce the perfect corkscrew. This Le Creuset gadget goes on sale at S. Feldman, the East Side's housewares mecca, this week, along with All-Clad, Calphalon, and Creuset kitchenware. Formerly $180, it's now $129.** ***S. Feldman Housewares, 1304 Madison Ave., near 92nd St. (289-7367); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9–6; 11/3–11/30.***



DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Coming Up Roses

MARK ROSSI'S HOLIDAY SALE OFFERS ACCESsories with hand detailing that make great stocking stuffers or holiday decorations. For example, fruit and vegetable pillows, were $150, now $75; animal soaps, were $14, now $6; hand towels, were $28, now $10; bibs, were $24, now $8. *Mark Rossi, 311 Church St., fourth floor (219-0450); cash only.; Wed.–Thurs. 11–6, Fri. till 7, Sat. till 4; 11/5–11/8.*

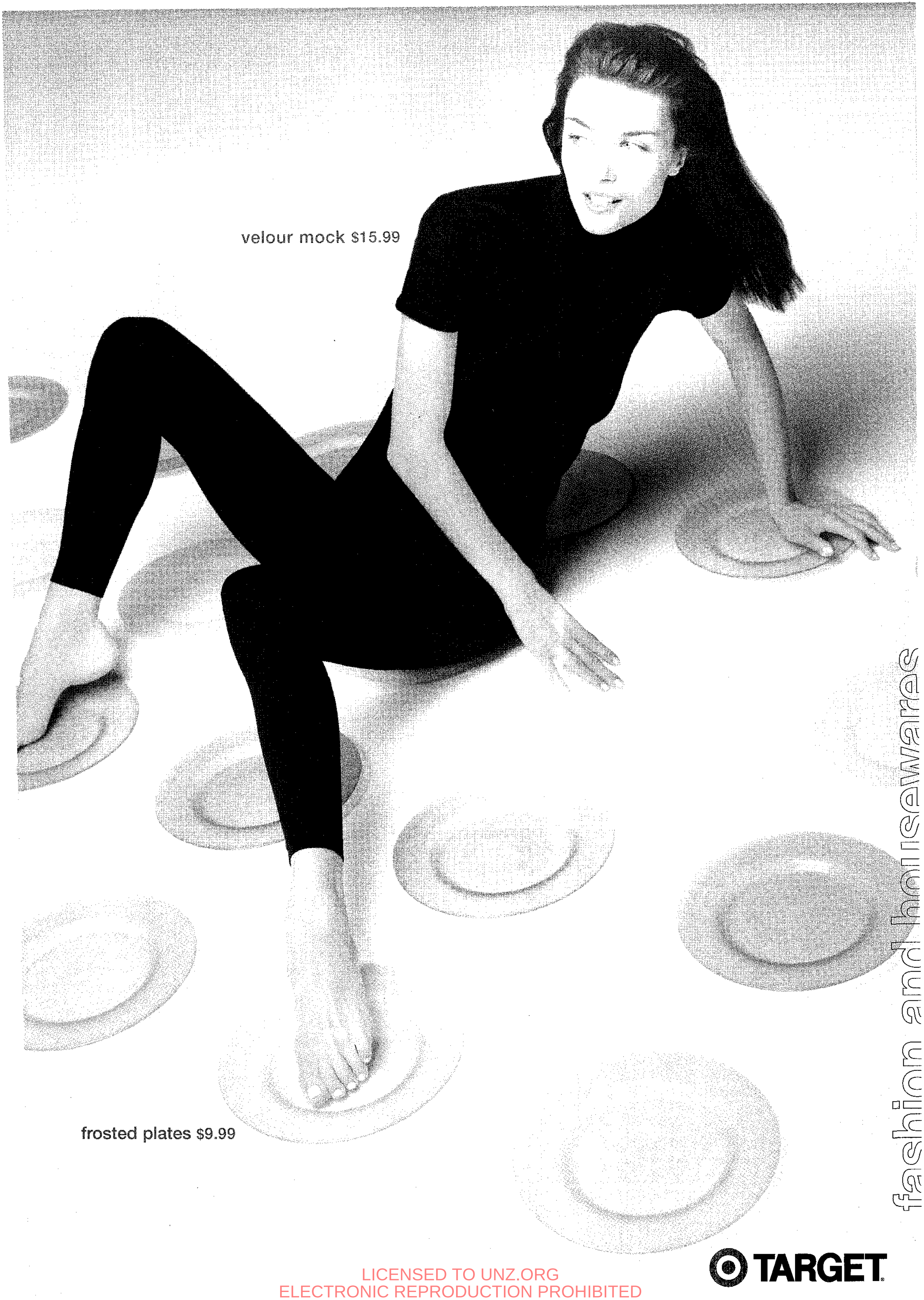
Italian Cuts

LAZO, AN ITALIAN MEN'S-WEAR COMPANY, has a wide assortment of items for the gents at its fall sample sale. Gray pea coat, retail $400, here $150; French-blue dress shirt, retai $140, here $45; merino-woo mock-turtleneck sweater, retai $125, here $50. *Lazo, 38 W. 56t St., second floor (956-1425) A.E., V., M.C.; Sun.–Fri. 11–7 11/3–11/7, 11/9–11/13.*

Crewel to Be Kind

CHELSEA TEXTILES, A DISTRIBUTO of handmade needlepoint pillow (mostly antique reproductions o based on old English and Frenc prints) and crewel fabrics, is having a sale. Diamond-trellis pillow, retail $210, here $50; shel design pillow, retail $150, her $40; green crewel coverlet wit jungle pattern, twin-size, reta $587.50, here $160, queen-siz retail $787.50, here $25 *Chelsea Textiles, D&D Buildin 979 Third Ave., near 58th S (319-5804); A.E., M.C., V.; Sa 12–4; 11/8.* ■

Photograph by Matthew Salacu


velour mock $15.99
frosted plates $9.99
fashion and housewares
TARGET

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Meet the Press

In 'The Wings of the Dove,' a charming journalist is urged by his lover into the arms of a wealthy dying beauty. Bad plan.

We'll always have London: Bonham Carter and Roache in *The Wings of the Dove.*

Photograph by Mark Til

AGNIESZKA HOLLAND'S RECENT ADAPTATION OF the early Henry James novel *Washington Square* was an abrupt and fiery affair, with people shouting and throwing themselves about. But the new **The Wings of the Dove,** adapted from one of James's last books, from 1902, is passionate in a different style—quieter, with a fine-textured, sustained directness that builds to a considerable intensity. *The Wings of the Dove* is about money, class, and sexual desire; it's also about the varieties of control and duplicity—people hiding their motives, lying to help others but also to advance their own interests. The movie gives deception an almost voluptuous power and danger: Deception becomes a form of seduction; it is also a snake that coils and then strikes itself. The director, Iain Softley (*Backbeat*), a Brit, brings us close to faces whose mysteries we try to penetrate and decipher. The evenness of the movie's tone, and its alert, lambent attention to its complex characters, is satisfying and even exciting in an old-fashioned way.

The movie differs from James's novel in a hundred particulars, but the great point is that it works on its own terms, which is all one can ask. What, after all, are filmmakers to do with a book that begins with the following sentence: "She waited, Kate Croy, for her father to come in, but he kept her unconscionably, and there were moments at which she showed herself, in the glass over the mantel, a face positively pale with the irritation that had brought her to the point of going away without sight of him"? The way that extraordinary sentence circles back on itself suggests Kate's confinement and frustration, and I suppose that such a state of mind could be conveyed by slowly turning the camera back to a starting point. But a director proceeding this way moment by moment would never get anywhere. James, in his elaborate and super-subtle later books, did not write filmable scenes; *The Wings of the Dove* consists of dense pages of analysis and bursts of highly elliptical dialogue. But James, it turns out, also has a superb story to tell, and Softley and the screenwriter Hossein Amini deftly pluck it out. Coping with James's inexhaustible sensitivity, they have made everything more brisk, decisive, and direct—and in a few cases crude—but they have not falsified the core of James's great novel.

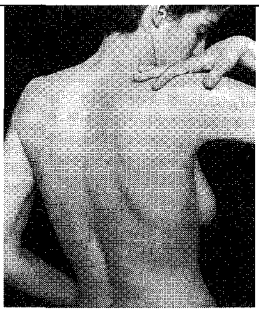
At the center, there are two young people who love each other but need money. Kate Croy (Helena Bonham Carter), clever, beautiful, and distinguished, lives in London with her wealthy aunt (Charlotte Rampling), who is determined to marry her off to a rich man and who does what she can to break up Kate's relationship with the charming but penurious young journalis Merton Densher (Linus Roache). I regret that I once intimated in these pages that Helena Bonham Carter wa too short to play starring roles. Short she is, but he dark eyes and piled dark hair give off an almost witch like allure. She has become a confident and powerfu actress. We are drawn to Bonham Carter's intelligence even though her Kate is calculating and unromantic—not a brave enough person to live with Densher i poverty. Kate plays for the largest stakes; she wants he handsome young man and she wants to be rich, too. B degrees, and without his quite understanding it, Densher gets pulled into a conspiracy that Kate engineers For there is another young person in their social circle the fabulously wealthy American heiress Millie Thea (Alison Elliott), who is sweet, generous, and wastin away from some nameless disease (leukemia, perhaps Millie needs a lover; she needs to live. Kate, who genuinely likes her, wants Millie to be happy and to kno love—with Densher, who would then inherit the mone after Millie's death, that would allow Kate to mar him. Kate's motives are mixed, both selfless and selfis benevolent and sinister, and she corrupts Densher wi her provocative ambivalence.

Linus Roache, the lead in *Priest,* has an open, han some face and a fine profile, and in this movie he is sua yet incisive, too, and convincingly ardent. His Densher is meant, I think, to be a kind of cultivated masculine ideal. Because he's such a splendid fellow, Densher's puzzlement as Kate pushes him into Millie's arms is painful; his anger and sexual aggression as he realizes how he is being used become the dramatic high point of the movie. The complicating factor—Henry James always has a complicating factor—is that Densher falls for Millie; or rather, he falls for her desire to experience everything she can before dying. Alison Elliott, as Millie, is merely good—soft, smiling, intelligent, a woman who lights up when an attractive man pays her attention.

The filmmakers have aggressively jumped the period ahead from 1902 to 1910; the characters take the subway and dodge automobiles; they smoke cigarettes furiously and attend a gallery exhibit of Klimt's decadent nudes. The women are dressed in the new looser clothes, and at he end of the movie, Bonham Carter slowy removes her corset and is naked. We get he point: Kate Croy and Merton Densher re modern personalities, rebels against he constrictions of their time (they seem o have skipped over the Edwardian period nto the twenties). Rebellion is certainly ot something that Henry James had in mind, but it's a minor vulgarization.

The movie begins in sumptuous private wellings in London, and moves to Venice, the mysterious, labyrinthine, senuously overwhelming Venice where eath lurks in the very pursuit of pleaure. Softley shows us the jostling gondoas in the darkened canals at night and the wirling gaiety of a masked ball. In the ark city, perversities of will and desire wiftly unfold, and betrayal gives way to elf-betrayal. Despite an immense simplication of the novel, *The Wings of the Dove* is still the most complexly motivatd, the most noble, pathetic, and emoonally involving movie around.

ttaca, THE FIRST FEATURE BY THE WRITER-rector Andrew Niccol, is about a genet- tyranny of the future in which society is gidly divided into humans perfectly en- neered and those known as faith ba- es—people with the ordinary mix of rengths and physical susceptibilities. han Hawke, clean-shaven and very fit, one of the latter, who nevertheless penrates to the inner sanctum of the perfect es. Always on the verge of being dis- vered, he meets a kind of mate in the ongated and smirking Uma Thurman, ho, like him, has an ailing heart. *Gatta-* is not pop science fiction in the *Star ars* mold but a serious and intelligent ovie, with an inexpensive but handsome sign, good music by Michael Nyman, d perceptive observations of such all- o-human elements as friendship and ri- ries between brothers. ■



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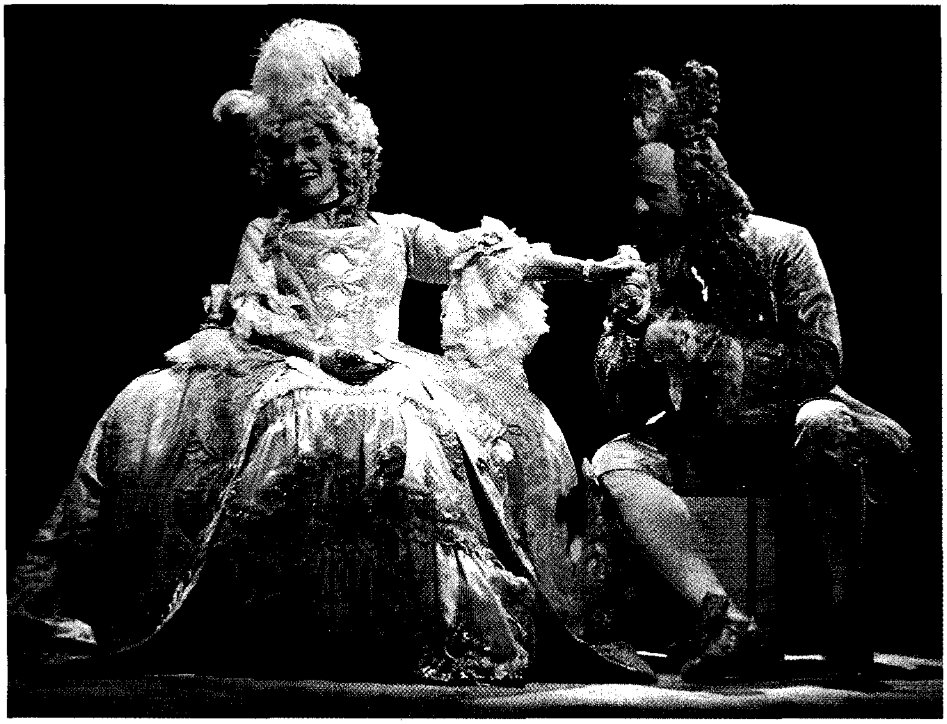
Pardon Their French

Two recent adaptations, Marivaux's 'The Triumph of Love' and Zola's 'Thérèse Raquin,' are more galling than Gallic.

IT WAS NOT GRANTED MANY WRITERS TO BECOME ADjectives or common nouns. Kafka made it with *Kafkaesque,* and Marivaux, at least in French, with *marivaudage,* meaning "gossamer, flirtatious banter." Marivaux was its master, earning Voltaire's sneer "A man who spends his life weighing flies' eggs on cobweb scales." This was sour grapes, the playwright having beaten out the philosopher for a seat in the French Academy. More sympathetically, Marcel Arland assessed Marivaux's work as "the world of man and woman in the pure climate of love—and of poetry." That is a lot, even if earthiness is not among its virtues.

Le Triomphe de l'amour (1732) is not Marivaux's best play by a long shot, which is just as well when you consider the insult to it that **Triumph of Love** is. The authors of the new musical—James Magruder (book), Jeffrey Stock (music), and Susan Birkenhead (lyrics)—show welcome signs of sophistication on the one hand; on the other, a bumptious lust to please the bumpkins that negates wit and refinement. Better to fiddle with flies' eggs than bombard with mud pies.



Near-disaster: Betty Buckley and F. Murray Abraham in *The Triumph of Love.*

Magruder's book, intermittently and fleetingly, espouses finer things but, as if ashamed of this, promptly brings on the pig's bladder, the banana peel, and the cap and bells to make all suspicion of elitism vanish. Healthy vulgarity is fun in the appropriate context, but in Marivaux's neoclassical Sparta, where speech is as poised as Gluckian music, and demeanor as stately as a saraband, rowdiness and bawdry are as out of place as a belch in a declaration of love.

Most of the jokes here are double entendres of a grossly phallic nature. Since the horseplay takes place in the topiary garden of Hermocrates—a philosopher who has weeded emotion out of his cloistered life—every horticultural reference becomes a crudely sexual joke, and often also an anachronism.

Hermocrates and his spinster sister, here called Hesione, have chastely brought up their nephew Agis, the rightful heir to Sparta's throne, to abhor equall Princess Léonide, who is unwittingly usurping it, and any feeling of love in his breast. But Léonide, espyin him from afar, is smitten. She disguises herself as Phocion, a youth seeking to study with Hermocrates, while her maid, Corine, also i male drag, becomes Hermidas in Marivaux—or, in Magruder, absurdly, Troy. This merel so that she can later claim Hermocrates lackey, Harlequin, and his gardener, Dimas in a "ménage à Troy."

The princess, as Phocion, conquers th crusty Hesione; as herself, she ensnares Hermocrates. At the same time she quickly wir Agis's heart, while Corine, with Dimas an Harlequin in her train, forms a kind of lee ing chorus and low-comedy trio. Contemptibly, time and place are played with fa and loose for facile laughs; so we get, for example, "gay deceivers" and "Harlequin romances." Even the cutesy set by Heidi E tinger (formerly Landesman) has it bot ways: It pretends to be topiary shrubs, bu being made of boards covered in green te rycloth, it is also platforms for the cast to c vort on. And the lids on these shrubs f open to reveal pop-up papier-mâché flora, perfect symbol for this triumph of not lo but slapstick.

On the evidence of the score, Jeffr Stock has either no stomach or no talent f tunes. Two vaudeville numbers, "Have a Little Fait and "Henchmen Are Forgotten," are routine but least bouncy. The rest, however, is reminiscent of t worst of modern opera, where the vocal line forswea any resemblance to melody. The singers become lost the orchestration, which (don't blame it on Bru Coughlin) has nothing to orchestrate. As for the lyri let me say charitably that Miss Birkenhead has be known to do better.

The ultimate fiasco is Michael Mayer's directi which drags down whatever the authors have left abo sea level to the bottom of burlesque. Thus, for instan Corine becomes a white-faced clown, and Hermocra

Photograph by Joan Ma

and Hesione, each ready to elope with Phocion-Léonide, come bedizened in grotesquely parodistic Louis XV costumes (don't blame them on Catherine Zuber). The entire piece—with characters darting in and out ubiquitous doors or letting their heads pop out of hidden windows—is staged like a bedroom farce or the inn scene from *Der Rosenkavalier.* It obliges the actors to turn into jack-in-the-boxes.

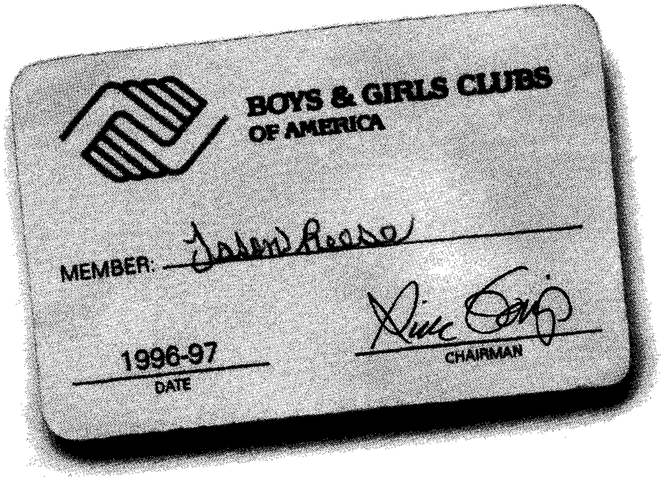
Even the casting is mostly infelicitous. As Léonide, Susan Egan, though she labors mightily and savvily, is more of a soubrette than a princess. Her Phocion, moreover, is too small of stature (especially when wooing the much taller Hesione) to pass for a man with anyone able to read the largest letters on an optometric chart. The sassy Corine of Nancy Opel, fat Dimas of Kevin Chamberlin, and flimsy Harlequin of Roger Bart have been turned into a trio of circus zanies. F. Murray Abraham, who can't sing and seems aware of it, tries, instead of indulging his usual rant, to recede into the woodwork. The total disaster, though, is Agis. Though he plays a character Marivaux describes as surpassing "all that the Graces have of nobility and amiableness," Christopher Sieber is a whey-faced lug who sings tolerably but cannot act at all.

There remains, however, the Hesione of Betty Buckley, who transcends the claptrap she is given into beautifully sung, touchingly acted, throbbing humanity. Her artistry and nobility remain unbesmirched. When, we all keep asking, will this artist get the vehicle and role worthy of her? In the green erry Pandora's box of this show, she is the only ray of hope.

ZOLA'S **Thérèse Raquin,** 130 YEARS LATER, IS still a summit of the naturalistic, psycho-ogically astute novel. Neal Bell's dramatization turns it into posturing expressionism laced with explicit sexual crudity that would have driven Zola himself into the rms of the censors.

A finer writer than Bell and better director than David Esbjornson might have made a bit more of this foredoomed proj-ct, which would also have required better scenery and costumes than Narelle Sissons nd Kaye Voyce have provided, though Christopher Akerlind's lighting could not e improved on—it almost makes you forget Rinde Eckert and Gina Leishman's unkily inept sound.

The two leads are well handled. Elizabeth Marvel is believable in Thérèse's arc om helplessness through loathing but should curb that stare of bulging-eyed stupefaction. (She should udy Simone Signoret in the film version.) Sean Haberle manages to be both virile and sensitive as her lover, but Todd Weeks plodding as the husband, and Beth ixon execrable as the mother-in-law. The hers barely make it as caricatures. ▬



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ART **MARK STEVENS**

Queens for a Day

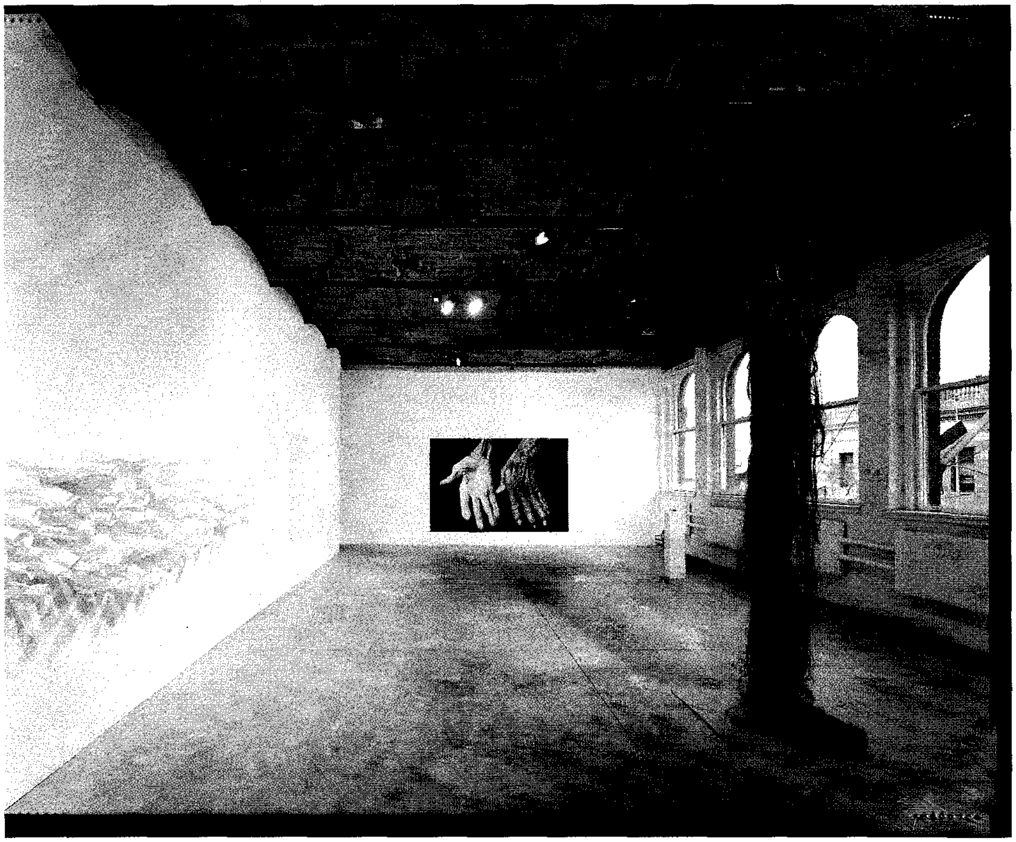
A revamped P.S.1 opens in Long Island City, playing for a newly powerful role in the contemporary art world.

TO CELEBRATE THE REOPENING OF **P.S.1** AFTER an extensive three-year renovation, Robert Rauschenberg recently gave the alternative space a work called *Hunch.* His gift is both generous and apt, for P.S.1 is to museums what Rauschenberg is to art. Located in a former school in Long Island City, P.S.1, like Rauschenberg, reflects the atmosphere of gritty lofts, irony, and calculated spectacle that has characterized the New York art world since the late fifties. It has a kaleidoscopic vision. It is open and provisional—hunch-driven—rather than exclusive and judgmental. It is devoted to the idea of the "emerging artist," showing a particular interest in unfamiliar work from outside America and in helping younger artists by providing studio space. Founded in 1976 by the curator Alanna Heiss, this museum without a collection would always mount shows that looked just one step away from the studio. No institutional mustiness. Nothing cast in stone. P.S.1 was a permanent work-in-process.

Unfortunately, P.S.1 during the past twenty years has attracted only a small audience of artists and critics. The worn-out building and confusing exhibition spaces—together with the two-stop subway ride to Queens, which some New Yorkers find more daunting than a trip to London—has kept the public away. With the current renovation, which spruces up the structure and adds 40,000 square feet of exhibition space, P.S.1 is now making a serious bid both to attract a wider audience and to play a more powerful role in the contemporary art world. Ten thousand people came to the recent opening. Will they come back? Probably. The institution has not changed its fundamental brief, but it can now perform several important additional services, not the least of which is that the new P.S.1 is a highly entertaining spectacle.

Designed by the architect Frederick Fisher, the renovated space is clean and well organized, the old brick and girders of the late-nineteenth-century school building transformed into a charming virtue rather than a grim necessity. So much varied work is on view—often in unexpected places like bathrooms, basements, stairwells, and hallways—that boredom should be rare. If you consider one show dreary nonsense, there is always something different through the next door. The exhibition spaces are open and well lit. The new exterior galleries invite you to walk outside—despite gray concrete walls that look shabby against the warm brick of the building and are easily the weakest point of the renovation. The cafeteria provides tha necessary hit of museum caffeine The central welcoming area, which offers maps of what's where, adds focus. In short, P.S.1 is well worth weekend afternoon.

More important, this renovated museum fills a significant niche, offering exactly what other institution in New York cannot. The rooms fo exhibiting contemporary art in Manhattan are mostly limited in scale without much natural light or idiosyncratic charm. P.S.1, by contras now has a vivid, expansive air. It ca serve almost every kind of art, wit spaces big and small, inside and ou side, horizontal and vertical. Man rooms sing with daylight. The ne P.S.1 is also flexible, with space fo both new and traveling shows. Th major city museums, which mu plan well in advance, are able to giv contemporary art only glancing a tention. As a result, their program are conservative and predictabl



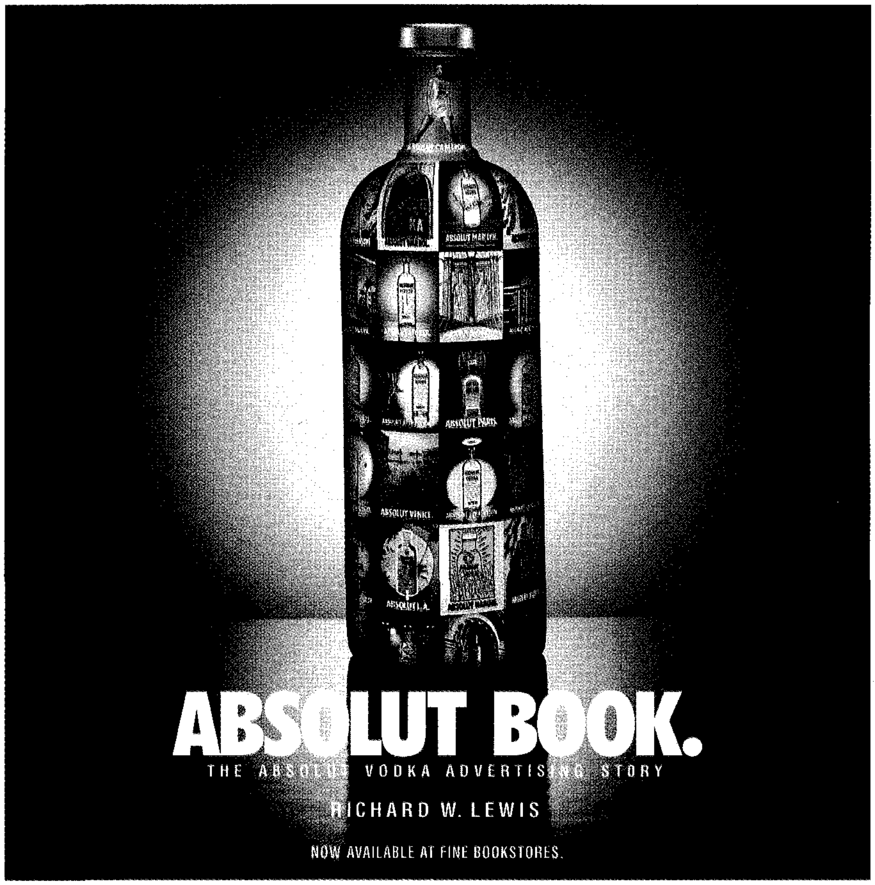
Lynne Yamamoto's P.S.1 exhibition: From left, *Ringaroundarosie,* 1997; *Untitled,* 1997; and *Wrung,* 1992.

Photograph by Bernd Auc

The curators at P.S.1 work in a more informal, spontaneous way. Ideally, a visit to P.S.1 will help clarify what's happening in the hundreds of galleries across the river, providing an efficient way to study the evolving character of contemporary art. Painting will probably not be a serious priority, but sculpture, installation art, and work in the Duchampian tradition should be well served.

The current lineup is a promising example of what P.S.1 can bring to New York. Now on display are three large shows—of the kind of work rarely presented in traditional museums—that should prove particularly stimulating to the many young artists so bewitched and bewildered by narcissism. "Jack Smith: Flaming Creature" profiles the flamboyant filmmaker, writer, and all-around provocateur—now often overlooked—who helped create the narcissistic downtown sensibility of the sixties. Warhol got the glory, but Jack Smith helped prepare the way. John Coplans's "A Self-Portrait" s a fearless photographic depiction of his own aging flesh. Jackie Winsor's sculptures, beautifully arranged in a new exhibition space, embody an inward-looking reverie. There are also a host of smaller shows, such as a room of Lynne Yanamoto's art and an exhibition called "Heaven: Public View, Private View." (To ee the private version of "Heaven," visiors lie back on a cushion in the cafeteria, pull down little slide viewers dangling on ords from the ceiling, and stare at tiny nages of paradise.) Throughout the rest f the building are more than 50 installaons by individual artists.

The new P.S.1 provides one unexpectd service. The transformed Renaissance evival school building now perfectly mbodies that unmistakable stylishess—that artful blending of rough and olished, raw and cooked—that suffuses merican art of the past 40 years. The ittiest example of this is the placement two Robert Ryman paintings in the giant boiler room, in what used to be a nall area to store coal. Ryman is wide- admired for making supremely elegant aintings. Almost entirely white, they re usually displayed in stark white galries; he is sometimes thought effete, ven dandyish, in his heightened attenon to each brushstroke. The juxtaposion of his whiter shade of pale and a oal-blackened basement—a place of awny physical labor—is both comic d unexpectedly beautiful. Such conasts: pure and dirty, light and dark, pen and constricted, aristocratic and oletarian, ethereal and earthbound. his small room defines, unforgettably, e atmosphere of the postwar art world, here artists working in the old indusal lofts of SoHo dreamed of an art of artling sophistication. ■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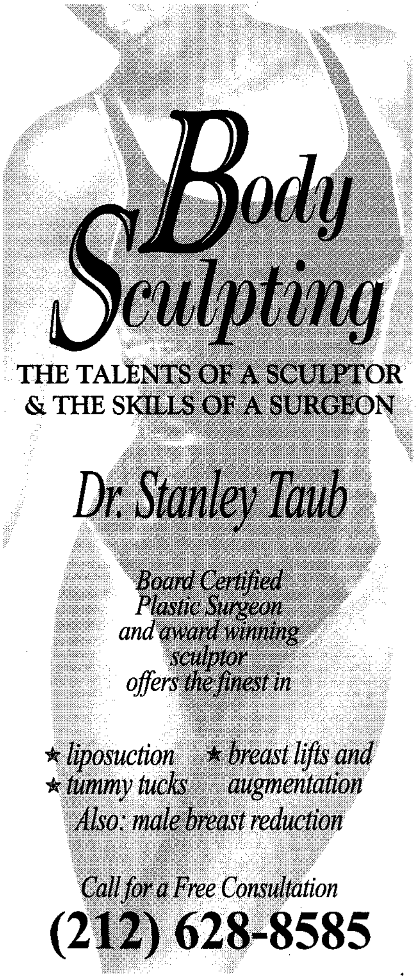
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The work of composer Luciano Berio, Italy's finest since Puccini, finally gets some attention in New York. Just don't call it opera.

Modern music's master synthesist: Luciano Berio at Carnegie Hall.

Luciano Berio MAY WELL BE ITALY'S MOST FAMOUS composer since Puccini, but New York would hardly know it. Weeklong Berio festivals are regularly held in Paris, London, and Milan, while Lincoln Center looks the other way. The Metropolitan Opera, which commissioned world premieres from Puccini, has never performed one of Berio's widely acclaimed stage works; his orchestral music is seldom played by the Philharmonic; his extensive output for chamber ensembles goes largely unheard. This is a shame, since of all the influential European composers to emerge during the fifties, Berio has been one of the most productive and approachable explorers and synthesizers of modern techniques. His music has always presented a challenge, but special ear training is not required to respond to its lyricism, textural color, theatrical fantasy, and sheer visceral appeal—all the typical virtues, in fact, of Italian music at its best since Monteverdi.

In town not long ago, three days shy of his 72nd birthday, Berio received some overdue attention from Carnegie Hall: an orchestral concert with the composer leading the ORT-Orchestra della Toscana in two recent works, *Alternatim* for viola and clarinet and *Ofanim* for singer, boys' choir, and live electronics; a workshop discussion of that piece and the electronic technology that Berio has been developing at the studios of Centro Tempo Reale in Florence; and a concert of chamber music featuring scores by Berio and three of his former pupils, Steve Reich, Bernard Rands, and Louis Andriessen.

With highly charged dramatic contrasts present in every measure, *Ofanim* gives a taste, if only in concert form, of what to expect from the composer's *azione teatrale,* or music-theater, pieces (Berio warily avoids the term *opera*). The biblical text, sung in Hebrew, veers back and forth between the whirling apocalyptic visions of Ezekiel trapped in a sunbaked desert and luxurian erotic scenes taken from the Song of Songs a startling juxtaposition that Berio seizes upon and turns to his musical advantage. Th title means "modes" or "wheels" in Hebrew an image evoked by Ezekiel and made audible by the composer as he craftily blends th piercing sound of his double wind-percussion orchestra with the softer accents of boys' choir, sending both out to rotat through space via speakers strategicall placed about the hall. It is a stunning aura adventure, suddenly interrupted by an elaborate cadenza for trombone. Acting as a so of super-shofar, that instrument introduce Ezekiel's last harrowing vision, a mothe torn from her own land and "planted in th wilderness, in a dry and thirsty ground"—a poignant f nale that suggests to Berio "the memory of all the mothers of our time, of all the exiles and the havocs that hav left deep wounds in our conscience."

While listening to the whirling drama of *Ofanim,* I wa reminded of the first Berio score I came to know well: *Ci cles,* a setting of e. e. cummings poems for voice, har and percussion that the composer and his first wife, th late Cathy Berberian, once performed at the New Scho back in 1960. It was a pleasant coincidence to read in th note for the master-and-pupils chamber program in We Hall that Steve Reich had been present at the same co cert and that the experience had deeply affected him. B rio's score, of course, has little in common with Reich mature music—*New York Counterpoint,* the Reich pie played at Weill Hall, is one of his quintessential studies pulse and interlocking patterns. But the younger compo er clearly absorbed the spirit that makes *Circles* spin, wi its hypnotic incantation built from concentrically evolvi musical and physical gestures in which words function both vehicles of meaning and phonetic sounds.

Louis Andriessen is another post-minimalist who *Hout* ("wood" in Dutch, a score with marimba a wood blocks prominently featured) seems to inhabi musical world far removed from that of his form teacher's. Even so, Andriessen, as he confessed in program note, also learned much of value from Be during his years of study

(continued on page 6

Photograph by Steve J. Sherr

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Limón Line

The Limón Dance Company's soloists do their founding father proud in a program that revives seven seldom-seen works.

TO MARK ITS TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF SURVIVAL after the death of its founder, the **Limón Dance Company** appeared for two weeks at the Joyce Theater, with further performances scheduled for Riverside Church November 13–16. As its artistic director, Carla Maxwell, points out, the troupe has now existed for as many years "without José" as it had *with* him. Seven dances by Limón have been revived for the occasion, among them the 1972 *Orfeo,* a flimsy treatment of the myth that might be better forgotten, and the complete *Choreographic Offering* (to the Bach *Musical Offering*) from 1964, an intricate and beautiful construction hat builds on movement themes used by oris Humphrey, Limón's mentor.

Following a policy of augmenting its repertory with works by other choreographers that it comfortably with Limón's humanistic ent, the company acquired dances by Jiří ylián and Doug Varone, while resident horeographer Donald McKayle weighed in ith a new piece. The Kylián, *Evening Songs,* o music by Dvořák, is a handsome affair, overned by the stiff, flat, "naïf" imagery haracteristic of Mexican folk art; in this it esembles Limón's *La Malinche* (also given his season) and Martha Graham's *El Penisnte.* Its clever reiteration of gesture engages e eye, and its brevity is an asset; it's over before Kylián indulges (as he tends to) in self-ongratulatory pretension to deep meaning. *he Possession Quartet,* excerpted from a nger work by Varone (the postmodernist ith a heart) set to a Philip Glass score, is ell realized. Through lashing movement rung from ordinary gesture, along with ocative lifts, holds, and falls, it evokes the mper of our time—equal parts isolation, xiety, violence, and anomie. McKayle's *eartbeats,* set to an international smorgasrd of songs on essential aspects of human eling, may be uneven, diffuse, and overlong, t it contains three terrific segments, two of which e solos effective enough to survive alone.

Despite this whir of activity in the choreography dertment, the season's most memorable element reains its exquisite, fervent dancing. Today, the comny is one of the few—in both the classical and modn fields—of which one can say that the present style, chnical level, and emotional force of the dancing do t dishonor the glories achieved earlier. Maxwell, rearsal director Sarah Stackhouse, and a host of comny veterans are to be thanked for this, along with dancers themselves.

Foremost among the performers is the luminous Nina Watt, who joined Limón in 1972. The gods have sent her to us and kept her among us so long as a reminder that, with well-honed physical technique a given, dancing aspires to an ecstatic condition. Leading the Israeli "Prayer" section of *Heartbeats,* Watt is absolutely single-minded; she turns herself into an earthy survivor, a devout woman who is strong enough to speak plainly with her God. In Limón's signature work, *The Moor's Pavane,* one of the troupe's standards, she's all innocent, ardent youth; the expression of submissive rapture that suffuses her face as the Moor slowly draws out the fateful handkerchief perfectly distills Desdemona's character and situation.

Moving performance: Roxane D'Orléans Juste dancing *The Chaconne.*

tograph by Beatriz Schiller.

Singularly promising from the start of her career with the company in 1988, Pamala Jones-Malave came into her own this season as an artist equal to established stars like Watt, Maxwell, and Roxane D'Orléans Juste (who ignited the stage each time she set foot on it). Jones-Malave's rendition of the "Go 'Way From My Window" solo in *Heartbeats*—with its rough, broken gestures; its complex, irregular rhythms; its projection of *(continued on page 69)*

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Déjà Voodoo

In 'The Third Twin,' six versions of Jason Gedrick prove five too many; 'Into Thin Air' scales the pique of Mount Everest.

Clone home: *One of many* Gedricks with Kelly McGillis in *Ken Follett's* lurid thriller.

FIRST, SHEEP; NOW JASON GEDRICK. IF THE VERY idea of cloning inspires in you a severe case of the blue-eyed willies, if you are inclined to believe that the Human Genome Project is a front for some sort of Trilateral Commission of recombinant-DNA Vincent Price dice-and-splicers, if you were afflicted with biotech-cyborg nightmares about the meat-machine interface before you ever even heard of **Ken Follett's The Third Twin** (Sunday and Tuesday, November 9 and 11; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), then a mini-series that proposes not one, not two, but many Jason Gedricks—all of them planted 27 years ago in the sleeping wombs of theretofore infertile females by a lunatic cabal of genetic engineers bent on the petri-dish compounding of a race of warriors who grow up variously hot-tempered, antisocial, and violence-prone, like predatory pathogens, and most of whom want to hurt Kelly McGillis—should be your cyberpulp-para*noir* fantasy come gruesomely true.

McGillis is the usual brilliant biologist at the usual prestigious university seeking in her lab to resolve the usual nature-vs.-nurture question by looking for tadpole traces of aggressive behavior in various quarts of gene pool drained from identical twins raised separately. Accessing with her usual FBI connections the gumshoe database, she discovers that law student Steve and rapist-killer Dennis, although they both look exactly like Jason Gedrick, were born to different mothers, in different hospitals, on different days. Reporting this fraught anomaly to her mentor and moneybags, Larry Hagman, Kelly will find herself suddenly menaced by obscene phone calls, tabloid slander, the Pentagon, and unemployment. Meanwhile, her vague-minded mother (Marion Ross) has doubts about her nursing home, her burglar father (Hal Holbrook) gets out of jail determined to go right back, and her best friend (Lisa Vidal) is raped by someone who looks exactly like Steve, or Dennis, or Jason—with one of whom, to make matters worse, Kelly seems to have fallen in love despite the fact that she's too old for him.

So much for the plausible parts of *The Third Twin* They do not include Larry Hagman as a biomed scientist-entrepreneur, Ralph Waite as a power-mad U.S. senator, or Regina Taylor as a police detective who believe everybody except Kelly. And we have only scratched th surface of the Jasons, who multiply like three-eyed, four armed Shivas. I mean, there's also a Harvey and even Wayne. But you'll have to worry about Gedrick. I'm worried about McGillis. She began so wonderfully i *Reuben, Reuben* and *Witness.* She seems to have bee punished for her role in the blockbuster Navy commer cial *Top Gun* with disdainful reviews of her underrate McCarthy-witch-hunt movie *The House on Carro Street.* From Tom Conti to Harrison Ford to Jeff Danie to Jason Gedrick is the wrong way on the evolutionar ladder, and Ken Follett's wet dream about cloning is nc what any admirer would wish on her. Yet her frantic ir telligence and negligent beauty sustain this mini-seri through its manifold luridities.

"THEY SAW GOD'S FACE . . . I HOPE THAT IT WAS BEAUT ful," says Christopher McDonald as Jon Krakauer at tl end of **Into Thin Air: Death on Everest** (Sunday, Novemb 9; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), a snow-blind and frostbitte docudramatizing of Krakauer's best-seller about the i fated ascent that cost five lives in May 1996. It's a T movie with attitude: Since 1921, one of every four tr ing to make it to the top has died, and with more ar more amateurs paying $65,000 each to be pointed the right direction just for the thrilling chic of it, tl percentage of fatalities may very well increase. Journa ist Krakauer is not alone among the survivors in deci ing henceforth to stick to gentler slopes. And it's a T movie with altitude: Although filmed in the Alps rath

Photograph by Bob Gre

than the Himalayas, at 11,000 feet with a wind-chill factor of 20 below instead of 26,000 feet with a wind-chill factor of 150 below, it nonetheless punishes actors, ears, and retina; in a howl of unremitting white, we still hear each gasp and sob, and plunge numb off every precipice.

Alas, we also have to listen to McDonald-Krakauer's voice-over, listing always to the oracular and portentous. I know you have to have a point of view to con- ain and explain the bad luck, arrogance, and mistakes that combined to ensure a disaster. But something about the "Death Zone" brings out the Egyptian-tombspeak baby talk in our guide, an overweening Ishmael. It's bullying. We begin to have doubts about all such vainglorious experiences, the delirious vertigo and transgressive whoopee of mountaintops, drugs, madness, dreams, and pain; the deathwishfulness of Peter Pans.

TELEVISION

T'S A WEEK RICH IN DOCUMENTARIES, ONE n which the Ken Burns mini-series **Lewis & Clark: The Journey of the Corps of Discovery** (Tuesday and Wednesday, November 4 and 5; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) will get most of the ink. And, to be sure, these Western landscapes love his camera, with like-wow sunsets as if not only to backlight the futile search for a river-run Northwest Passage but lso to Technicolor the descent of Meriwether Lewis into his personal volcano of epression and suicide.

Another don't-miss is **Calling Dr. Kevor- an: A Date With Dr. Death** (Tuesday, Novem- er 4; 10:30 to 11:30 P.M.; HBO). The Michigan pathologist showboats for the amera while five of his "assisted" suicides et an equivocal case-study treatment. All f us should worry more than Kevorkian eems to about slippery distinctions be- ween care and coercion, about doctors, wyers, and relatives who gather at the ckbed with their own agendas, about ental depression in the gravely ill.

Finally, there's **The Girl in the Photograph** aturday, November 8; 10 to 11 P.M.; &E), an astonishing account of what hap- ened to 9-year-old Kim Phuc after she en- led AP photographer Nick Ut to win a litzer Prize by getting napalmed in Viet- m in 1972. For once, a naked truth urned itself onto the voyeuristic optic rve of newspaper readers as well as into e hearts of journalists on duty at the time, ho saw to it Kim Phuc got life-saving hos- al care. She'd later be yanked out of med hool and toured like a circus bear; study Cuba; defect to Canada; and end up at e Vietnam Memorial on Veteran's Day t November to speak of healing. We even eet the Army commander who ordered e napalm strike and who would after- rd become first an alcoholic and then a ethodist minister. I'm not sure that opolitics deserves her forgiveness. ▬

Davis *continued from page 66*

(1982–85), and the range of topics, as he lists them, was wide: fishing, Marxism, phonetics, open form, women's emancipation, Joyce, André Masson, caviar, olive oil, fresh vegetables, singing, vocal lines, the relation between music and language, sharp listening, and criticism—"Permanent education! Luciano has always been the youngest." The twisting contrapuntal lines and dynamic lyricism of String Quartet No. 2 by Bernard Rands are closer to Berio's own aesthetic, but again the differences are more striking than the similarities—one more tribute to a teacher who is so confident in his own musical personality that he sees no need to force it on his pupils. Indeed, it would take a very courageous young composer to ape the singular materials of the Berio piece on the program, *Sequenza X for C-Trumpet and Piano Resonance,* one of the most boldly contoured and dazzling entries in his series of virtuoso études for solo instruments.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

A new compact disc of music by Berio, *Rendering,* has just arrived from BMG Classics/Red Seal (68894-2), a welcome addition to that label's extensive (but now, alas, largely unavailable) recordings of his work. The scores played by the London Symphony under the composer's direction are wonderfully contrasted. The first, *Concerto II (Echoing Curves)* for piano (Andrea Lucchesini) and orchestra, is, as Berio puts it, "a continuous refraction" of an earlier piece for piano and chamber ensemble called *Points on the curve to find* . . . The new work is twice as long (26 minutes) but utilizes and expands on the same principle—a solo piano performing rapidly oscillating pitches in a series of mounting registral transpositions—to create a luminous halo of differentiated melodic textures, this time over the layered instrumental sounds of a full orchestra.

The other two works on the disc show Berio putting into sound one of the concepts proposed in his 1993–94 Norton lectures at Harvard entitled "Remembering the Future": the special and often burdensome relationship with the past that all composers face today. Berio's response is *Rendering,* an attempt to "restore" rather than reconstruct or complete the extensive sketches Schubert left for a tenth symphony at his death. The raw material is arresting, especially an andante movement with an expressive climate of Mahlerian pain, but Schubert left many empty spaces that Berio fills in with connective tissue of haunting beauty. This moving score is followed by a more lighthearted restorative gesture: all four versions of Luigi Boccherini's *Ritirata Notturna di Madrid* for string quintet, here transcribed for orchestra and superimposed—a delightful *jeu d'ésprit* from a master composer who provides his own perfect encore. ▬

Tobias *continued from page 67*

simultaneous rage and sorrow—had the impact of a natural outpouring, unmediated by the artificial conditions of the stage. The music suggests that this is a black woman's dance, and Jones-Malave *is* black, but the range of roles in which she's compelling is so wide, the match in this particular instance matters very little.

Emilie Plauché looks like a star-in-the-making, and is the only one who could console me for Watt's eventual retirement. Absorbing in everything she does, she was most gratifying in *A Choreographic Offering,* both as a soloist and in group work, where one's eye persistently gravitated to her. She's essentially a lyrical dancer but not, as lyrical dancers often are, physically and emotionally airy or ebullient. Slow and weighty rather than mercurial, she applies herself solemnly to Limón's movement, emphasizing the variety of textures it can yield.

At the moment, the company is rich in greatly gifted, physically gorgeous young men: Daniel Charon, Bradon McDonald, Francisco Ruvalcaba, and Jonathan Riedel (body by Michelangelo, face out of Rimbaud). Robert Regala is another type entirely: small, wiry, swift and volatile as quicksilver, he might be a clown indulged by some long-ago court for his peculiar brand of wisdom.

DANCE

Mention must be made of the fact that, wherever feasible, the company used live music, a component the majority of dance troupes now sacrifice because of its cost. Live music, however, makes all the difference to dancing. It is not an added amenity; it is an essential.

Stanley Williams DIED ON OCTOBER 20 AT the age of 72. He will live in dance history as a teacher of genius, the invisible man who formed dancers whose technical brilliance had a purity that seemed almost moral. Williams began his career with the Royal Danish Ballet, where he rose to the rank of principal, but even before an injury cut short his onstage life, his singular gift for instruction was recognized. In Denmark he absorbed the Bournonville style and, through his mentor, Vera Volkova, the Russian and Cecchetti schools. Then George Balanchine discovered him and, in the early sixties, having persuaded him to emigrate to the United States, became the final and crucial influence on Williams's ever-evolving comprehension of classical movement. Watching a New York City Ballet dancer trained by Williams at his home base, the company-affiliated School of American Ballet, you feel as if you're looking at the Platonic idea of a pirouette or arabesque. What you're seeing is Stanley Williams's idea of dancing—embodied. Death can't touch that. ▬

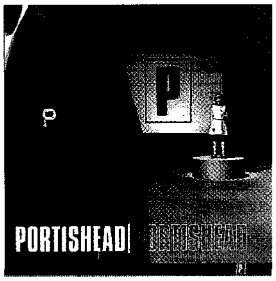
POP MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

Exiles on Main Street

Björk goes symphonic, Portishead climbs the charts, and Stereolab heads uptown. What's happening to mainstream?

FOUR YEARS AGO, NO ONE WOULD HAVE TAKEN Björk Gudmundsdóttir's comings and goings for tabloid-television fodder. The Icelandic singer, then newly split from the Sugarcubes, was noteworthy for her bold hybridization of electronic dance music and crafted pop tunes. But she was an experimentalist, presumably working well below, say, Mary Hart's cultural radar. Two years and an album later, though, *Inside Edition* viewers were treated to footage of the elfin Scandinavian exchanging blows with a mildly intrusive Thai TV reporter in an airport. Never mind that the anchors couldn't pronounce her name: The fact was that Björk was no longer a subcultural curio; she had become a prominent pushpin on the mainstream map.

The mid-career slide from relevant, challenging, or radical artistry into bland, safe, compromised entertainment is a tradition nearly as old as rock and roll itself. (How many creative years did Elvis have before lip-synching his heart out in *Blue Hawaii*?) Mercifully, that's *not* the route Björk took, either on 1995's *Post* or on her new album, *Homogenic.* And she's not the only electronically inclined artist to have edged into the mainstream. The British bloops-and-loops ensembles Stereolab and Portishead, too, have gone well beyond their underground-icon status. All have made the transition without adopting Top 40 conventions: Instead, the center has come to them.



STEREOLAB DOTS AND LOOPS

Dancing optional: **New albums from Björk, Portishead, and Stereolab.**

LIKE HER HOMELAND, WHERE geothermal activity and a skillfully placed greenhouse or two make it possible to grow bananas, **Björk's** solo work is fiery and rife with contrasts. Hip-hop beats back sing-song pop melodies on one track; brassy, Broadway-flavored workouts crop up on another. *Homogenic* lives up to its title, working a more consistent aesthetic than its predecessors. But that doesn't mean it's any less stylistically diverse: The contrasting elements—whizzing and chugging drum machines, melancholy accordions, thundering piano bass lines—hav
just been compressed more closely together.

It's still difficult to pin down the sentiments in Björk'
lyrics. In "Alarm Call," she sings, "I want to go to
mountain top / with a radio and good batteries / play
joyous tune / and free the human race from suffering." I
she mocking rock's frequent pretensions to social rele
vance, or just trying to be grand and poetic? The song'
next line further confuses the issue: "I'm no fucking Bud
dhist, but this is enlightenment." And several tracks pul
the ultimate musical-schizophrenia move of layerin
string arrangements over loping hip-hop beats. "Bache
lorette" augments a churning, melodramatic rhythm wit
a 27-piece orchestra, and over it all Björk delivers he
most disturbing and beautiful performance. "I'm a foun
tain of blood, my love," she sings in the opening lines, "i
the shape of a girl." After a lot of fire, blood, and strif
("I'm a path of cinders / burning under your feet"), sh
concludes, "Loving me i
the easiest thing." Th
facile gear-switching an
ability to treat grand em
tional expressions as no bi
deal are what makes *Hom*
genic—and Björk—so a
pealing. At the exact m
ment when the musical an
sentimental stakes are
danger of getting too hig
she brings everything ba
to human scale with a si
ple, flirtatious shrug.

NO ONE'S GETTING OFF T
hook that easily in **P**
tishead's world. Like Bjö
the quartet borrows fro
the sonic palettes of hi
hop and electronica, b
what they create is far
moved from dance mus
Portishead, their second
bum, is so dark, bitter, a
spare, it makes their do
1994 debut sound positi
ly lush by comparison. T
music hasn't gotten simp
tic—the band's just strea
lined its sound. There
still plenty of deftly p
grammed drum machin
lonesome theremin wa
and even the occasio

(continued on page 7

Photographs: clockwise from top, Alexandra McQueen; courtesy Elektra Entertainment; Marc Bes

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

Wily Chayote

Billows of white, bathtubs of rum, and the frenetic atlas-hop of Asia de Cuba's cooking lures the lemmings to this Starck-ly sexy duplex at the Morgans Hotel.

Cuba Librium: Philippe Starck takes a curtain call at another Ian Schrager space.

INVENTING A NEW CUISINE HAS GOT to be a kick. Ask the Rube Goldbergs who bring us **Asia de Cuba.** A new cuisine can be a free-form mosaic, a Tower of Babel. This one began with the notion of Chino-Latino. Yin and yang. Intellectual and sexy. Perfect for an Ian Schrager space designed by Philippe Starck—a cool corner for a hot crowd.

But the classic Chino-Latino hashhouse menu (black-bean soup alongside Chinese spare ribs) that made La Caridad on upper Broadway a fueling pit for cabbies and thrifties would never do for the new restaurant at the Morgans Hotel, I suppose. China Grill veteran Jeffrey Chodorow, clutching he lease on this lofty-pedigree spot, determined to mix it up in every dish: Chinese-roast-pork empanadas with our-orange-and-ginger cream. Tuna artare picadillo-style on wonton risps. Hunan fish stuffed with crab esabèche. And chef Robert Trainor ouldn't suppress his yen for the Zen avors of Japan. So there are orange-ineapple ribs to dip in traditional Japanese dashi inused with jasmine. Not to mention Japanese crumbs alled panko cocooning the coconut shrimp. In no me, all borders have become meaningless—Chinoatino spiced chicken with Korean kimchi. Yuca-crustd grouper with red-wine-miso sauce. Ropa vieja of uck with Thai basil. A spy at the opening calls to warn e: Everything has a million ingredients.

The shock is that some of this bizarre mishmash is onderful. It's not just because the polyglot cocktails are resistible (even at $8 and $9 each), so maybe I'm oshed. This elegant spring-green Pisco sour tingles. My iend's mai tai is the best I've ever sipped, complete with alf a pineapple in skewered chunks, and not the usual it- paper parasol but a beach umbrella vast enough for arbie *and* Ken. I don't think any of us would tax a eathalyzer on the smidgen of alcohol in most of these otions. But heaven knows, folks all around us are game, pping "Tiki Puka Puka" with long straws from commul bowls big as bathtubs. Indeed, my "Blood Oranj" uld use a serious transfusion of Stoli as well as Camri if I'm to feel even a faint buzz. "Our drinks are hter than most," one waiter boasts with naïve pride.

Not that all of us aren't intoxicated anyway. We're gh on the glamour of this room, the billowing white rtains with an inner glow that washes decades from ery face. Apollo has spoken to the architect. One of guests, with night-crawling encoded in his DNA, exults that even the tiny rectangles of rosy light on each step of the stairs are magical: "Isn't this amazing? The light makes your shoes look beautiful." Lissome commuters from upper Madison try not to look uncomfortable eating off cocktail tables at lowish settees in front of the fireplaces (upstairs and down). Our sextet rates a tall half-moon booth of white pebbled leather with a view of the 30-foot slash of marble that makes a radiant communal table. Random twos and threes and an occasional single mingle, flirt, and share tastes with total strangers. Indeed, the whole room is whipped into a froth of uninhibited bonhomie. Like the guy at the next table who overhears us admiring the urban monuments woven into our pal's suspenders. "That's not the Space Needle," the eavesdropper cries. "It's a big silver vibrator. My stepmother has one just like that."

At last, the slightly delayed stop-and-start of the kitchen brings food to distract us: Tunapica, the raw fish chopped with Spanish olives, black currants, almonds, and coconut in a subtle soy-lime vinaigrette with a side of feverishly peppered cucumber. Splendid Thai beef carpaccio with not-quite-ripe avocado and Asian salad in a hot-and-sour dressing. Five-spice-rubbed foie gras in an amusing liaison with yuca-bread French toast, cashews, and a tropical salsa. Sensational deep-fried-calamari salad, reminiscent of the Chinois-on-Main knockoff at China Grill but even better with the addition of chayote, hearts of palm, and banana. We love the oxtail spring

ograph by Kenneth Chen.

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roll with black-bean-tomato-cucumber relish as well as the Havana noodles. And the panko-crisped shrimp, too (though not its inedible thatch of shaved sugar cane). The orange-pineapple ribs are so sweet, we take advantage of the preview-week offer to send back anything we don't like and delete it from the bill. This fantasy doesn't come cheaply—not with entrées up to $27 and $5 for a pot of boutique tea.

We've ordered platters to share, heeding the servers' advice, impressed by how savvy they are so quickly. "We've been tasting for six weeks," one waiter confides. "The chef used us to adjust the seasonings. Like we're the average person." One of them flubs occasionally, forgetting to deliver condiments in their handsome flacons or describing the mild vinegar as "dangerously hot" and the torrid siracha ketchup as "mild" or forgetting to bring the Cuban fried rice with its pleasant wok taste and avocado salad on top. The kitchen is still feeling its way, too. As Chef Trainor concedes, "my cooks from Park Avenue Cafe and Picholine don't necessarily get it yet."

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

Even given a scattering of mistakes and misconceptions, I'd still recommend the grouper on its luscious bed of spicy fresh hearts of palm and the sirloin with scallions and ginger. Or the hacked-lime-and-garlic poussin and the showy striped bass, stuffed with crab and cooked whole. Tamarind-and-rum-glazed pork is worth a try, as is the coffee-and-vanilla-lacquered duck, for the juicy confited leg if not for the too cooked and dry sliced breast. The frosted chocolate "Latin Lover" collapses when I fork it, but, even on the horizontal, it's sexier than "Guava Dynamite." After its flaming sparkler dies, it is only sticky guava mousse in a chocolate tuile. Go for the "Moon Over Havana," Cuban flan and cookies with wonderfully prickly passion fruit.

Need a cigar about now? Take your beautiful shoes up the stairs to the rum bar on the smoking-anywhere balcony with its pulsing Latin beat and a bird's-eye view of the churn below. "I wonder how long it will take the wrong people to find this place," the night-creeper broods. "The wrong people will come." Three young women in colorful getups peep in through the billows of white at the door. "I think they're already here," I whisper as we exit. On the sidewalk, he stamps his foot in triumph. "No they're not. Did you see what happened? They took one look and left. They knew they didn't belong."

Asia de Cuba, 237 Madison Avenue, near 37th Street (726-7755). Dinner, Monday through Thursday, 5:30 to 11:30 p.m., Friday and Saturday till midnight, Sunday till 10:30 p.m. Lunch (beginning November 15), Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Smith *continued from page 70*

Thunderball-worthy orchestra blast—but they've all got more room to breathe.

Despite the music's unrelenting bleakness, it's still lovely. "Is it all as it seems / So unresolved, so unredeemed?" singer Beth Gibbons wonders in "Humming." The answer is, of course, yes. Portishead wouldn't have it any other way. Nor, apparently, would their fans: *Portishead* debuted on *Billboard*'s album chart at an impressive No. 22.

Stereolab KNOWS ABOUT LACK OF RESOLUtion, but comes at it from a distinctly sunny point of view. The core of the sextet's project is the subtle tweaking of repetitive guitar and synthesizer patterns—the addition and subtraction of melodies, instruments, and voices singing in French and English. The aesthetic is both retro and futuristic (think *Jetsons*), pop and experimental—a if Steve Reich had developed an obsessio with the plasticky electronic sounds of th sixties, and started, à la *Eroica*-era Beethoven, dedicating pieces to iconic public figures. Emilio Pucci, for instance.

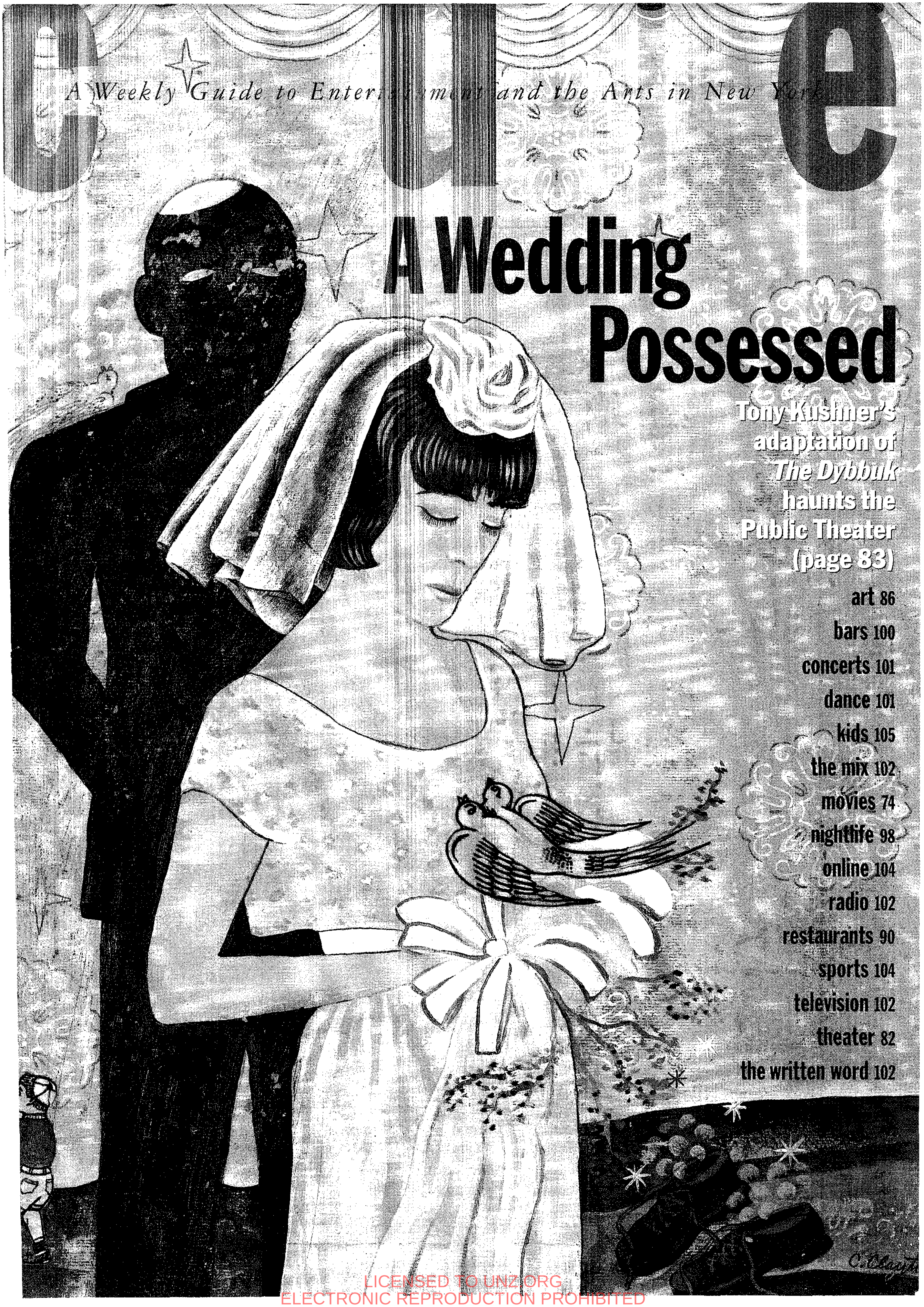
Stereolab made its first big foray into respectability through an odd cultural side door, a "soundtrack" to a series of Charle Long sculptures in the 1997 Whitne Biennial. (Despite such avant-gard credentials, the band has sold out two-night stand at Irving Plaza thi week.) And with Stereolab's discovery of bouncy song structures on las year's *Emperor Tomato Ketchup,* it wer from being simply a promising band t one of the decade's best.

POP MUSIC

Dots and Loops, its eighth album, fu ther explores the relation between i art-school roots and lowest-common-d nominator kitsch—while steering cle of the middlebrow middle ground repr sented by rock. In "Contronatura singer Laetitia Sadier drops a not-s subtle reference to Freud's assessment religion in modern life ("This is the f ture," she sings, "of an illusion"); "Diagonals," she addresses, in Frenc the role of vacation in the maintenan of the bourgeois psyche.

Dots and Loops gets the strings-an horns treatment, sometimes to surprisi effect. "Miss Modular" has a swingi groovy-jazz feel, but it's hard not to noti how much the trombone sounds like trippily bleating keyboard. For Stereola gee-whiz futurism starts to resemble n talgia for bygone musical eras.

Of course, *any* song-based music old-fashioned compared with the am phous concoctions of outfits like Orbi and Aphex Twin. Still, the idea that m sic inspired by the dance floor could come a soundtrack for grown-up life pretty radical. It all adds up to o bizarre stylistic beast: electronica to brunch and drink cocktails by. ■



cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

A Wedding Possessed

Tony Kushner's adaptation of *The Dybbuk* haunts the Public Theater (page 83)

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Bean...Gay and Lesbian Film...*Mad City*

New Films

Beaumarchais: The Scoundrel—Fabrice Luchini is the womanizing Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, the playwright (*The Barber of Seville*) who also ran arms for the American Revolution. Directed by Edouard Molinaro. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Boogie Nights**—*Boogie Nights*, the second feature by 26-year-old writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson (*Hard Eight* arrived earlier this year), is a kind of ragamuffin epic about the San Fernando Valley porn industry. It's a good but not great movie—a movie conceived realistically, without falsifying glamour, but without great insight or excitement either. The movie stretches from 1977 to 1984—the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A.—and covers the varying fortunes of a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Horner takes one look at Eddie Adams (Mark Wahlberg), a busboy in a Valley club, and decides that Eddie has got the stuff. He picks up Eddie by using one of his minor actresses, Rollergirl (Heather Graham), who strips down to her skates and jumps on Eddie at Horner's house, while Jack, appraising, watches the show. In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, always available but frantically unhappy. *Boogie Nights* is made up of many vignettes, and while Anderson is a good observer, he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The vignettes don't comment on one another. The movie has its giddy moments, but in the end it is peculiarly depressing. (Denby; 10/20/97) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Cremaster 5—Matthew Barney's latest fantasia, starring Ursula Andress, shown with the 23-minute *March of the Anal Sadistic Warrior.* (54 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Critical Care—An engaging morality tale about the current state of the health-care system, played out in a critical-care unit among doctors, nurses, lawyers, and insurance companies. Starring James Spader, Helen Mirren, Kyra Sedgwick, Albert Brooks, and Anne Bancroft. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street.*

The Deli—A low-key comedy about a week in the life of a New York deli. The ensemble cast includes brilliant turns by Frank Vincent, Debi Mazar, and Heather Matarazzo. With Ice-T, A. J. Benza, David Johansen, Jerry Stiller, and Heavy D. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Starts Friday at Sutton.*

★**Devil's Advocate**—Al Pacino stars as John Milton, the head of an international law firm in New York who recruits a hotshot lawyer from small-town Florida—Kevin Lomax (Keanu Reeves). Lomax arrives in the big city with his beautiful wife, Mary Ann (Charlize Theron), and receives the best of everything. The movie conveys the idea that anyone who wants success in New York must be ready to sell his soul. Kevin takes on the case of a big-deal real-estate developer (Craig T. Nelson) who may have killed his wife, but as he becomes absorbed in the case he neglects Mary Ann, who gets set upon by Satan and his minions. Parts of the movie are disturbingly sensual, and the scenes of deluxe New York life, conventional as they are, might easily impress a small-town boy as the height of sophistication. At the end, however, when Pacino takes over and delivers his Devil's sermon at the top of his lungs, and Keanu shouts back at him, we go beyond entertaining gothic kitsch into some never-never land o movie awfulness. Hellfire burn, bodies writhe, and the movie goes up in flames. Bu *The Devil's Advocate* is fun for while. (Denby; 10/27/97) (hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; New Yor Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street New Coliseum; Nova; Olympi Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Eve's Bayou—A little girl i Louisiana discovers the mix o fact, fiction, and fantasy in he family's lives. Starring Samue L. Jackson, Lynn Whitfield, Diahann Carroll, Branford Marsalis, and Kasi Lemmons. (1 h 49 mins.; R) *Starts Friday.*

Eye of God—In an oil town in Oklahoma, Marth Plimpton is a young woman whose marriage to controlling prison parolee ends badly. With H Holbrook. (1 hr. 24 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Fairytale—A True Story—Peter O'Toole and Harve Keitel star as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Har Houdini in this story of two young girls wh claim they've photographed fairies in Englan during World War I. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Villa Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; 59 Street East; Guild 50th Street; UA East; Linco Square; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—The stories of four o sessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a r specialist, and a robot designer—are document by Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*). (1 hr. mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an ou of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, w rounds up his unemployed friends and persuad them to put together a male strip troupe. Direc ed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angel Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; Lincoln Pla Cinemas.*

Gattaca—See Denby, pg. 64. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG- *Village East; 19th Street East; 86th Street East; F & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Grizzly Mountain—Dan Haggerty is back as beloved, bearded Grizzly Adams. This time, h going back in time to save the wilderness fr evil developers—with the help of the animals, children, and his Native American friends. (1 36 mins.; G) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; Sutton.*

Gummo—*Gummo* has no plot and only a few rec ring characters. It is hell to sit through; it's bor and redundant, a series of mock outrages, some which want so badly to be revolting (two k shooting a catatonic old woman in the foot) t one can only laugh at the thoroughness of the fort. Director Harmony Korine wants to blow the MTV-advertising world of perfect salesm ship. He wants to cleanse, to burn, to destro only he knew how to do it! A prologue of s acquaints us with a tornado in Xenia, Ohio 1970, and presumably what follows is a portrai a tornado-shocked community. But this prolog it turns out, is just an excuse for Korine to sh off the kind of rubbly world he's comfortable *Gummo*, it turns out, was shot not in Ohio bu Korine's hometown, outside Nashville. With

Opening Ouch

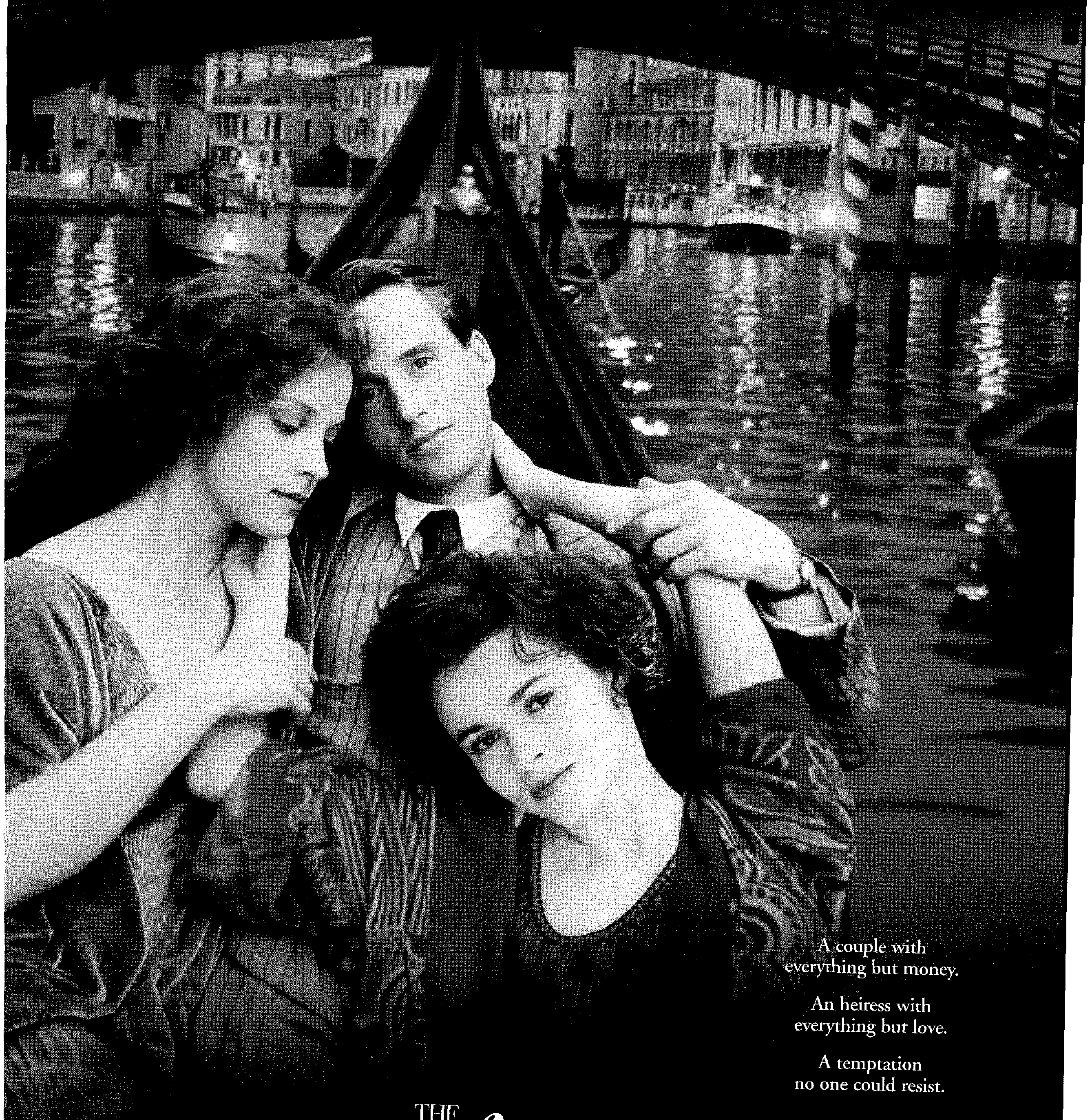
'Sick'—the moving story of comedian, artist, and supermasochist Bob Flanagan—may be the film that makes self-mutilation acceptable to the masses. A cystic fibrosis sufferer who died from the disease last year at age 43, Flanagan used self-inflicted hurts to turn his constant CF-related pain into an exploration of life and its limits. Opens Friday at Angelika Film Center.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIAN CLAYTON

Helena Bonham Carter Linus Roache Alison Elliott



A couple with
everything but money.

An heiress with
everything but love.

A temptation
no one could resist.

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help of a famous cinematographer (Jean Yves Escoffier) and a few professional actors (Linda Manz and Max Perlich), he persuaded a lot of his childhood friends and neighbors to do ridiculous things and to trash themselves. The movie is composed of rough and discontinuous vignettes—dejected little home movies, or fake cinéma-vérité scenes of poverty and squalor. The only semblance of purposeful activity is the efforts of two skanky teens, Tummler (Nick Sutton) and his diminutive sidekick, Solomon (Jacob Reynolds), to kill as many cats as they can. Most of the rest—the fatties, the dwarf, the prostitute sitting in bed and servicing the little teens—is just carnival theater. Harmony Korine is too arrogant to understand that it's much harder to tell a story coherently than it is to string together a series of meaningless "cruel" vignettes. (Denby; 11/3/97) (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Happy Together—Cannes winner about two Hong Kong expats working on their relationship while stuck in Buenos Aires. Directed by Wong Kar-Wai. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St; Quad Cinema.*

★**The House of Yes**—*The House of Yes* is about a witty group of monsters who enjoy playing tricks on one another. In the eighties, young Marty Pascal (Josh Hamilton) returns home to his mother's house in Washington, D.C., with his innocent fiancée (Tori Spelling) in tow. It's a Tennessee Williams house, a big bad house with a Secret. Marty's dad died—was shot, perhaps—the same day that JFK was shot, and Marty's sister, who calls herself Jackie-O (Parker Posey), has become obsessed with both deaths and lives in a mad dream world. Her mother (Genevieve Bujold) makes malicious and ironic jokes, sometimes at her own expense; her younger brother (Freddie Prinze Jr.) is some sort of school dropout who puts the moves on Marty's fiancée as quickly as he can. There's something weird and sexual going on between Marty and Jackie-O, which isn't very hard to figure out, and there's a gun that is part of a repeated ritual and that goes off the way guns in plays are supposed to go off (at the end). The movie is fun precisely because the director, Mark Waters (it's his first film), embraces the gamesmanship, the posing and teasing theatricality. Waters knows what he is doing. He may have adapted a play, but he has a firm grasp of film grammar. *The House of Yes* is a hothouse plant and only of limited interest, but it's the kind of small demonstration piece that could open up a variety of careers. (Denby; 10/27/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Regency.*

I Know What You Did Last Summer—The past comes back to torment four teenagers a year after they accidentally kill someone and dispose of the body. Jennifer Love Hewitt stars in this horror film written by *Scream*'s Kevin Williamson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza .*

I Love You, I Love You Not—Claire Danes is a high-schooler learning life lessons from her grandmother (Jeanne Moreau). With Jude Law. Directed by Billy Hopkins. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Sutton.*

The Ice Storm—In *The Ice Storm*, the normally protected reaches of New Canaan, Connecticut, are violated by a sinister snapping noise—the sound of frozen power lines falling in a shower of sparks. Where are we, at the bottom circle of Dante's Inferno, where tears turn to ice? No, only in the land of rich, suburban Wasps, where everything is a little weird. The movie is set in the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. The Hoods, the Carvers, and their friends would be swingers if only they knew how. The actors are a talented group, but they look haltered. One wants to embrace Kline's Ben Hood, but one loses patience with the character, just as one loses patience with his wife, Elena (a masklike Joan Allen), who knows that Ben is straying and expresses her anger in bouts of shoplifting. Why doesn't any of them do something? Or at least say something? Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**In & Out**—In his Oscar acceptance speech, Matt Dillon casually "outs" his high-school English teacher—Mr. Brackett. A bachelor, perhaps 40, Howard Brackett (Kevin Kline) is about to be married to another teacher (Joan Cusack). When the citizens of Greenleaf, Indiana, glued to their sets, hear about his alleged homosexuality, they freeze (literally: no one moves). Brackett denies being gay, but a pack of reporters descends on the sleepy burg, led by a persistent tabloid-TV personality (Tom Selleck) who really is gay. In the idyllic countryside, the two men run into each other, and Selleck grabs Kline and kisses him on the mouth for what seems like an eternity. Bazoingas! The teacher is knocked silly, like Buster Keaton clobbered by a brick. So i he or isn't he? The laughs arrive in volleys, thoug many of them are cheaply earned. Still, there's tha kiss between Selleck and Kline. People looking fo boldness will seize on it. The rest of us will have t live with it in every Oscar-night collage of Hollywood's most romantic moments. (Denby 9/22/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatr VII; Chelsea West; Embassy 2–4; 72nd St. East; Or pheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Brookly Heights; Kingsway; Movieworld.*

Kiss the Girls—It's business as usual in the disgracefu *Kiss the Girls*, the kind of thriller that pretends t sympathize with women who are being maule and dominated by men but actually exploits th sadism for everything it can get out of it. Th movie was the top-grossing picture in the countr for two weeks in a row. Is it any wonder that kid like Harmony Korine are running amok? (Denb 11/2/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Stre East; 34th Street Showplace; 86th Street; First & 62n St. Cinema; 84th Street.*

The Knowledge of Healing—A modern exploration the uses of ancient Tibetan medicine. (1 hr. 3 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

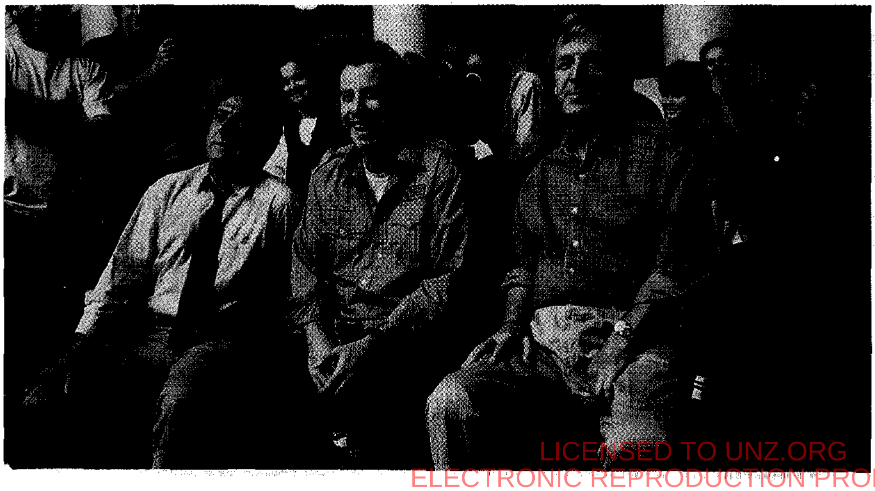
★**L. A. Confidential**—The best American movie of th year (thus far). Based on James Ellroy's 1990 nov el about corruption and honor in the L.A.P.D., it set in 1953 after the local Mafia boss has gone t prison. All of a sudden, power in the crime worl is up for grabs; some of the greedier cops are tr ing to lay hands on it. A group of people is mass cred, and as the apparent solution to the murde

Talent

Mad About Them

"A TV person is a kind of messenger," says Costa-Gavras, the director of *Mad City* (opening Friday), "but some of them become such big stars, they believe they are the message." It's no surprise that the Greek-born, Paris-based director, known for his heavily drawn stories of political injustice, has an opinion about America's television personalities. Or that he's made a film about the human egos and corporate manipulation that produce them. Inspired in part by the coverage of the Waco disaster and by one reporter's unsavory handling of the TWA Flight 800 crash, *Mad City* follows a glory-seeking news correspondent (Dustin Hoffman) who accidentally walks into the middle of a hostage situation at the local museum. Jazzed by his luck, Hoffman sees an exclusive opportunity to broadcast from ground zero while—perhaps sincerely—helping his captor (the sad-sack John Travolta) mold a public image. Costa-Gavras, who'd been interested in making a media movie for a few years before coming across the *Mad City* script, presents neither of his protagonists a inherently evil (this is a Costa-Gavras film: The bad guys are Ala Alda, as a big-city anchor, and some bullying network producers). Reporters, the director says, are inescapably subjective: "They write about a story with their own feelings their own culture or philosophy." (When he made suc thrillers as *Missing* and *Betrayed,* Costa-Gavras was himsel accused of dressing up stories to prove his ideologica point.) The director draws a line between newspaper jour nalists, who he believes have time to reflect intelligently o their subject, and television correspondents, who remin him of sports announcers at a football game. "If you spea very fast and very good," he says with a dismissive laug "you can become a TV reporter."

PATRICIA FALV



Photograph by Murray

unravels, a larger pattern of evil reaches out to cover widely separated elements of Los Angeles society. A crumb-bum named Sid Hudgens (Danny DeVito) is the publisher of a tabloid scandal sheet; he alerts the police to trivial forms of vice and then photographs for his magazine a celebrity cop, Jack Vincennes (Kevin Spacey), making the bust. A bullheaded cop, Bud White (Russell Crowe), is a man of abnormal rage and a tool of the seemingly benevolent but actually vicious chief of detectives, Dudley Smith (James Cromwell). Ed Exley, played by Guy Pearce, is a straight-arrow cop, all ambition and calculation. Exley is the natural enemy of Bud White, but they both slowly change: Russell Crowe comes up from brutalism, and Guy Pearce down from moralism, and they meet in the middle and join forces (to our relief). Kevin Spacey's Jack recovers his soul; so does the Veronica Lake look-alike played by Kim Basinger. This violent story truly earns its quiet, ambiguous final note of exhausted calm. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

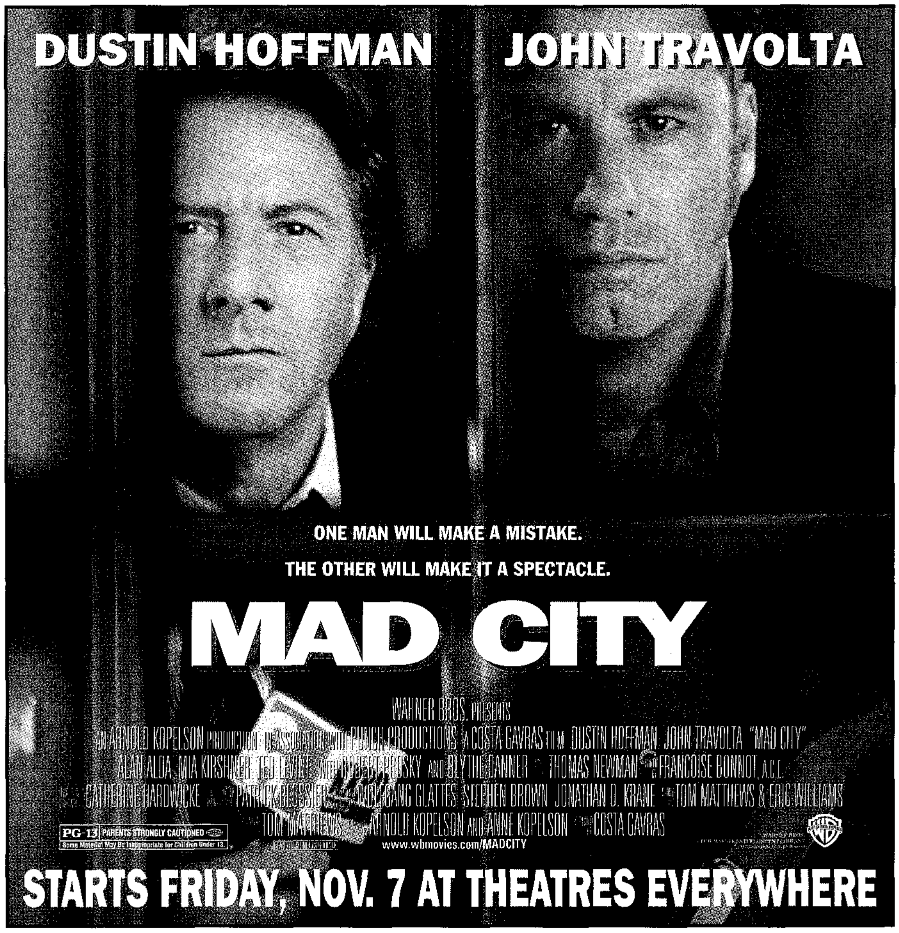
Life Less Ordinary—The very inventively told story of a janitor (Ewan McGregor) who kidnaps the boss's daughter (Cameron Diaz) and falls in love with her. Written by John Hodge; directed by Danny Boyle (both of *Trainspotting* fame). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

lies—A man's past returns to bother him in this stylized story of love and betrayal. Starring Brent Carver and Matthew Ferguson; winner of four Canadian Oscars. Adapted from a play by Michel Marc Bouchard. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Mrs. Brown—Director John Madden successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a Highlands Scot whom the prince had een fond of. Brown shows up and tells the ueen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she ooks awful. The queen suffers Brown's impertience, and they become friends, at which point he London scandal sheets begin referring to her s "Mrs. Brown." *Mrs. Brown*, with its misty highands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very andsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the ourt, and I was highly grateful for the presence of ntony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin israeli. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *creening Room; 62nd and Broadway.*

he Peacemaker—*The Peacemaker* is powerful and onsistently exciting. It's also a great deal too uch like many other thrillers made recently. laying a brilliant scientist (you can't make these ovies anymore without one), Nicole Kidman ay not be very convincing when she speaks chno-jargon, but she's extremely charming. eorge Clooney, whose self-sufficient manner is e latest style in smart-ass one-upmanship, is the ecial-ops colonel who thinks he can teach the ientist the nasty facts of life. Here's the deal: A gue Russian general has stolen the nukes from a ain; the general then wrecks the train and detoates one of the warheads in order to cover his acks. Clooney thinks that nothing but money is stake—a quick sale to Iran, perhaps. Kidman ars a fanatic with a single warhead more than a eedy cynic with eight warheads. They are both ght and the movie turns into an elaborate chase. r all its professed horror of a nuclear catastroe, *The Peacemaker* is rather casual about the mb that does go off in the Urals. But director imi Leder can certainly move the metal with e best of them. (Denby; 9/29/97) (2 hrs. 2 ins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 59th Street st; National Theatre; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; ovieworld.*

ing God—David Duchovny is a surgeon who is ipped of his license and becomes the caretaker a group of dangerous criminals. With Timothy utton and Angelina Jolie. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Vil- e East; Crown Gotham.*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Red Corner—Richard Gere stars as an entertainment lawyer imprisoned in China for a murder he didn't commit. With Bai Ling. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld.*

Seven Years in Tibet—*Seven Years in Tibet* appears to be an epic made for the people of Southern California. A selfish bastard from Austria named Heinrich Harrer (Brad Pitt) climbs enormous Himalayan peaks in 1939, gets thrown into a British prison camp at the start of the war, escapes, links up with another escapee, fellow Austrian climber Peter Aufschnaiter (David Thewlis), and penetrates the mysterious holy city of Lhasa, Tibet, where he attains humility and peace and even selflessness, largely through friendship with the teenage Dalai Lama. Heinrich Harrer, it turns out, was no innocent Austrian mountain climber but a Nazi and an active member of the S.S. The German magazine *Stern* outed him about five months ago, when the movie was almost done. (A few hastily written voice-over lines spoken by Pitt allude to the party membership.) Perhaps it's characteristic of the empty-headed piety behind movies like this that the people involved in it did years of preparation and managed not to discover the single most important fact about their hero. (Denby; 10/13/97) (2 hrs.. 11 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—In the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* we learn that ballroom dancing is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. Shohei falls in love with one of the teachers, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Soul Food—An extended family learns to stay together without the help of its matriarch. With Vanessa Williams, Nia Long, and Vivica Fox. (1 hr. 14 mins.; R) *Chelsea; National Theatre; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

Starship Troopers—Young soldiers engage in intergalactic warfare with alien insects bent on stamping out the human race. Directed by Paul Verhoeven. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Starts Friday.*

Switchback—Dennis Quaid is an FBI agent tracking a serial killer across the west. With Danny Glover and Jared Leto. Directed by Jeb Stuart. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Embassy 1; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Telling Lies in America—Kevin Bacon is a crooked Cleveland disk jockey who takes an unpopular Hungarian high-schooler (Brad Renfro) under his wing and shows him the good life. Written by Joe Eszterhas. With Maximilian Schell and Calista Flockhart. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Twilight of the Golds—Jennifer Beals's parents, brother, and husband have to come to terms with the possibility that her unborn son has the genetic makeup for homosexuality. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Washington Square**—In *Washington Square*, set in upper-class New York in the 1850s, a plain, awkward girl who happens to be an heiress, Catherine Sloper (Jennifer Jason Leigh), meets a handsome young man, Morris Townsend (Ben Chaplin), at an elaborate garden party. No man of comparable beauty, or any beauty at all, has paid her much attention in her life, which has been led entirely under the gaze of her father, Dr. Sloper (Albert Finney), a widower of sardonic speech and dictatorial temperament. Morris is not only good-looking but also charming, ardent, and, as far as Catherine can tell, entirely taken with her. Is he serious? A mere opportunist? Catherine's father is sure that he is after her fortune. Agnieszka Holland, the Polish-born director of *Europa, Europa* and *Olivier, Olivier*, gives every emotion its full stop. If the results aren't in line with James's tone—one of suavity yielding to outbursts of candor—the movie often works on its own terms as emotional drama. Henry James gave Catherine dignity in withdrawal; Holland, in a series of final radiant close-ups, makes her a force. It's a feminist reading of the text but not a vulgarization of it. (Denby; 10/13/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

The Wings of the Dove—See Denby, page 64. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Starts Friday.*

Wonderland—An amusing (and sometimes touching) documentary about the planned suburb of Levittown and its current inhabitants, many of whom have lived there from the beginning. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Screening Room.*

Year of the Horse—Jim Jarmusch trails rocker Neil Young on tour. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Village East.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *A Life Less Ordinary; The Full Monty; Gummo; The House of Yes; The Ice Storm; Washington Square.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Red Corner.*

Festival
Lives Less Ordinary

Eschewing the recent mainstreaming of gay culture (*In & Out,* Anne Heche), this year's Lesbian & Gay Experimental Film/Video Festival has lined up purposefully provocative shorts and features, like the ten-minute *Love Drive II,* above. See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.,' for info.

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363 *Happy Together.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Cremaster 5; Fast, Cheap & Out of Control; The Knowledge o Healing.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Beaumar chais: The Scoundrel; Eye of God; I Love You, I love yo not; Lilies; The Twilight of the Golds.* Opening 11/7 *Happy Together.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334 2100) *Mrs. Brown; The Myth of Fingerprints; Wonderland.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529 6799) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Gattaca; Grizzly Mountain; Playing God; Year of the Horse.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982 0400) *Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Di Last Summer; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Th Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; Switchback; U Turn*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505 CINE#603) *Kiss the Girls; Shall We Dance?.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260 8000) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; The Full Mon ty; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-554 *Devil's Advocate; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *In Sear of the Dream; A Life Less Ordinary; Critical Car Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did La Summer; The Ice Storm; L. A. Confidential; The Peac maker; Soul Food.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *& Out; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boogie Nights; Fairytale—A True Story; L. A. Confide tial; Seven Years in Tibet.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#61 *Fairytale—A True Story; The Peacemaker.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth A (869-8340) *Devil's Advocate.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th (753-6022) *Boogie Nights; The Ice Storm.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th S (505-CINE#608) *A Life Less Ordinary; The F Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 4 and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Life Less Or nary; The Edge; Gang Related; I Know W You Did Last Summer; Most Wanted; Se Years in Tibet; Wind in the Willows; Wi master.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., b 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Play God.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., b 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Hous Yes.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Switchback.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th 48th Sts. (730-7262) *In Search of A Dream; Game; Grizzly Mountain; In & Out.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-24 *Fairytale—A True Story.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Peacemaker; Food.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Wash ton Square.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Boogie Ni Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Gri Mountain; I Love You, I love you not; Soul F* Opening 11/7: *The Deli.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (CINE#610) *Career Girls; Conspiracy Theory; E Horizon; Mimic; She's So Lovely.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Corner.*

61st Street and Above, East Si

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st

Photograph by Mike

72nd Sts. (879-1313) *In & Out.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *A Life Less Ordinary; Kiss the Girls.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Gattaca; Switchback.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Closed for Renovations.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Critical Care; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner; Switchback.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; Seven Years in Tibet; Wind in the Willows.*

Guggenheim Museum—Fifth Ave at 88th St. (423-3857). (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Devil's Advocate; L. A. Confidential.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Red Corner; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

A East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Fairytale—A True Story.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

2nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Mrs. Brown.*

4th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Critical Care; Devil's Advocate; Kiss the Girls; Soul Food; Switchback.*

ncoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Beaumarchais: The Scoundrel; The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; Shall We Dance?; Telling Lies in America.*

ncoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Red Corner; Seven Years in Tibet; Wind in the Willows.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; L5—First City in Space; Thrill Ride; Mission to Mir.*

etro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *In & Out; Switchback.*

w Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *In Search of A Dream; Devil's Advocate; Red Corner; Switchback.*

va—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. 862-5728) *In Search of A Dream; Devil's Advocate; Switchback.*

mpia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 07th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Devil's Advocate; Red Corner.*

gency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. 505-CINE#585) *The House of Yes.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *In Search of the Dream; Boogie Nights; Dance Hall Queen; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did ast Summer; Kiss the Girls; Nueba Yol 3; Red Corer; Soul Food; Switchback.*

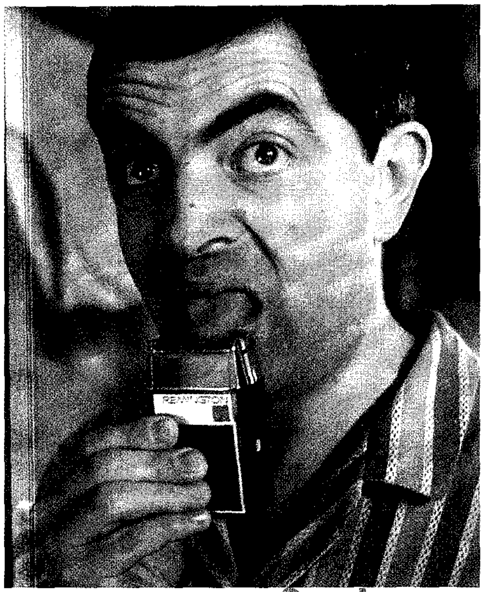
course Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *In earch of A Dream; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A rue Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Sumer; Kiss the Girls; Nueba Yol 3; Red Corner; Soul ood; Switchback.*

testone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson iver Pkwy. (409-9037) *In Search of A Dream; Booe Nights; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; attaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the irls; Most Wanted; Nueba Yol 3; The Peacemaker; Red orner; Rocketman; Soul Food; Switchback.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

e—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-LM#580) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; evil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; In & Out; d Corner; Seven Years in Tibet.*



Opening

Bean There

Rowan Atkinson, Britain's favorite comedian, is 'Bean,' a hapless National Gallery guard escorting 'Whistler's Mother' to an L.A. museum—with one of two probable results: Either Atkinson's mumbled brays and physical comedy are going to sweep America (as they did Europe and Canada, where the film has grossed $120 million), or his simpleton hero will find more limited stardom in the sticky embrace of the 10-and-under crowd. Starts Friday.

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; She's So Lovely; Temptress Moon.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Devil's Advocate; Red Corner; Switchback.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; L. A. Confidential; Red Corner.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *In Search of A Dream; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Switchback.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Air Force One; Dance Hall Queen; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Men in Black; Switchback.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Devil's Advocate; Red Corner; Switchback.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Soul Food; Switchback.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; In & Out; The Peacemaker; Red Corner.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Devil's Advocate; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner; Switchback.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; The Ice Storm; Red Corner.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Devil's Advocate; She's So Lovely; Soul Food.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *In Search of A Dream; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Red Corner; Switchback.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Red Corner; Switchback.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Red Corner; Rocketman.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Closed for Renovations.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Gattaca; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Switchback.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner; Shall We Dance?; Switchback.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; Soul Food; Switchback.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; Nueba Yol 3; The Peacemaker; Red Corner.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *I Know What You Did Last Summer; Kiss the Girls; Red Corner; Switchback.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *A Life Less Ordinary; Devil's Advocate.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Red Corner; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *In Search of A Dream; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Switchback.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Red Corner; The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for Renovations.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Life Less Ordinary; Boogie Nights; Devil's Advocate; Fairytale—A True Story; I Know What You Did Last Summer; In & Out; The Peacemaker; Red Corner; Rocketman.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Full Monty; Shall We Dance?.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *In Search of A Dream; I Know What You Did Last Summer.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *A Life Less Ordinary; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Red Corner; Switchback.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) .

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Boogie Nights.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Red Corner; Switchback; Gattaca; Devil's Advocate; I Know What You Did Last*

graph by Liam Daniel.

for information call

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Summer; Fairytale—A True Story; The Full Monty; Grizzly Mountain; L. A. Confidential

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Kiss the Girls; Fairytale—A True Story; Red Corner; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Devil's Advocate.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd.,Travis (983-9600) *Devil's Advocate; A Life Less Ordinary; Rocketman; In & Out; Grizzly Mountain; Seven Years in Tibet; Switchback; Red Corner; Fairytale—A True Story; Gattaca; Kiss the Girls; I Know What You Did Last Summer; Boogie Nights.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—11/6–11/12: "The Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival." Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5305). $6.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Street Scenes: Jewish Life in New York." 11/8: *The Front* (1976) and *Body and Soul* (1947). 11/9: *The Plot Against Harry* (1969), *Bye Bye Braverman* (1968), and *Hester Street* (1975). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8, $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—"SeOUL NYmAX 97." 11/1-11/15: *301/302* (1996). 11/6–11/7: *Synthetic Pleasures* (1996). 11/7 and 11/15: *Why the Bodhi Dharma Has Left for the East* (1989). 11/7 and 11/14: *Push! Push!* (1997). 11/10: *Our Generation's Love* (1994). 11/10–11/11 and 11/15: *Farewell My Darling* (1996). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Different Light—11/9: *Sixteen Candles* (1984). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—11/5: *The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty* (1927). 11/6: *Blues Accordin' to Lightnin' Hopkins* (1969), *A Well-Spent Life* (1971), and "Writers and Film" with Francine Prose and Nancy Savoca. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—11/7–11/10: *In Cold Blood* (1967) "This Is Kim." 11/5–11/6: *The Amorous Adventure of Moll Flanders* (1965) and *Of Human Bondag* (1964). "Columbia Before the Code." 11/4: *Washington Merry-Go-Round* (1932) and *Night Mayo* (1932). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Read Theater)—"The Cinema of Andrei Konchalovsky." 11/6–11/8: *Uncle Vanya* (1970) 11/4–11/5: *Asya's Happiness* (1967). 11/5: *Th First Teacher* (1965). 11/6–11/8: *A Nest of Gentlefolk* (1969). 11/9–11/11: *Siberiade* (1979). "Movie for Kids." 11/8–11/9: *It's a Gift* (1934). Call 875 5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875 5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"From Paris to Hollywood: Originals vs. Remakes." 11/11: *Le Miroir a deux fac* (1958) and *The Mirror Has Two Faces* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7 $10 double feature.

Guggenheim Museum—"Lunchtime Films o Rauschenberg." 11/5 and 11/8: *The Art of Perfo mance* and *Merce Cunningham.* 1071 Fifth Ave., 88th St. (423-3587).

Japan Society—"Japanese Theatre on Film." 11/1 *Throne of Blood* (1957). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015 $7.50.

Lesbian & Gay Experimental Film/Video Festival—11/6–11/16: Shorts and features. At Cinema Vi lage, PlanetOut, and the Knitting Factory. For ir fo and complete schedule, call 571-4242; $8.

Museum of Modern Art—"Recent Films from Ge many." 11/4: *From Hell to Hell* (1996) and *Ma* (1996). 11/6 and 11/8: *My Heart Is Mine Alon* (1997) and *Gesche's Poison* (1997). 11/7: *Th Days in April* (1996). 11/7 and 11/10: *Beyond S lence* (1996). 11/9: *Obsession* (1997). 11/10: *Days to Life* (1997). 11/11 *Exil Shanghai* (199 and *Hotel Morgana* (1997). "New Documentarie 11/6–11/7: Three films from Mexico. "Who t Devil Made It." 11/7: *His Girl Friday* (1940). "T Exploding Eye." 11/7–11/9:Various shorts. "Fa ily Films." 11/8: Various shorts. 11 W. 53rd (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Mon of November: *That Certain Summer* (1972). 25 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

New Italian Cinema Events Film Festival—11/7–11/ Contemporary Italian cinema. For informati call 803-5437; at the Quad Cinema 34 W. 13th (255-8800).

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (19 and *Scream* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Casabla* (1942) and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Var St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sun brunch patrons).

Short Attention Span Film/Video Festival—11/6: Sh film and video from around the world. At Knitting Factory's Alterknit Theater, 74 Leon St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)

Shorts Int'l Film Festival—11/5–11/6: A selection short films. At Sony Theatres Lincoln Square; Bro way at 68th St. Call 489-3648 for information.

Symphony Space—"Truffaut: The Man Who Lo Film." 11/4: *The Woman Next Door* (1981) *Play Misty for Me* (1971). 11/11: *The Last M* (1980) and *Man Hunt* (1941). 2537 Broadwa 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Ci ma." 11/8–11/9: *A Full Life* (1962). 610 Lexi ton Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members non members.

Festival

Mother Earth News

With more than 50 documentaries from around the world, the Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival examines today's anthropological challenges—such as finding a husband in Manhattan (in *Fatal Reaction: New York*)—and charts modernity's side affects (*Himalayan Herders,* above, visits modern Nepalese village and recounts the social and economic changes that have taken plac there since 1971). Starts Thursday at the American Museum of Natural History. (See "Museum Societies, Etc.," for more information.)

Photograph by John Bi

“CAPE MAN KILLED THEM KIDS AND STABBED ME,” SAYS REIMER, “AND I DON’T GUESS THAT IS ANYTHING TO SING AND DANCE ABOUT.”

lcAlary *continued from page 44*

to him. In prison you don’t talk about ose things.”

ETECTIVES STILL LIKE TO PARADE, OR walk,” their prisoners in front of the ameras, though today the suspects are ore likely to pull a hood over their eads and ignore the press. In 1959, the ops actually stood Agron and Hernan- ez up before the reporters at the recinct for a question-and-answer ses- on captured on an astonishing film that ill be used in the musical. Young Gabe ressman, already a star reporter, was in e front row asking questions of Cape an and Umbrella Man, who wore the een velour hat with the feather. Both ore black pants and flowered summer irts, and Agron wore suspenders. He as taller—about five feet eight—and en beautiful compared with Hernan- z, who rubbed his crooked, swollen w with his free hand. (Hernandez’s nviction was overturned in part be- use photographs seemed to prove that tectives had beaten him.)

“Why did you want to be president of Vampires gang?” Pressman asked.

“I didn’t want to be no president,” ron said, shrugging off the question.

“How do you feel about killing those o boys?”

Sal offered his best *whatever* shrug and lied, “Like I always feel. Like this.” d then he rolled his shoulders.

‘Are you sorry?”

‘That’s for me to know and you to find ,” Cape Man sniffed.

Sal was clearly confused, and Pressman ssed on, asking, “Why did you belong gang?” Agron answered, “You’ll find t out, too.”

Why do you like to wear the cape?”

gron, who had a fever to be famous, w defiant. “You waste your time,” he wered Pressman.

Do you feel like a big man today?” e another question. “Do you feel like ig man today to be talking into the e after killing those two kids?”

No,” Agron, said searching to con- t the questioner and freeze him with lare. “I feel like killing you. That’s t I feel like.”

he murder suspects were led to the k of the van, where the Umbrella Man his only public reply when someone d what he thought.

“Mind your business,” he said, hard-faced. “You don’t talk to me.”

The city hated them.

As they drove away, Hernandez told me, he got angry, too, and demanded to know why Sal had said to burn him in the chair and why he said he wanted to kill reporters. When Sal denied having said anything like that, Hernandez replied, “Cut the shit. Of course you said it; I was standing right next to you.”

Five other gang members were also arrested for the assault in the park. Some suggested privately to Sal that he plead guilty to save the others.

“They didn’t just want to fry us because of the stabbing,” Hernandez explained. “They also wanted to kill us because of the things Sal said publicly. A lot of the guys were mad about that and thought he was crazy. We even talked to him during the trial about taking the weight for the killings. But Sal wouldn’t stand alone and told us, ‘I didn’t go into that park alone and I ain’t coming out alone.’ ”

LUIS HERNANDEZ SPENT HALF OF HIS NINE years in prison on death row before being paroled in 1968. He was 27, and when he got out of jail, his father drove him home. He never broke the law again. He and his wife moved to the South Bronx fifteen years ago, where they have quietly raised eight kids. The second-oldest is in college.

The Umbrella Man got to live the life Cape Man only dreamed of living. Hernandez worked anonymously as a cleaner on Governor’s Island for years and listened to people talk about the Cape Man case but never let anyone know he knew anything about it. When I visited his home, I saw well-behaved kids who were in love with their father. After seeing all the old photographs, I was startled to look up from the couch and see 1959 framed in the doorway. It was as if Luis had walked off the front page, but it was only his teenage son.

“It would be wrong if people saw us as heroic figures because of the musical,” Hernandez said. “We were razors slicing through life. I loved my father and I loved Sal’s mother. But they were too loose. Stronger parents would have saved us. I am trying to be that parent.”

ONE DAY I TOOK HERNANDEZ, UNANNOUNCED, to meet Paul Simon, whom I know and admire greatly. They sat in a storage room in the Westbeth Theater, and Simon played some songs from a CD of the show. There was one about being born in Puerto Rico and another about religion in the prison and still another about the gang members turning against Sal.

“You say you never met Sal, and I know you never met me,” Hernandez said, almost in a whisper. “So I don’t understand.”

“Understand what?” Simon asked.

“Understand how you got our lives so right in a song,” Hernandez said.

“I was enamored of garrison belts and such things, much to the chagrin of my own father,” Simon replied. They huddled in the small room as Simon took notes for a new song, about the Umbrella Man, and then we left.

Today Luis Hernandez—a father in a time when gangs are resurgent and liberal ideas are not—has hardened his own posture on street violence.

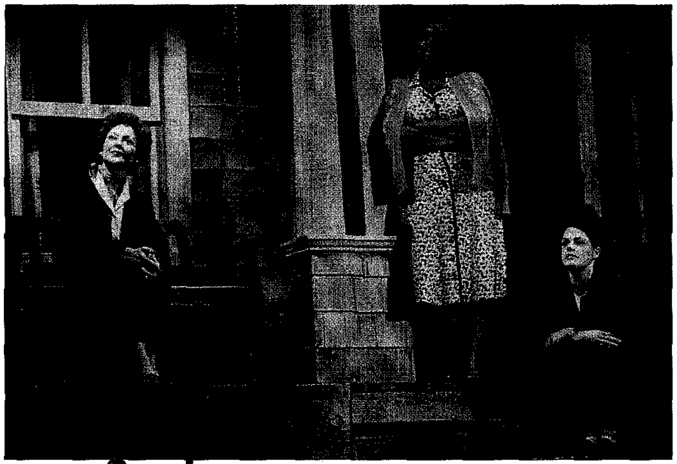
“I look at stories about killers today—like the child killer who raped and murdered that girl Megan in New Jersey—and I think, ‘Well, that guy should get the chair,’ ” Hernandez said. “But then I say to myself, ‘Don’t be a hypocrite. You were in the Death House yourself—you ate the last meals with three guys that were executed—how can you think like this?’ As a former death-row inmate, I am against the death penalty. But as a parent, I think I am in favor of it.”

THE UMBRELLA MAN HAD WANTED to go into the Cape Man’s funeral but lost his nerve at the last minute and never crossed the street. No one had called him the Umbrella Man for years, and when he saw the television trucks he was afraid of being found out. “I stood across the street and watched,” the Umbrella Man said. “I cried for my friend and myself. I cried for what we did and what we could have become. I cried for the kids that died in the park, too. You know, I used to have a dream. I would win the lotto and give the money to those two kids’ families. I wouldn’t let them know it was from me. I would just do it. Those kids never got the chance to do what I did. They never grew a family. They is dead and that’s forever.”

Luis Hernandez now figures he was standing next to Billy Luken that day at Sal Agron’s funeral, watching. ■

theater

Neil Simon...Tony Kushner...Keith Reddin



Opening

Season's Greetings

It's fall—which means pumpkins are smirking in every window, St.-John's-wort is selling like aspirin, and a new Neil Simon comedy is humming on Broadway. 'Proposals,' however, breaks from its innumerable predecessors in some key ways: Its cast is young; it's set outdoors; and Joe Mantello, who is not Gene Saks, directs. Opens November 6 at the Broadhurst.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Cherry Orchard—The Sovremennik Theatre Company, which nabbed a special Drama Desk Award last year for its outstanding repertory work, aptly celebrates Moscow's 850th birthday with Chekhov's tale of the old Russia's coming to terms with the new. English translation available. $30–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Opened 10/30. Runs through 11/9 only. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ivanov—Critics often dismiss this early Chekhov work—he wrote it when he was just 27—as mawkish and half-baked. But the recent London revival, cannily translated by David Hare and wonderfully realized by Ralph Fiennes, drew raves, proving that the play isn't radioactive when combined with the proper elements on the periodic table. Those elements may well be here, in this Lincoln Center Theater production, in the form of Kevin Kline (who plays the title role) and the twice-Tony'd director Gerald Gutierrez. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/20 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical, ridiculous devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $45–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—Elton John and Tim Rice have composed three new songs for the stage version of this Disney blockbuster, and Roger Allers, who co-directed the 1994 film, has adapted the book. Nice, you say, but unmoving? *Hakuna Matata.* Julie Taymor, the downtown director who was multicultural long before it was fashionable and psychedelic long after, has reconceived the animated feature for actors wearing Japanese, Thai, and African masks. $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. In previews for an 11/13 opening. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Proposals—It wouldn't be a new Broadway season without a Neil Simon comedy. This one varies from its predecessors, however, in that (a) it's set outdoors, (b) young people make up over half the *dramatis personae,* and (c) Joe Mantello, a young director whose credits include the original *Love! Valour! Compassion!,* directs here too. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/6 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200)*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/9 opening. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 40th St. (307-4100).*

Street Corner Symphony—The seventies, a decade that increasingly seems better suited to art than to life, comes roaring back in this revue of soul, pop, and boop-a-doop ditties. Period costume and dances accompany each number. *Get down.* Conceived and staged by Marion J. Caffey. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/18 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancin $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Ar drew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist fro T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opene 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encor production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but sin *Chicago* is about women who kill their men a the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gan bling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especial when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth doe scissors kick or two while maintaining her com hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton do out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to importunate beggar. If Chicago in the twent was like this, it was more fun than Pericle Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Er Sabella. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Open 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200) hrs. 30 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum– new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Da Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-a roll musical about a group of high-school seni in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Calhoun. Lucy Lawless plays Betty Ri $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *gene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-620*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in name of science. Book and lyrics by Le Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45– Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *mouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein naissance continues apace with their famous sical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phan from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Bryn Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sa 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon The 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic com set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premie *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first e since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 24 44th St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in m the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are availa (for that day's performance only) to many Broad and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broad and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine el; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a duction and want to submit details for a possible ing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Carol R

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

liss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

he Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

nt—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

'76—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music nd lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (Simon: /25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. ues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 1/16. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 roadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

e Show—The story of the English-born Siamese wins Daisy and Violet Hilton, who during the wenties and thirties went from a freak show to audeville fame, has many tragic elements, and is new Broadway musical tries to tackle them. ut musical comedy perforce has problems with agedy, and this show is no exception. Yet when ou tally up its credits and debits, you end up, if ot exactly in the black, at least in a becoming xford gray. There are enough good songs by enry Krieger to make the weak ones overokable. There is wonderful scenery, inspired ghting, and the cast carries the show with anache and poignance. Alice Ripley (Violet) d Emily Skinner (Daisy) act, sing, and dance mpellingly. (Simon: 10/27/97). $25–$65. es.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. pened 10/16/97. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 46th. St. (307-4100).*

key Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—hey say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, d when this show—drawn from the score Jerry iber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany e American baby-boomer childhood experice—breezes into New York City, people gonna ape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy urself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. es.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. 5–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 39-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Triumph of Love—It's the Broadway musical theater debut for F. Murray Abraham, an eagerly-awaited return for *Sunset* diva Betty Buckley, and an excuse for Susan Egan, the especially belle Belle from *Beauty and the Beast*, to bend gender. The story, adapted from the eighteenth-century romantic comedy by Pierre Marivaux, twists and turns with each costume change. Directed by Michael Mayer, adapted for the stage by James Magruder, music by Jeffrey Stock, and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead. $45-$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 10/23/97. *Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Adjustment—A high-powered, high-strung woman falls in love with her Hasidic chiropractor. Oy! Presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. Written by Michael Folie; directed by Pamela Berlin. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for an 11/9 opening. Through 11/23. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Ballad of Yachiyo—Against the backdrop of pre–World War I Hawaii, a love triangle develops between a young naïf, an artist, and a woman who needs them both. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 11/4 for an 11/11 opening. Through 12/7. *Public Theater's Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Batting Cage—The Vineyard Theatre, which launched last year's Drama Desk Award–winning *How I Learned to Drive*, starts its season with a Joan Ackermann comedy about two sisters who team up at a Holiday Inn to scatter the remains of a third sibling. Directed by Lisa Peterson (*Collected Stories, Slavs!*). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Broadway Kids Sing Broadway—A musical revue of songs made famous by Broadway kids. Expect tunes from *Annie*, *The Sound of Music*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Oliver*, and *Bye Bye Birdie*. $20. Sat. and Sun. at noon. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (354-2220).*

Brutality of Fact—Keith Reddin's new comedy about a dysfunctional trio of women. Two sisters—one an alcoholic, the other a recently divorced Jehovah's Witness—try out some rather unconventional tactics to repair each other's lives; Mom somehow gets involved, and it's all downhill from there. Directed by Casey Childs. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/5 opening. Through 11/23. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Coulda, Woulda, Shoulda—Robert Liebowitz's drama about a group of gamblers who are down on their luck and long past their prime. $30.

Previews
Betwixt and Between

Under the proper circumstances, *The Dybbuk*, S. Ansky's supernatural folktale of crossed worlds, hearts, and historical ages, can raise the hairs of an infidel. Harold Clurman, writing in the twilight of his career, declared that the 1926 New York production had been one of his favorite theatrical experiences of all time. Yet Tony Kushner couldn't get past the free-for-all of funny phonemes. "I kept stumbling over names like Rabbi Schmelke of Nikelsberg and Rabbi Shmuel of Kaminka," he says. Not to mention Rabbi Zusye of Anapol and Rabbi Shimshin of Miropol. *Oy.* "There was all this impenetrable chat about golden slippers," he continues. "All this Hasidic stuff that didn't have any relevance, until you broke the code. It just seemed quaint and funny and oddly obsessed." Kushner, who'd just won the 1993 Pulitzer for *Angels in America*, had been invited to adapt the 1914 play for the Hartford Stage Company. He'd never seen it before. So he researched, he pondered, he *futzed*. Slowly, the audacity of Ansky's work revealed itself to him, as did its moral force and its fizzy alchemy of the sacred and profane. "I began to fall more in love with the play," he says, "and paradoxically, the more I fell in love with it, the freer I felt to change it." This year, the Public Theater is starting its fall season with *A Dybbuk*, and the script has been even further refined, though its plot, about a rabbinical student who dies and invades the body of his beloved, and its tenets—about love's rejection of death, the cruelty of avarice, and the uneasy truce between the religious and the secular—remain unchanged. The play also had a profoundly personal effect on Kushner, deepening his curiosity about Jewish theology. His Jewish identity had usually asserted itself in practical ways, teaching the 41-year-old, who grew up in the deep South, how to embrace his marginal status as a gay man. "But the play started me on a whole new path of reading and questioning," he says. And writing: Kushner is currently working on an adaptation of *The Golem*, and he'll be taking a course in Yiddish next spring. "It felt like a moral imperative," he says. "The language took a thousand years to make. It'd be a shame to let it die." **Jennifer Senior**

ıgraph by Michael Grecco/Sygma.

Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 11/6. *Homefront Theatre, Broadway at 54th St. (861-4998).*

Cyrano de Bergerac—Frank Langella, who has always had a nose for a star-turning truffle, now gets to show it off in this hundredth-anniversary production of Edmond Rostand's classic at the Roundabout. In addition to playing the title character, Langella directs and provides the adaptation. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for an 11/23 opening. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Defying Gravity—*Titanic* loathers, take heart. Although this is a play about the space-shuttle-*Challenger* disaster, it comes from the reliably twisted imagination of Jane Anderson, author of *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader Murdering Mom.* Starring Lois Smith. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/2. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

A Dybbuk—The Public starts its season with Tony Kushner's (*Angels in America*) adaptation of the Yiddish supernatural folk tale. A poor young rabbi dies and enters his beloved, Leah, as a *dybbuk*—or restless spirit—on her wedding day. Starring Ron Leibman; directed by Brian Kulick. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/16 opening. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Filumena—Maria Tucci, last seen on Off Broadway as the wonderful Ruth Steiner in *Collected Stories,* stars in this version of Eduardo DeFilippo's 1946 romantic comedy, which she translated herself. Directed by James Naughton; presented by the Blue Light Theater Company. $37.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Mon at 8. In previews for an 11/6 opening. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Fly—A rattling, comic flight through the life of a young African-American man. By (and starring) Joseph Edward; directed by Wynn Handman. $35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Opened 11/2. *The American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Forest—Alexander Ostrovsky, arguably Russia's first professional playwright, wrote this amusing little comedy about two down-and-out actors more than 125 years ago, but the Pearl Theatre Company reckons it has never been performed in New York—until now. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $18–$30. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 8, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opens 11/3 at 7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 Saint Mark's Place. (598-9802).*

A Madhouse in Goa—Sex and political intrigue in the Greek Islands. By Martin Sherman, author of *Bent*; directed by Nicholas Martin *(Full Gallop)* and starring two-time Tony winner Judith Ivey. $40. Tues., Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 11/17 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Mojo—Jez Butterworth's Olivier Award-winning comedy, soon to be a film, about five toughs who try to launch their careers in London's fledgling rock and roll scene. Watch for shades of Tarantino, not just in the gritty, paranoid dialogue but the cheerfully violent plot: A 17-year-old rocker gets hijacked by the mob, his patron gets chopped up and dumped in a couple of dustbins, a bunch of lowlife club operators take control, etc., etc. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Pride's Crossing—A rich, densely populated memory play from Tina Howe about the 90-year-old (and imaginary) Mabel Tidings Bigelow, world-record holder for swimming the English Channel. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 11/6 for a 12/7 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Radio City Christmas Spectacular—Live animals, Rockettes, mistletoe. $25–$57. Tues.–Fri. at 2:30 and 7:30, Sat. at 10, 1, 3:30, 6:30, and 9, and Sun. at 10, 1, 4, 7:30. Performances begin 11/6. Through 1/4. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., bet. 50th and 51st. (307-1000).*

Sketches on Morning, Noon, & Night—Monologuist Spalding Gray, who has turned kvetching and obsessing into an art form, presents a work-in-progress about a day in the life of his family. $20. Mon. at 8. Through 12/22. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Three Days of Rain—Richard Greenberg, who specializes in contemporary drawing-room comedies, paints in a slightly darker hue this time around. There's still humor here, and romance, too, but at the heart of this drama lie two estranged siblings who discover a private journal kept by their father. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for an 11/11 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Water Children—*Citizen Ruth,* the stage version. Megan, who's pro-choice, stars in a commercial for the right-to-life movement and finds herself embroiled in a battle over reproductive rights. By Wendy McLeod, author of *The House of Yes.* $20. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/2. *Playwrights Horizons' second floor Studio Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Opening
Dysfunction Junction

Primary Stages inaugurates its new season with 'Brutality of Fact,' a Keith Reddin comedy about two estranged sisters (one an alcoholic, the other a freshly divorced Jehovah's Witness) and their fumbling attempts to care for their feeble-minded mum. Opens November 5.

Now Playing

Alligator Tales—Unlike other solo performers, Anne Galjour does not hump the same, obsessive autobiographical note. Instead, she plucks vivid sense memories from her bayou childhood—dredging for oysters, facing down hurricanes, fleeing from alligators—and brings them to life through eight imaginary, interconnected characters. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/21. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Always . . . Patsy Cline—It's still unclear whether this musical can weather the transplant from Nashville to New York, but it does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

The American Clock—The Signature Theatre Company kicks off its Arthur Miller season with this Depression-era drama, which debuted at the Spolet Festival, ran briefly on Broadway in 1980, and triumphed in London in 1984. Directed by Jame Houghton. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8 Sun. at 3. Through 11/16. *Signature Theatre, 555 W 42nd St. (244-7529).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere d Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, thre parts luxury addict—enlists a young author t write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane; directed by Drama Desk Awar winner Mark Brokaw. Starring Bo Foxworth an J. Smith-Cameron. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucill Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

The Blacksmith's Folly—The Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre, which performs all of its selections in the lan guage of the old country, presents a musical base on David Pinski's play about a womanizing Russ ian, *Yankel der Schmid.* English and Russian trans lation available. $22–$30. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 8, Su at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/18. *Folksbiene Theatre Central Synagogue, 123 E. 55th St. (889-6800).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toil paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love i and adults can pretend the show's an ironic co mentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theat 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environment musical, the audience strolls through a conceptu artist's gallery of Greta Garbo's East Side apar ment—and, as well, through the last 50 years the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Dotted Line—A downsized executive embarks on quest for fast cash and a new boyfriend—which, this case, amount to the same thing. By Antho Giunta. $35. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 8, Sun. at and 8. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (561-0251*

Even Steven—A romantic comedy about a young m his fiancée, his ex, a new roommate, and a bombsh in a handbag. By Anthony Giun $35. Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8, S at 2, Sun. at 5. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 44th. St. (561-0251).*

Fantasticks—The musical peren al that, happily, refuses to go aw $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Open 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 1 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back! Gerard Alessandrini's update of long-running musical spoof p ing fun at the absurdities of Great White Way couldn't ar in town at a more—well, let's kind and say propitious ti $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8 Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3 and 7:30; food and drink availa *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-620*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Step Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria atre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participa comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* writte Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. W Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle en among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which cludes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-15*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—F letters, biographies, and court transcripts, wr director Moisés Kaufman has put together an sorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 tria "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$4 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 a Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta (307-4100).*

H. Finn Esq.—The great-great-grandson of Sawyer (maybe) teams up with the great-g

Photograph by James L

Opening

Liberté, Égalité, Broadway

is is for the six New Yorkers who haven't seen the runway-size bill-
ard floating above Times Square: *The Scarlet Pimpernel,* a fabric-
den, tear-jerking, blood-and-thunder, French Revolution–themed
usical by Frank Wildhorn and Nan Knighton, will be opening No-
mber 9 at the Minskoff. If the improbable success of Wildhorn's
***kyll & Hyde* is any gauge, the show will have a longer life than**
arie Antoinette—though its sensibility, and financial requirements,
ll probably be just as extravagant.

grandson of Huckleberry Finn (also maybe) to
ravel up the Mississippi River from New Orleans
o Hannibal, Missouri. By Peter Zablotsky; direct-
d by John Ahlers. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and
at. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/7. *Kaufman Theatre,*
34 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

w I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits
rom an original slant: child molestation as an act
f consenting partners, with the child as a willing
articipant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play
bout a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by
arriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle
o apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle
eck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, care-
l—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has
irected inventively. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now star-
ng Molly Ringwald and John Shea. $25–$47.50.
ues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7.
irst opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97;
opened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15*
t. (239-6200).

ard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible,
chnicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay
fe. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard
rabtree, passed away in June of 1996, just days af-
r completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at
Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fair-*
nks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

e You, You're Perfect, Now Change—This musical
vue about what, in the context of most contem-
rary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint sub-
t these days—heterosexual love—has bravely
cked the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at
30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3.
estside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Last Session—During its summer run at the
rrican Theatre, this AIDS musical developed a
ssionate following; now it's uptown for an
en-ended run. Music and lyrics by Steve
halchlin, upon whose life the musical is partial-
based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim
ochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8;
d. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *47th Street*
eatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a
ochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magis-
ium of unassailable moral authority and some
an wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at
Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's*
urch Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts,
ging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mat-
rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at
0, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman The-*
, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

t Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller
ut a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering
husband, and the small-town detective who
s to prove she committed the "perfect crime."
. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

A Pirate's Lullaby—A comedy about three pirates and the women who love them. Written by Jessica Litwak; presented by Rattlestick Productions. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/9. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place. (627-2556).*

Queen Amarantha—A romantic adventure from Charles Busch who, happily, plays the title role. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 11/16. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Quick-Change Room—A backstage drama with a post-glasnost twist. (Think *Slavs!* meets *Stage Door*). Alley Mills stars. Directed by Orson Bean; written by Nagle Jackson. $18. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 7:30. *Intar Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Rafferty Rescues the Moon—A puppet show about a young Irish boy and his two sidekicks, Spider Murphy and Finbar Bat, who set out to rescue the moon from the tummy of the Great Fish. Written by June Anderson. $20. Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3. Through 1/4. *Irish Repertory's W. Scott McLucas Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Sam and Itkeh—A comedy about a Jewish couple whose 50-year relationship is threatened by a secret from the past. Written by Jack LaZebnick. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—A musical comedy revue that lampoons the camera-toting and madras-wearing. Directed by Patrick Quinn. $40; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tell-Tale—It's part Poe, part *Paris Is Burning,* and all drag. Theatre Couture's summer sensation, starring the begowned Sherry Vine and the befrocked Jackie Beat, moves, in modified form, to the West Village for an open-ended run. $27.50–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/15/97. *Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 10/16/97. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

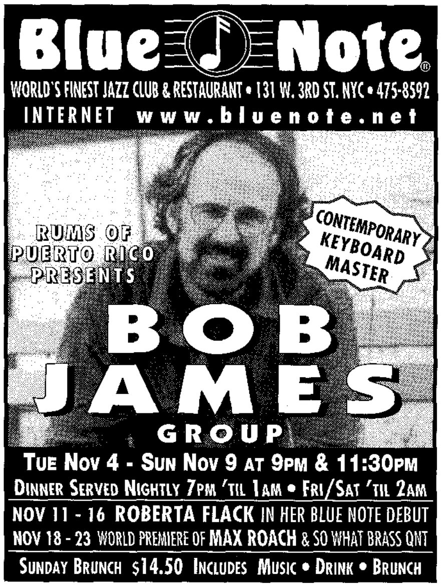
That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Thérèse Raquin—Elizabeth Marvel plays the caged, hot-blooded title character in Zola's 1867 tale of adultery and despair. Presented by Classic Stage Company, directed by David Esbjornson, and adapted for the stage by Neal Bell. $25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened 10/29. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt, a pair of talented pianists who never made it to the recital halls, wax philosophical about pushy parents, arrogant students, and smug concert judges. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

raph by Joan Marcus.



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art

André Kertész...Isabel de Obaldía

Openings

The International Fine Print Dealers Association is holding its **PRINT FAIR 1997** November 5–9 at the Park Avenue Armory, on Park Avenue between 66th and 67th Streets. Tickets for the preview, Wednesday, November 5, 5–9 P.M., cost $25 and include one re-entry on any day afterward. Daily admission Nov. 6–9 is $10; hours are Thurs. and Fri. 11–8, Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–7.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Isabel De Obaldía—Cast glass sculptures of figures that suggest ancient pre-Columbian objects; through 11/22. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213).

Seth Michael Forman—Paintings on wood panels that depict grotesquely comical characters in ominous landscapes; through 11/29. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Franz Kline—A survey of the Abstract Expressionist's works, from his earliest sketchbooks to his final painting; through 1/17. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Sol LeWitt—Early working drawings, finished drawings, photographs, and structures ranging from *Objectivity,* a painted canvas wall structure from 1962, to a plotted and cut photograph of an aerial view of Manhattan from 1979, as well as a four-part, serial wall drawing from 1969 executed in color for the first time; through 1/3. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Richard Pousette-Dart—A selection of the artist's paintings exploring variations of the circle, a form that interested him formally and iconographically throughout his career; 11/6–29. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Susan Rankaitis—Minimal abstract drawings; through 12/13. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

John Singer Sargent—The first survey of the artist's landscapes and figure scenes produced during his travels in Europe between 1900 and 1914, including works on loan from museums and the Sargent family; 11/7–12/13. Adelson, 25 E. 77th St. (439-6800), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5:30, Sat. 10–5.

57th Street Area

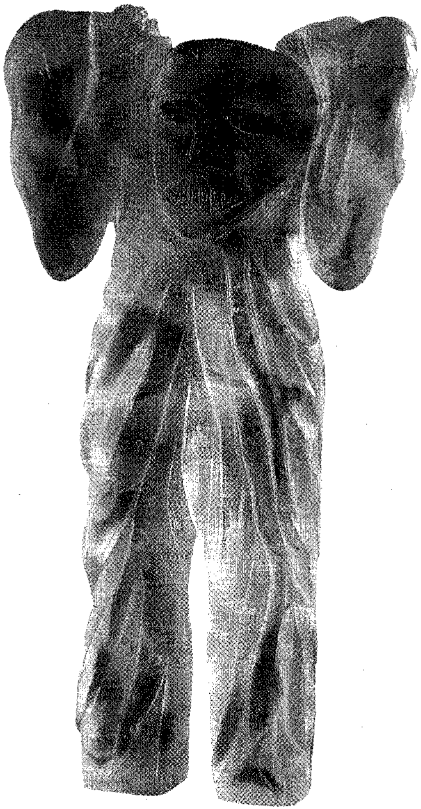
Milton Avery—A selection of paintings by the American artist (1885–1964), who is known for his remarkable color sense and whose reductive landscapes bridged the gap between realism and abstraction; 11/5–12/6. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Beattie & Davidson—Collaborative narrative paintings that depict mutant characters in hexagonal grids, subverting the geometry they occupy; through 11/29. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Jake Berthot—New paintings and drawings of landscapes that draw on the artist's earlier abstract works; 11/7–12/20. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Talent The painterly quality of Isabel de Obaldía's cast and carved glass sculptures is no accident—she was a painter before enrolling in the Pilchuck Glass School's program in the late eighties. But their primitive forms evoke pre-Columbian artifacts like those of the Dorace Indians, from which the French-Panamanian artist, not coincidentally, claims descent. At Mary-Anne Martin/Fine Art, 23 East 73rd Street; through November 22.

Frederick Brosen—Watercolors of views in New York City, Paris, and Venice; through 11/29. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Rudy Burckhardt/Joe Brainard—Recent paintings of nature scenes/Small collages. Through 11/29. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

John Henry—Recent metal sculptures and examples of the artist's earlier sculptures; through 11/22. View, 250 E. 51st St. (317-9757).

Yves Klein—Paintings from the artist's "Anthropometries" series that were created during a live performance in 1960 when live models, their bodies coated with blue paint, moved balletlike across the surface of oversize sheets of paper; through 11/29. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2227).

Barbara Kruger—An exhibition of the artist's recent large-scale sculptural works that celebrate figures from modern history and whose resemblance classical carved marble statuary is at odds wi their social and political commentary, held in co junction with a show of her sound, video, a slide projections at Jeffrey Deitch (see solo show SoHo and TriBeCa); through 12/20. Boone, 7 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

James Linehan—Paintings of Maine landscap through 11/22. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-245

Sheridan Lord—A survey of the late artist's still lifes a paintings of landscapes of Long Island's South Fo 11/5–25. Peter Findlay, 41 E. 57th St. (644-4433)

Man Ray—A survey focusing on the artist's uniq contributions to Surrealism, including paintin drawings, photographs, and objects, many which have not been exhibited since they w made in the thirties and forties; 11/6–12/20. E merich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Carlo Maria Mariani—New figurative paintings t depict contemporary scenes through classical i agery; through 11/29. Associated American Arti 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Piet Mondrian/Ad Reinhardt—One of a series of ex bitions presented by this gallery that illuminate relationship between artistic sensibilities, this ti pairing the paintings of the Dutch abstractio Piet Mondrian and the American abstractionist Reinhardt; through 12/13. PaceWildenstein, 32 57th St. (421-3292).

Larry Rivers/Arnaldo Pomodoro—New paintings, m of which continue the artist's exploration of Ja Audubon and his *Birds of America* as a theme, cluding portraits of Audubon, single bird stud and images of female fashion models birds/Small sculptures and works on pa Through 11/29. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th (541-4900).

Burton Silverman—Figurative paintings that probe psychological states of their subjects; through 11 Gerold Wunderlich, 50 W. 57th St. (974-8444).

Pat Steir—New abstract paintings that continue artist's exploration of a poured waterfall im through 11/29. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-54

May Stevens—Paintings from the artist's "Big D dy" series that were executed during the Viet War and whose unpleasant male protagonist, Daddy, suggests a send-up of his female Pop counterparts; through 11/29. Ryan, 24 W. 57t (397-0669).

Myron Stout—Five black-and-white paintings the artist considered unfinished, from a grou thirteen paintings that he began in the summ 1954; through 11/29. Washburn, 20 W. 57t (397-6780).

Joyce Treiman—A survey of the late artist's self-traits that mix references to art history, mytho and real life; through 11/22. Schmidt-Bing 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic—An installation titled *Spirit* that is an emotive allegory comprising five projections; through 12/6. Kelly, 43 Merce (343-2405).

Dennis Adams—Sculptures that take the form o vanity table as a sign for the transformation of tity; through 11/29. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4

Kai Althoff—Installations, works on paper, and tographs; through 11/29. Kern, 558 Broa (965-1706).

Donald Baechler—New paintings of flowers; thr 12/6. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

David Bates—Recent paintings and tin and lu

Photograph courtesy of Mary-Anne Martin Fi

sculptures that draw on the folk art of the artist's native Texas and the works of such Modernist painters as Marsden Hartley and Pablo Picasso; through 11/29. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

hil Bower—Paintings that depict color fields marked by images of cuts, bruises, mouths, bullet holes, and stitches; through 11/23. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (334-3455).

ohn Currin—New paintings on the themes of health, beauty, bra shops, and doctors' offices; through 11/22. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

renda Goodman—Recent oil-on-panel paintings and works on paper; through 11/29. Steele, 420 W. Broadway (941-8388).

ana Gordon—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/22. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

iobhán Hapaska—Sculptures that combine various accumulated objects and disparate forms, textures, and sounds; through 11/22. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

avid Humphrey—Recent assemblages composed of kitsch objects and celluclay; through 12/6. Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

irgit Jürgenssen/Sol LeWitt—A survey of works on paper and photography by the Austrian artist known for her use of feminist iconography/A wall drawing. Through 11/22. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

rbara Kruger—An exhibition of slide, sound, and video presentations that demonstrate the artist's ongoing fascination with the authority of the media, held in conjunction with a show of her recent sculptural works at Mary Boone Gallery (see solo shows, 57th Street area); through 12/20. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (343-7300).

onor Fini—A retrospective of paintings by the late Surrealist; through 11/30. CFM, 112 Greene St. (966-3864).

tila Richard Lukacs—New paintings, multimedia assemblages, video sculptures, and nemorabilia that express the artist's obsesion with homosexuality; through 12/6. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

an McCollum—"Visible Markers," a project omprising thousands of colored concrete locks, each one imprinted with the word HANKS; through 12/13. Inglett, 100 Woost- r St. (343-0573).

mond Pettibon—Large-scale wall paintings nd small and large works on paper that use ext as a formal element in a composition; hrough 11/29. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074).

ert Rauschenberg—A survey of the artist's aintings, drawings, and prints from the six- es through the nineties; through 12/6. Dra- off, 591 Broadway (966-0153).

m Ross—Paintings and drawings inspired y the idea of science fiction and how it af- cted American popular culture after World Var II; through 11/29. Golden, 39 Wooster t. (274-0080).

an Rothenberg—New paintings that contin- e to draw on the artist's personal experi- ıce, evolving out of daily life and prosaic tivities at her ranch in New Mexico; rough 12/13. Sperone Westwater, 142 reene St. (431-3685).

ert Schmalix—New abstract paintings hose colors and compositions suggest trop- al scenes; through 11/22. Erben, 476 roome St. (941-0752).

n Schnabel—New paintings of the artist's mily and friends; through 12/13. PaceWil- nstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

S. (Nobi Shioya)—Sculptures made of sugar spired by the artist's daydreams of the adonna; through 11/29. 123 Watts, 123 atts St. (219-1482).

Stoetzel/Gunther Kempf—Cubist western intings/Small sculptures influenced by rican figurines; through 11/22. Grand Sa- ı, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Chelsea

hew Barney—New works derived from the ist's most recent film, *Cremaster 5*, which eing screened daily through November 4 at the Film Forum; through 12/20. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Gary Gissler—Paintings whose gessoed surfaces are obsessively inscribed with words; through 11/29. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Rodney Graham—A new film, *Vexation Island*, in which the artist plays an eighteenth-century middle-class Englishman stranded on a deserted island; through 12/20. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Oliver Herring—New sculptures of wire, knit mylar, and paper that are loosely based on cartoons; 11/5–12/3. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Niizeki Hiromi—An installation of more than 500 unique handmade papier-mâché balls made from junk mail and embedded with nails; through 11/29. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (645-2621).

Frank Holliday—New paintings from the artist's "Wah-Wah Series" that use the techniques and traditions of European oil painting to develop themes on identity, perception, and sexuality; 11/6–12/6. Debs & Co., 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Jacqueline Humphries—New abstract paintings; through 11/29. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Ellen Kozak—Paintings that draw inspiration from the landscape of New York's Hudson River Valley; 11/5–30. Art Resources Transfer, Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Sol LeWitt—A new structure titled *Four-Sided Pyramid* that is composed of uniform concrete blocks whose stepped monumental form suggests a ziggurat, plus maquettes of other cinder-block sculptures and recent drawings; through 11/22. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

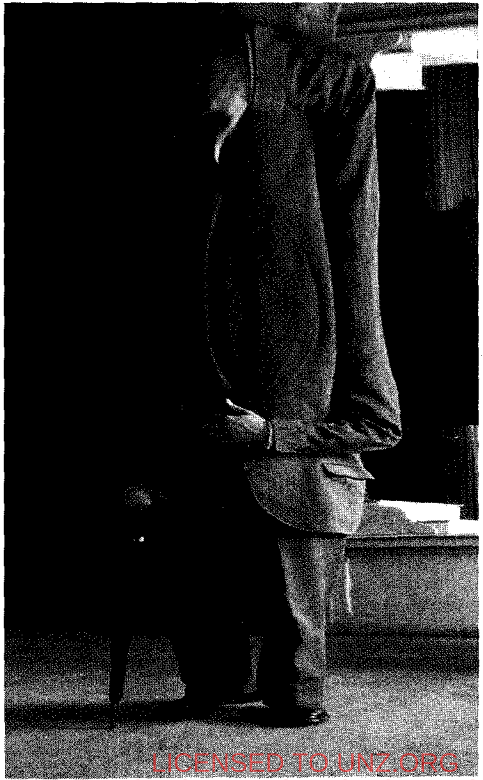
Terry Winters—Recent large-scale paintings in which the picture plane is spanned by dense networks of lines that suggest architectural renderings and computer graphics; through 12/24. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Charles Yuen—Paintings that depict the artist's personal vocabulary of figurative images in dreamlike spaces; through 11/29. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Photography

Mirror Image

Never previously exhibited or published, these twelve vintage photographs by André Kertész were taken in Paris in 1930 and predate his nude distortions by three years. More interestingly, they show Carlo Rim, an editor of 'VU' magazine, and occasionally Kertész, mugging in a fun-house mirror at the Luna Park amusement arcade. At James Danziger Gallery, 130 Prince Street; through December 6.



graph courtesy of James Danziger Gallery, New York.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art," a survey chronicling the symbolic resonance of the horse in Chinese art, history, and philosophy from the Han (206 B.C.–A.D. 220) to the Qing (1644–1911) dynasties; through 12/13.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Works on paper by Baechler, Basquiat, Beuys, Embry, Heyboer, Rainer, Rothenberg, others; through 12/13.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). "Figure and Fragility," with sculptures by Aschenbrenner, Brady, DeStaebler, Doner, Fox, Lucero, Neri, Smith, and Youngblood; through 11/20.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "A New Naturalism," with recent paintings by Fendrich, Gray, Marlatt, Obuck, Senstad, Strzelec; 11/5–12/13.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Castelli—420 W. Broadway (431-5160). "40 Years of Exploration: The Artists of the Castelli Gallery," the first in a three-part retrospective exhibition, with works by Artschwager, Bontecou, Chamberlain, Chryssa, Johns, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Ruscha, Twombly, Warhol; through 11/25.

Lehman Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). Editions by Baldessari, González-Torres, Kapoor, Ruscha, Zittel, and others, published by Patrick Painter Editions; through 11/29.

Chelsea

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). "Icon/Iconoclast," with paintings by Bacon, Clemente, Katz, Kitaj, Reinhardt, others; 11/8–12/27.

Other

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. Works that address obsessive love, by Jervert, Heindl, Hobart, Rodrigues, Shaw, others; solo shows of works by David Dupuis and Eve Fowler; through 11/23.

Photography

Tom Baril—New silver prints of flowers; through 12/6. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Erwin Blumenfeld/André Kertész—Experimental portraits and nudes from the forties and fifties/A group of twelve vintage photographs that were taken in Paris in 1929 at the Luna Park amusement arcade and show the distorted images of Carlo Rim, an editor of *VU* magazine, and the photographer in a fun-house mirror. Through 12/6. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Bromm—90 W. Broadway (732-6196). Works by nine photographers who have exhibited with this gallery for the past twenty years, among them Adams, Cutforth, De Sana, Incandela, Leatherdale, Sonneman; through 12/23.

Valdir Cruz—Photographs of indigenous people in the Brazilian rain-forest; through 1/10. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Agnes Denes—Recent photographs; through 11/29. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Seichi Furuya—Works from the artist's *Mémoires,* groups of photographs that document events from different periods of his life; through 11/29. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs by woman photographers; through 11/13.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Brett Weston in New York." Photographs of New York taken between 1943 and 1945, when Weston was stationed on Long Island in the United States Army Signal Corps; through 11/30. . . . "Soul of the Game: Images and Voices of Street Basketball." Black-and-white images of the game being played at Harlem's Rucker Park, Nat King Cole Park in Chicago, and other famed courts by sports photographer John Huet; through 11/19.

Jimmy De Sana—Color portraits and self-portraits from the artist's estate; through 11/29. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Larry Towell—The Magnum photographer's portraits of his own family; through 12/13. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

László Moholy-Nagy/Michal Rovner—Vintage prints on loan from public and private collections, half of which were in the historically significant Julien Levy collection in the thirties/Wall-size panels depicting manipulated color images of bathers floating in the Dead Sea and people walking across the desert in Israel. Through 11/29. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Jim Marshall—Photographs of rock-and-roll musicians that appear in the new book *Not Fade Away* (Bulfinch Press); through 12/1. Sorokko, 430 W. Broadway (941-8888).

Ray K. Metzker/Ralston Crawford—Images of jazz musicians in New Orleans and of geometric forms, such as the patterns formed by the girders supporting an elevated train track/Photographs of shadow-filled landscapes in Utah. Through 11/29. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Mario Cravo Neto—Recent black-and-white portraits and still lifes taken in Salvador, Bahia, that reflect such influences as Surrealism, ancient Greek mythology, and Afro-Brazilian religion; through 12/6. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Roman Signer—Photographs, videos, and sculpture from 1979 to 1997 that show ordinary objects activated in various ways and taking on a life of their own; through 12/24. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Four Acts in Glass: Installations by Chihuly, Morris, Powers, and Vallien"; 11/11–1/18. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 4/26. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Mandala: The Architecture of Enlightenment." Mandalas from Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Bhutan, India, and Indonesia, and a Kalachakra sand mandala constructed by monks from the Namgyal monastery, the Dalai Lama's personal monastery; through 1/4. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800–1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Monet and the Mediterranean: A Centennial Exhibition." Sixty-five paintings executed by the Impressionist during his trips to the Italian Riviera, in 1884, the French Riviera, in 1888, and Venice, in 1908; through 1/4. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; through 2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Design for Life: A Centennial Celebration." An exhibition examining the role of objects in daily life through works from the museum's collection, among them architectural drawings, graphics, textiles, ceramics, glass, jewelry, rare books, and industrial-design products; through 1/4. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8420), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon: Art, Patronage, and Presentation in America, Part II." A selection of late-nineteenth-century paintings by Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jules LeFebvre, Hans Makart, and others, displayed to re-create a nineteenth-century American salon in a private home, including works from the museum's permanent collection and on loan from private collections; through 11/29. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Free-falling.*" Photographs, films, and a video by an Australian artist; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses.*" Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14/98. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture." Sculptures created from yarn, including new works and earlier works from Dia's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three installations using fluorescent light and six separate fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"From the Louvre to The Frick Collection: Poussin's *The Arcadian Shepherds.*" An exhibition of one of the most celebrated icons of French art, Nicholas Poussin's painting, *The Arcadian Shepherds,* on loan from the Musée du Louvre; through 1/25. . . . "The Spirit of the Place: Selections From the Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection." Fourteen paintings and four sculptures from the collection of Baroness Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza; through 11/30. . . . "Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700) Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective o the artist's work since 1976, including paintings drawings, sculpture, and prints; through 1/7. 107 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what yo wish), closed Thurs.; $15, $10 seniors and student (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to th Guggenheim Museum SoHo).

Guggenheim Museum at Ace Gallery—"Rober Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." *The 1/4 Mile o 2 Furlong Piece,* an ongoing project begun in 198 that comprises 189 paintings and sculpture through 11/9. 275 Hudson St., below Spring S (255-5599), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11– free.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Robert Rauschenberg A Retrospective." The first full career retrospec tive of the artist's work since 1976, includin paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and perfo mance and technology-based pieces; throug 1/4. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Su and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what yo wish); $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a sp cial admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhib and includes entrance to the Solomon Guggenheim Museum).

Japan Society—"Japanese Theater in the World." history of Japanese theater traced through co tumes, masks, puppets, musical instrumen posters, and other historic objects and epheme through 2/1. 333 E. 47th St. (832-115 Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Facing the New World: Jewi Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." T first comprehensive survey of rare, early Ame can Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Pea Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artis dating from 1700 through the 1830s; throu 1/11. . . . "Camille Pissaro in the Caribbe 1850–1855: Drawings From the Collection Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercol by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thom where he was born, and on other Caribbean lands, that were originally thought to be h been the work of the Danish painter Fritz M bye; through 11/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5 Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 stude and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Jackson Pollock: E ly Sketchbooks and Drawings." Forty-ei rarely or never-exhibited pages from the art three earliest extant sketchbooks, which c from 1937 to 1941; through 2/8. . . . "John Farge." A selection of paintings, drawings, wa colors, and stained-glass windows drawn fr the museum's collection of works by the ni teenth-century American artist; through 1/ . . . "The Private Collection of Edgar Deg More than 250 works drawn from the collect of the nineteenth-century French artist, incl ing paintings, pastels, watercolors, drawings, prints by such masters as Ingres, Delacroix, D mier, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and D himself; through 1/11. . . . "Richard Pouse Dart, 1916–1992." A survey of the American stract Expressionist's paintings and works on per; through 2/22. . . . "The Drawings of F pino Lippi and His Circle." Drawings by fifteenth-century master, and by Fra Filip Lippi, Raphael, Sandro Botticelli, and o artists in his circle in Florence; through 1/11 "Master Hand: Individuality and Creat Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-stan figures, containers, and architectural post male and female Yoruba masters who were a from the mid-nineteenth through the first h the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . "Pi the Engraver—Selections From the Musée casso, Paris." Approximately 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts made by the artist between 1900 and 1942; through 12/21. . . . "Wordrobe." Words, letters, and numbers in art and clothing; through 11/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

useum at F.I.T.—"Fifty Years of Fashion: New Look to Now." A selection of historically significant clothing from the museum's own collection, beginning with Christian Dior's controversial "New Look" of 1947 and ending with the contemporary fashion scene; through 1/10. . . . "The Saris of Princess Niloufer." Nine saris from a collection of saris previously owned by Princess Niloufer, one of the last of the Imperial Ottoman princesses, and a selection of drawings; through 1/3. . . . "Beads and Sequins: Scintillating Fashion." Sequined clothes and accessories from the twenties to the present; through 1/3. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

useum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

seum of American Folk Art—"The Image Business: Shop and Cigar Store Figures in America." A selection of life-size, carved-wood shop and cigar-store figures that were made by ship carvers from the 1840s to the 1890s; 11/8–1/11. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

seum of Modern Art—"Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna." Paintings and works on paper by the Austrian Expressionist (1890–1918), many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 1/4. . . . "On the Edge: Contemporary Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisser Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . "Achille Castiglioni: Design!" A retrospective of works by the Italian architect and industrial designer known for his imaginative designs for such items as ashtrays, glassware, bathroom fixtures, and vacuum cleaners; through 1/6. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." rtworks created by Halley as digital files on omputer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-own flowcharts that are fabricated by profes-onal printers whenever a site-specific installa-on is planned; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Franz West." Sculptures, drawings and collages by the tist, and a work titled *Synchrony* that incorpo-tes works by the artist's friends, colleagues, and sistants; through 11/11. . . . "From Henri de oulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring chniques." An exhibition focusing on various intmaking techniques; through 2/8. . . . "New otography 13." Recent works by Rineke Di-stra, An-My Lê, Vik Muniz, and Kunié Sugiu- through 1/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); t.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. :30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), osed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Happening **Now Wooster Street is book country. Fifty publishers from around the world will be exhibiting at the fourth annual ArtistBook International/New Editions Fair, which takes place November 7–9, 11 A.M.–7 P.M., at the Drawing Center (35 Wooster), Brooke Alexander Gallery (59 Wooster), and Printed Matter (77 Wooster). Admission is $10.**

um of the City of New York—"Under the Big Top: rcuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, sters, and other circus paraphernalia and hemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rick-'s first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's g Apple Circus; through 2/22. . . . "Beyond the ave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Pho-graphs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. a Harlow; through 3/8. . . . "A Dream Well nned: The Empire State Building." Pho-raphs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Will Barnet Selects From the Permanent Collection." A selection of 40 portraits from the museum's collection, including works by Bellows, Eakins, Grossman, Lawrence, Rauschenberg, Sargent, and others; through 1/4. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"The Romanovs: Their Empire, Their Books." A selection of illustrated books that were originally in the collections of the Romanovs, the dynasty that ruled the Moscow Tsardom and the Russian Empire for 300 years until the Russian Revolution of 1917, and were acquired by the New York Public Library from the Soviet government in the twenties and thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; through 1/3. . . . "Tobacco Leaves: Selections From the Collection of George Arents, Jr."; through 1/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

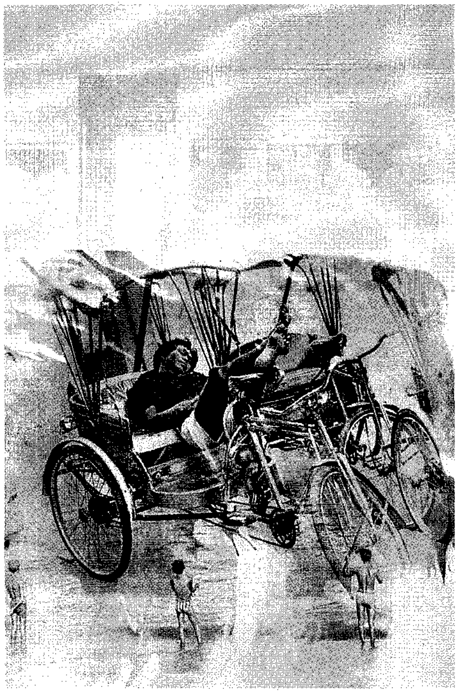
P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Jack Smith: Flaming Creature"; through 2/28. . . . "John Coplans: A Self-Portrait"; through 3/29. . . . "Jackie Winsor: Sculpture"; through 2/28. . . . "Lynne Yamamoto: Selected Work"; through 2/28. . . . "Martin von Haselberg: New Works"; through 2/1. . . . "Some New Yorkers: Four Artists"; through 2/28. . . . "Vertical Painting Show"; through 6/28. . . . "Heaven: Public View, Private View"; through 2/1. 23-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation; $2 students and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the Library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the Library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath*." An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 11/9. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/9. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of Black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; through 3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The Warhol Look/Glamour Style Fashion." An exhibition showing how Warhol merged the worlds of style, fashion, and contemporary art, comprising paintings, clothing, photographs, archival material, and reconstructed period window displays; 11/8–1/18. . . . "Richard Diebenkorn." A retrospective of paintings by this California artist (1922–1993), who moved back and forth between abstraction and representation and is best known for his "Ocean Park" cycle of abstracted landscapes; through 1/11. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).



graph courtesy of Universal Limited Art Editions.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pictures at an Exhibition: An Installation by Christian Marclay." An installation incorporating works from the Whitney's permanent collection; through 1/25. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 11/10 at 7: "The Collection of Victor and Sally Ganz." On view from 10/30. 11/11 at 7: "Impressionist and Modern Paintings, Drawings and Watercolors, Part I." On view from 11/6.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 11/5 at 10 and 2: "Furniture and Decorative Arts." 11/11 at 10: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 11/7.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 11/5 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 10/31. 11/6 at 1: "European Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 10/31. 11/11 at 10: Old Master, Modern, and Contemporary Prints and Posters." On view from 11/7.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (570-4830). 11/11 at 2:30: "20th-Century Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture." On view from 11/7.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 11/5 at 10:15 and 2: "Nineteenth-Century Furniture." On view from 10/31. 11/6 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Impressionist and Modern Paintings." On view from 11/1. 11/7 and 11/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Prints." On view from 11/1. 11/9 at 1: "Contemporary Prints." On view from 11/5. 11/10 at 10:15 and 2: "Books." On view from 11/5.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 11/6 at 10:30 a.m.: "Autographs." On view from 11/1.

restaurants

Hip Bop...Bouterin's Breads...Moomba

Manhattan

Lower New York

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening
Le Chien, Le Chapeau

Antoine Blech is optimistic that the formula he devised at his uptown Orienta—affordable Pan-Asian food and cozy, Francophilic ambience—will change the luck of the lower–Sixth Avenue spot that was, briefly, La Poste. Besides duplicating the dog-in-a-coolie-hat motif, the downtown Asian outpost shares with the original a menu that riffs on the Eastern theme, with dishes like Saigon-style pork tenderloin garnished with bananas, and lime-and-ginger-marinated salmon with wasabi mashed potatoes. (470 Sixth Avenue, near 12th Street; 243-2222.)

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows mc and more residential, its halls of finance, like tl former bank building, are being converted ir service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitch & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of be and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic Ame can fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg nc dles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked b con, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (7 7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—It's tough to compete w the stunning views from this lower-Manhat perch, but the eclectic American menu make valiant effort. A stellar wine program and dis like baby pheasant in Savoy cabbage and lobs with clam risotto give diners good reason to gla at the table from time to time. *1 World Trade Cer 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC,*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitom the concept of the singing waiter. Professic opera singers perform arias and show tunes w waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve order seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black gus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, wit architectural ingenuity and whimsical creati serves as a finishing school for the city's all- chefs before they launch their own careers. awesome dining temple has long been a stapl *E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much- eled Village corridor serving family-style portio the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Roettele A.G.—One of the very few places on t shores to serve a distinctive mix of Swiss German cuisines, including hearty specia like spaetzle, sauerbraten, Wiener schnitzel, fondue. There's a lovely garden and, on Th days, the exotic strains of live Swiss music. *E. 7th St. (674-4140). (M) AE, DC, DS, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should yo velop an appetite while listening to some o

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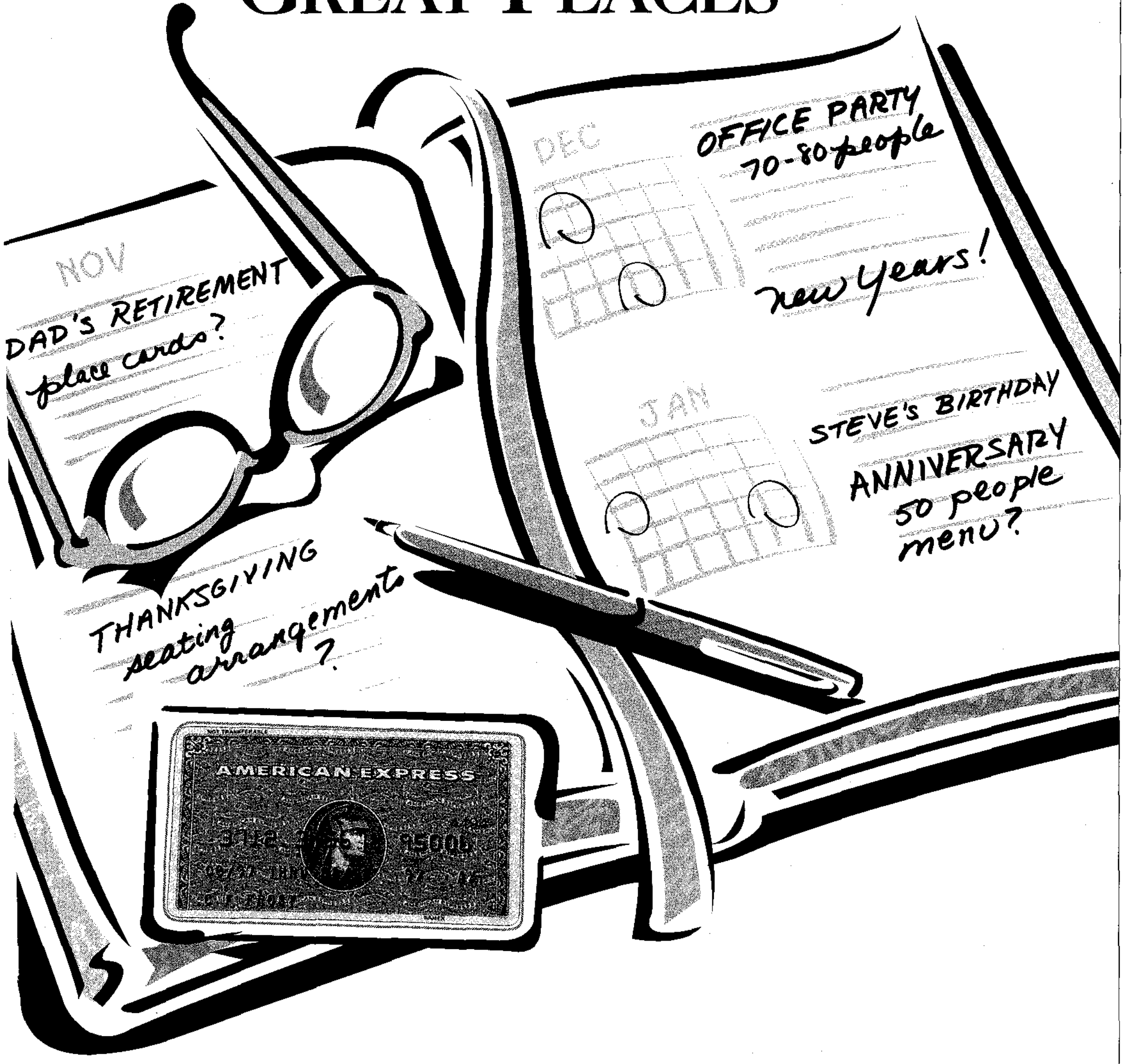
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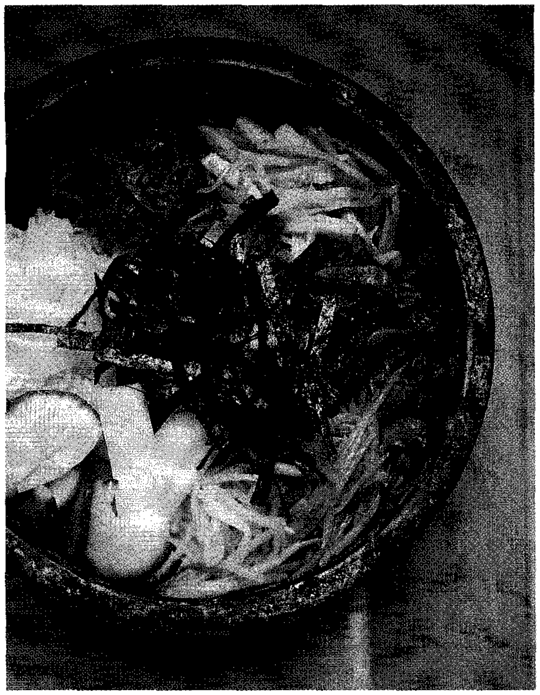
world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincón de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Salam Cafe and Restaurant—This casual Arabic restaurant ensconced in a Village brownstone offers a broad variety of Middle Eastern food, including kebabs, couscous, and lamb with yogurt-and-sesame sauce, plus lots of vegetarian options. Try the Lebanese wine. *104 W. 13th St. (741-0277). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Washington Place—The large, comfortable dining room feels vaguely colonial, with old prints on the walls and lots of dark wood, but the well-executed American menu couldn't be more modern. Standouts include maple-brushed salmon, roasted venison, and an unusually delicious cherry pie. *75 Washington Pl. (539-1776). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbea cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropic dining room and bar have already attracted suc boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *24 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bella Donna Bar and Grill—The third in a line of i expensive Italian pasta parlors, this downtow branch satisfies all manner of macaroni craving with dishes like rigatoni Carmine, penne vodk and capellini pescatore. Cap it off with tirami s the house dessert. *18 E. 23rd St. (505-3678). (I– AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joi gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Gre beer selection, and the always hospitable longtim owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in t desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish musi and fifteen versions of that most archetypic brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34 St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at o table, Time Warner honchos are at another, a isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having b come Media Central, this smart little tratto serves some of the most satisfying Italian fo in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocc with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, a grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (4 0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delectica—The open kitchen at this cas takeout shop and restaurant focuses on healt low-fat food prepared with fresh herbs. T sandwich bar is a convenient repository wraps, egg salad with dill and Havarti, a chicken with shiitakes and roasted onions; o er options include vegetable and grain sala and spicy chicken soup. *564 Third Ave., at 3 St. (986-1616). (I) AE.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest M ican restaurant in New York City, this co fortable, dependable establishment is kno for its enormous selection of premium teq las and traditional dishes like mole pobla carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Da Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, Flatiron American newcomer doesn't dis point. The main dining room manages to both impressive and cozy, the service supe tive, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. lesser appetites and lower budgets, the menu in the Tavern Room is equally delici Orchestrate your own cheese course and s ple the varied selection of wines by the g *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, M*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brew with a lively outdoor café and a men American as its Thomas Hart Benton murals. Accompany your choice of mi brew with comfort food like meat loaf buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-gl chicken with apricots and juniper ber and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. beer-weary can sample among the largest selection of tequilas and single-scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400 AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the d at this new restaurant: The floors and ba red travertine marble, and decorative iron details the sconces and door frames. Th courant Mediterranean menu includes specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chiant grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue S nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shut this Manhattan landmark, its long-fa clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do *themselves* at lunchtime. The doors hav opened, the vaulted ceilings have bee paired, and the regulars are taking their at the counter. Famous for its 25 variet

Opening

Mmmm Bop

If you notice bibimbop—a Korean mélange of rice served in a stone pot with marinated vegetables, meat, and eggs—suddenly becoming the dish du jour, blame it on the INS.

Brad Kelley, owner of three perennially popular SoHo restaurants, was forced to close his critically acclaimed Katana in September when his Japanese chef was deported during a crackdown on illegal immigrants. (In a cruel blow to raw-fish lovers, Nobu also sustained losses.) The small, semi-sequestered restaurant, where diners paid upwards of $100 to let the chef dictate their *kaiseki*, or tasting, dinners, was regarded as the gem of Kelley's Asian triumvirate, which included Thai-themed Kin Khao and the noodle-parlor-cum-Shanghai-general-store Kelley & Ping.

To forge on at Katana without chef Nao Hiko Sugiyama was inconceivable. "It would be such a step down to do a *regular* Japanese restaurant," says Kelley, whose early trips to Asia as a young model were supplemented by exploratory tasting treks as a foodie. Predicting that Korean food would supplant Thai and Vietnamese as the newest Eastern export to overtake New York, Kelley flew to Seoul last spring to investigate the intricacies of bibimbop and the rest of the national diet. "They're really proud of their food," he says, clearly identifying with the natives. "I was blown away." So much so that when chaos ensued at Katana, Kelley, with unexpected equanimity, saw only opportunity. A fresh coat of paint and minimal refurbishing—most noticeably, the dismantling of the wooden blinds that obscured the storefront's rarefied cuisine from the street—have transformed the kaiseki shrine into the open, accessible Bop. The chef, Lee Hwa Kye (green card firmly in hand), is turning out eight varieties of the house dish, plus an unusual assortment of home-style dumplings, soups, and salads, all for a fraction of Katana's kobe-caliber prices. Kelley, who hopes to warm up the dining public for his fourth venture, a full-scale Korean restaurant he plans to open next spring on Bowery, is clearly not mourning the disappearance of Japanese food from his repertoire. The time, he believes, is ripe for Bop. And besides, he says, "I'm not such a big sushi eater." (179 Prince Street; 677-1943.)

ROBIN RAISFELD

Photograph by Steve Fr

oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

iccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ion Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

ffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and food- ies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio lla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Sicil- ana. Open seven days a week, including weekend runch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

nply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this noderately priced Northern Italian restaurant of- ers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, os- o buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub, vith fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu hat indicates a seriousness about food that's rare n the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Viener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound ke the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 8th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

rld Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the ghts—all of them—over dinner. The luxury acht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *ier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630- 100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

bassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with glob- accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by r lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday unch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in e Regal U.N. Plaza Hotel (702-5014). (M–E) AE, C, DS, MC, V.*

Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the bby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive oking going on here, and the joint is as fun and od as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud tle Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in wn. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. 18-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and utique are also importers, which means that u're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, d Sevruga—right from the source. The petite staurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse ll gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substan- l meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Arma- ac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet- d-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe nus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. 30-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

tail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient st for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At ht, to accompany your cocktail, there's live pi- music and the occasional fashion show. *301 k Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, C, V.*

ante De Grezia—As much attention is paid to comfortable surroundings as to the Italian ed- s at this East Side restaurant. The room is done in golden oak and adorned with brass hurri- e lamps, and the pasta, like the black penne h shrimp, broccoli and roasted tomatoes, gets cial treatment. *231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). -E) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mica Bar—This quiet side street in Turtle Bay is slowly becoming a spawning ground for luxe lounges. The most striking element of this new duplex is its enclosed deck bar, with a convertible roof that can open and close depending on the season. A menu of light Asian tapas features baked oysters, a variety of satays, and Hong Kong gravlax; the beverage menu, from sake cocktails to champagnes by the glass, is extensive. *252 E. 51st St. (888-2453). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

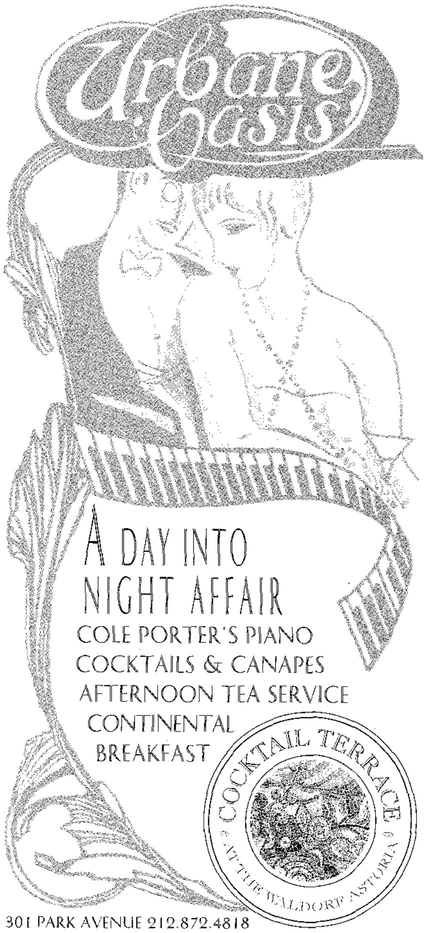
Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in el-



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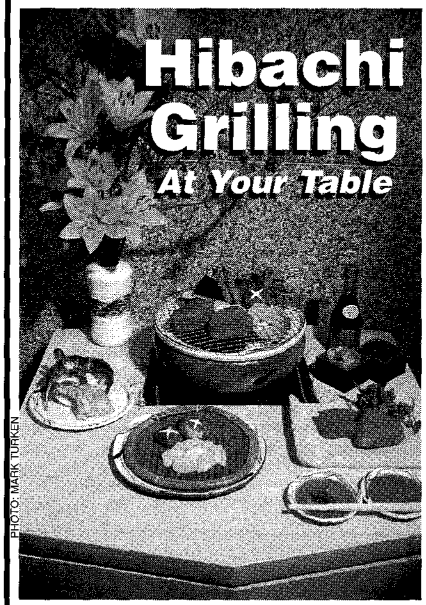

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egant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Town Crier—The American fare here includes standards like burgers and open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. *303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zarela—Long a popular place for unwinding—with the assistance of mighty potent margaritas—after work, this popular cantina serves regional Mexican cuisine. Red-snapper hash and roasted duck with red chili and dried fruit are some menu highlights. *953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M) AE, DC.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.97 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Crêpe de Bretagne—This midtown bistro specializes in crêpes, serving over 70 varieties, sweet and savory, plus French classics from bouillabaisse to cassoulet. *46 W. 56th St. (245-4565). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) A CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. G when there's no danger of a curtain rising falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th S (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries fort the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. H ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gr with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vin gar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a ve loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, ef cient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoul from Toulouse recommended, as well as fil mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 2 (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theat with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and ch Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, ch coal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *8 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, D DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the thea district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, w a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a riety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (9 3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

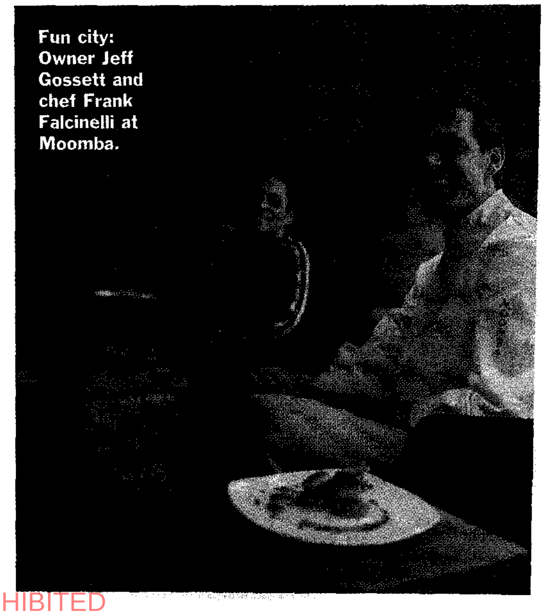
Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the mome partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Si Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the pla and partly because of its flavorful, home-style It ian menu. Be sure to try anything created proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. M cioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's go enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery ro ed in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (2*

Opening

Antipodean Antics

Moomba means "let's get together and have fun" in Aborigine, even though A tralia may be the only culinary influence chef Frank Falcinelli (who's done sti at River Cafe and Aureole) hasn't culled for his "interpretive American" me Wild-mushroom-crusted Maine diver scallops with watercress coulis and pomegr ate nectar, hickory-charred prawns with roasted-poblano crème, and honey-a maple-smoked California squab indicate his range. Not hungry yet? Feel fre moomba at the raw bar or in the sofa-strewn mezzanine lounge. (133 Seventh enue South; 989-1414.)



Fun city: Owner Jeff Gossett and chef Frank Falcinelli at Moomba.

ASK GAEL

I'm homesick for Provence.

Come to Bouterin, homey and innocent, with its hodgepodge of rustic memorabilia, long-cooked stews, and old-fashioned French waiters. One bite of the yeasty warm baguette and our guest knows: "It must be just out of the oven. It tastes like maman's." Indeed, Antoine Bouterin bakes daily for his loyal clientele, affluent bourgeoisie who are unmoved by chic. Savor Grandmother Marguerite's olive-oil-steeped soupe au pistou, the hit of tomato tartness that adds zip to issaladière, and the haunting seaside perfume of the bouillabaisse. ntrées $19 to $26. (420 East 59th Street; 758-0323.)

491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish r. A business clientele and a coming-and-going -the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—th solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

bow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, is deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a riety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—w prepared by acclaimed chef Waldy Malouf—ith old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and theater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborod needed: a huge room with nudes on the pils and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The nature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. d don't leave without sampling the banana-am pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-00). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine vincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn osphere. The conventionally familiar menu indes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with it chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, sclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. 6-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's -no-prisoners march east across the country. k served in a series of connected, muted, and d-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-0). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

a Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to gar tables in the summer and offers a view of the ckefeller Center skating rink in winter. The ing team does cartwheels toting crab cakes two sauces, lobster salad with tabbouleh in y lobster oil, and swordfish steak at premium es. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). AE, DC, MC, V.*

aph by Warren Salowe.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Amy R. Churgin
Publisher

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cabana—The Pan-Caribbean menu at this East Side restaurant casts wide for its influences, which range from Cuban to Aruban. At $17.95, a shellfish stew simmered in a tomato-garlic broth is the most expensive entrée. Lunch specials, especially the sandwiches like media noche and jerked chicken, are particularly good bargains. And where else could you find as eclectic an appetizer as the bocadillos, with conch and vegetable fritters, jerked chicken wings, and beef patties sharing the same plate? *1022 Third Ave., nr. 60th St. (980-5678). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this hanc
some dining room specializes in good quality an
big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is
favorite, especially with a side order of Frenc
fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decic
edly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say,
lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watc
your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lo*
ell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC,

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bist
fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in tl
quaint, countrified space. The country-French cu
sine includes specialties like steak au poivre, boui
abaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fi
menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th*
(517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes
homemade pasta, and commemorates everybod
favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liber
crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (77*
0752). (M) AE, MC, V.

Twins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely
identical twins, this is the only restaurant in tov
where you're meant to see double. The menu fe
tures American food with a doubles theme, fro
twin lobsters every Tuesday night to doul
chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden a
space for private parties. On Monday nights, ch
dren under 10 eat free (until 9 P.M.) when acco
panied by an adult. *1712 Second Ave., at 89th*
(987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighb
hood Northern Italian, with rotating
exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table.
Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267).
AE, MC, V.

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonc
fully romantic bistro with frolicking nu
on the walls. Open and serving all
time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to L
coln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-35*
(M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled
their plates in this candlelit restaurant
the romantic atmosphere and the w
ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the p
la, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto,
the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigai
make smokers feel welcome. *519 Colun*
Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.

Empire Szechuan Gourmet—It's hard to
ceive of a variety of Asian food that
available at this Upper West Side stan
The menu ranges from Cantonese
sum to Japanese sushi, and the weel
lunch specials (half-price sushi!) mak
bargain dining. Vegetarians have a "Tas
Zen" menu all to themselves. *2574 B*
way, nr. 97th St. (663-6004). (I) AE, M

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie
retro feel—*and* a completely au co
sushi bar. During the week, the maho
French doors, an overstuffed banqu
and the oversize goldfish tanks prov
cozy refuge for the neighborhood.
food that ranges from steamed dum
to strawberry sundaes. After dinner
weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward
ty. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St.*
7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

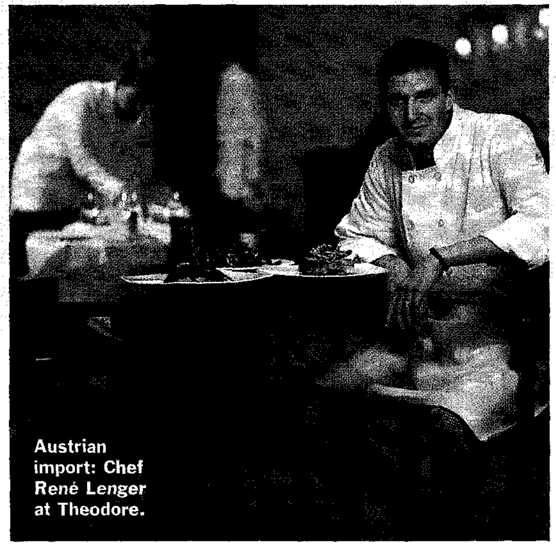
Iridium Jazz Club—The American fo
this subterranean jazz club will satisfy
and low cravings for everything fron
ster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St.*
2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the U
West Side for Northern Italian food.
sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the ri
and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, an
cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 7*
(877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought
tastic architecture of what was formerly
ium restaurant has been converted int
toned-down homage to the grape Mer

Opening
Teddy Fare

The Austrian-influenced Theodore—named for the Rough Rider president born nearby—offers eclectic American cuisine with just enough Viennese influence to make the owners of Chelsea's now-defunct Kaffeehaus wonder whether they threw in the towel a mite too early. Berry ragouts and beer sauces, a smattering of sausages, and a house salad ringed with whole pears distinguish the newcomer from its Flatiron neighbors. That, plus a crème brûlée concocted with the arcane knowledge that canned peaches were the chief executive's favorite dessert. (913 Broadway, near 20th Street; 673-6333.)



Austrian import: Chef René Lenger at Theodore.

Photograph by Robert

which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

isha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

fu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

st 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse ess stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-oot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Linoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for hose who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

sa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this legant restaurant, with garden dining in fine veather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days f winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best xpression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella narinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge ve. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an eleant and very well appointed room. Sensational ntipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

dy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant rves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, nd steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the constructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet vailable. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) E, MC, TM, V.*

r Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for ur, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own ouse credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at edford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a wait- who tells you what you want to eat. The doue-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is eat, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked sta when it's offered. Eat early during the week d call ahead on weekends. Regular private pars make getting a table frustrating, but it's always orth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. 18-875-8689). (I) ($).*

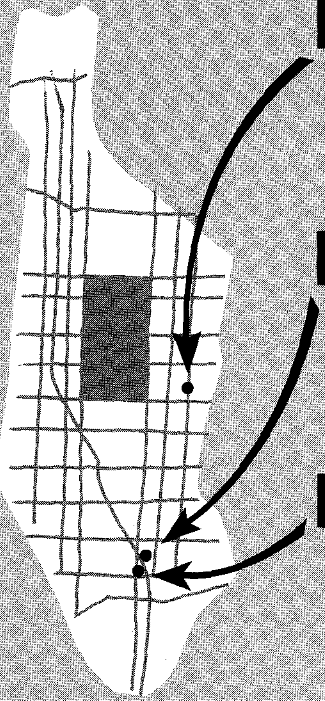
Queens

Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they eue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. n't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eball the counter as you enter. If the offerings k like today's catch, they are. The owner fetch- the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, ky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

son's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as w York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens nt draws fans from much farther than across East River. The barbecued Texas beef is subie. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-30). (I) ($).*

Westchester

emaillere—Make sure to try this charming nch restaurant even if you're not lucky enough inhabit this posh suburb. The Widow Brush use, built in 1750, has been transformed into a dern-day source of such French country fare as sted rack and leg of lamb with Provençal herbs, warm brandied banana-and-raspberry tart. *46 ford-Banksville Rd., Bedford (914-234-9647). (E) , DC, MC, V.*



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nightlife

John Kelly, Unmasked...Steve Lacy

Dalai Llama: O'Hagan (foreground) with bandmates.

Talent Do It Again

Sean O'Hagan has a beef with rock music. Not with any particular artist or even era but with the whole blues-derived enterprise. "*Pet Sounds* was the beginning of the great pop experiment," the Londoner says, referring to the Beach Boys' elaborate 1966 opus. "But it wasn't allowed to continue, because rock and roll got hold of the whole thing and stopped it. Pop didn't take off again until this decade." That is, a less modest soul might add, until O'Hagan himself—obsessed with experimental harmony—founded The High Llamas. On the band's 1994 debut, *Gideon Gaye,* O'Hagan used strings, horns, organs, vibraphones, and banjo to expand the nineties' sonic vocabulary. "Let's face it, *Gideon Gaye* was pretty derivative," he admits. "And I'm totally willing to defend it." The Llamas' second album, *Hawaii,* is more fully realized, with richer production and more diverse instrumentation, but it retains at its core a kind of Brian Wilson fanaticism. Of course, such dedication has its limits. When Wilson made *Pet Sounds,* he'd retired from live performance, choosing to focus on ever more elaborate studio wizardry. As a college-circuit performer, O'Hagan doesn't have such luxurious options, so he's forced to make compromises, such as paring down his string section for his current tour (Mercury Lounge, November 11) and leaving the horns behind. "We toss a coin in the air," he says of road-budget meetings. "Brass or strings?" O'Hagan's plans for the future are appropriately ambitious. *Cold and Bouncy,* the Llamas' forthcoming record, looks beyond the sixties-pop palette, emphasizing electronic elements and Brazilian-flavored string arrangements. It won't be out till the spring, but on tour, O'Hagan says, "we'll play about four songs from the new album, so that we can say, 'Hey! This is—' Well, whatever. I mean, because we want to, really." Ethan Smith

Concerts

Liliane Montevecchi and Jean Pierre Cassel—The high-class pair kick off the Y's Cabaret in Concert season. 11/8 at 7 P.M. and 9:30 P.M. *The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30–$35.*

Counting Crows—Friend of *Friends* and hair-accessorists alike, head Crow Adam Duritz has built a career out of politely inoffensive imitations of R.E.M. and other alterna-stars of yesteryear. The band's latest album, *Recovering the Satellites,* found the singer retreating into solipsistic tales of recording-studio blues on whiney numbers like "A Long December." 11/6 at 8:30 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

Roberta Flack—Perhaps spurred on (or emboldened) by last year's surprise success of the Fugees' worshipful remake of "Killing Me Softly," Flack is mounting what looks to be a full-scale comeback. After this benefit show for a New Jersey children's hospital, Flack's next stop is the Blue Note, where she spends a week revisiting her jazz roots. 11/3 at 8 P.M. *NJPAC, 1 Center St., Newark, N.J. (888-466-5722). $15–$49.*

Russ Freeman & the Rippingtons—The jazz-fusion pioneers. With Gato Barbieri. 11/7 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$45.*

Skitch Henderson & the New York Pops—Celebrating the founding director's 80th birthday and the orchestra's fifteenth-anniversary season at Carnegie Hall, the Pops performs *The Music of Rodgers & Hammerstein and Lerner & Loewe.* The program features special guests Jeanne Lehman and Davis Gaines. 11/7 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $17–$65.*

Joe Henderson's *Porgy & Bess*—In a tradition dating back to Ellington, tenorman Henderson recently rendered Gershwin's opera as a jazz opus, available on Verve records. The result, like Henderson's playing, is rich, full-bodied, and soulful. For this concert-hall presentation of his adaptation, the saxophonist retains one of the album's pop-world guest-stars, Chaka Khan (who takes the stage f
"Summertime") but does away with anothe
Sting. 11/10 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Linco
Center (721-6500).*

John Kelly—Imagine our delight, one drizzly Tuesd
evening back in September, when we came acr
Kelly, in full drag, giving a free performance
Paved Paradise: The Songs of Joni Mitchell in Brya
Park. His two backing musicians were dressed
Georgia O'Keeffe and a one-eared Vincent V
Gogh. In a word, perfection. Still, though, a sing
as genuinely talented as Kelly can only hide for
long behind a blonde wig, ditzy rants, and false
reworkings of "Woodstock." (To be fair, it shou
be noted that Kelly's also done cabaret shows
which he portrays Egon Schiele and other unlik
ly camp-icons.) Thus, for four Sundays in N
vember, the cheekboney crooner portrays o
himself, in his new folk-pop-cabaret revue, *S
Low Sweet Love.* Sundays, 11/9–11/30 at 7 P.
*Westbeth Theatre Center Music Hall, 151 Bank
(741-0391). $20–$25.*

New York Autumn Blues Festival—The first two nig
of this five-night celebration of Mississippi bl
(the rest of the dates are next week) leaves
Delta behind to explore the rustic hill-coun
blues of 88-year-old fife-player Othar Turner.
and his Rising Star Fife and Drum Band headl
both nights, with Jerry Ricks, Lonnie Pitchfo
and Willie Foster supporting the first night. L
nie Pitchford and "Little" Dave Thompson pi
in the second night. 11/7 and 11/8 at 8 P.M. *S
phony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (8
5400). $21.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish,
pish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free)
and folk venue. 11/4: Mary Lee's Corvette. 1
Mary Jane; Poem Rocket. 11/10: Mary Lou L
11/11: Mommy. 11/12: Altra. *95 Stanton St. (
1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with g
sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fri
given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stri
11/7: Maura O'Connell; The Burns Sis
11/8–11/9: Greg Brown; Patty Larkin. 11
The Bacon Brothers. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock
with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and
occasional big name trying to keep a low pr
Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pie
Shows nightly at 9. 11/5: Debby Schwart
Friends. 11/7: My Dad Is Dead; Moviola. 1
Full Time Men; Insomniacs; The Churchkeys.
Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, c
fortably down-home, with living-room co
behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing u
best and brightest from the midwestern
capital. 11/6: Larry Burton. 11/7–11/8:
Detroit rocker Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Wil
stopped by here last winter for one of the
raucous shows Manhattan saw all year. Out
his teenage backing vocalists in energy, char
and sheer down-and-dirty spunk, Mr. Rh
tore through his raunchy, minor yesteryea
"Bacon Fat," before seriously oversteppin
bounds of propriety with the hilariously de
"Jail Bait." Audiences can rest assured: The
something Williams's gritty, old-time rock
roll is no act, but neither is his lechery. *73*

Photograph by Steve D

ıve., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.
ıey Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival
ıall, this two-level East Village funhouse now re-
lects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with
ndie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue
vith some of the city's wackiest parties. 11/9: Eye-
HateGod. 11/11: Dismemberment Plan; Shiner.
5 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean,
:eel-corridored home to alternative rockers,
vant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding
).J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black
ght, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo.
1/7: Washington D.C.'s the Make-up give punk-
ɔck posturing a bizarre, gospelized veneer. Lead
nger and ex–Nation of Ulysses frontman Ian
venonius has charisma to spare, but he may be
etting a little long in the tooth for his primal, *en-*
nt terrible shtick. 11/8: Bernie Worrell, the goop-
y funky keyboardist who gave Parliament's now-
assic "Flashlight" its rubbery synth-bass hook,
eads up his own act, the Woo Warriors. With the
zzhole, whose puerile name shouldn't drive po-
ntial listeners away. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the
bble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rock-
s, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom
oove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fri-
ys, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over.
lternate Saturdays see the retro-music hodge-
ɔdge party "Lo-Fi," at which jump-blues, ska,
d surf-rock bands rub shoulders. *511 Greenwich*
. (219-2850). $.

g Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with
ɔody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordel-
look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but
ere's an amiable bar, 119, right around the cor-
r for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are
ekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 11/3–
/4: Stereolab play their fabulously loungey, jazz-
ed take on Steve Reich–esque drone music.
ɔld out; see album review, page 70). 11/5–11/6:
you want to be a big rock star these days, you
ı't just imitate the old guys: First of all, you've
to know how to work a sampler. The Verve
ɔw how to do that. And they know that even in
97, the Rolling Stones are where it's at. Thus, in
iting their big hit, "Bitter Sweet Symphony,"
y sampled a Stones tune. But in the interest of
ıtemporary-hipster values, the London quartet
d a schmaltzy, orchestral version of "The Last
ne." (Sold out.) 11/7: John Hiatt. 11/8: The
v Doctors. 11/10: Tonic; Jeremy Toback. 11/11:
erclear. (Sold out.) 11/12: Jars of Clay. *17 Irving*
(777-6800).

ıg Factory—The Disneyland of downtown mu-
with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-
ring bars, and some of the biggest names in
v music. 11/4: Freegrass, with Gregg Bendian,
ek Bailey, Andy Statman, Tony Triscka; Hook-
Parkins & Ranaldo. 11/6: Tones for the 21st
ıtury, featuring Graham Haynes. 11/7: Zony
h, with John Zorn. 11/9: Steve Lacy's soprano
ɔphone work has earned him spots with Cecil
lor and Mal Waldron (with the latter he's just
ased a disc of duets, *Communiqué*)—and a
Arthur grant. His playing, which ranges from
sy bluster to brainy, free blowing, has also been
of numerous collaborations with poets,
ers, dancers, and other sundry artists. In short,
Brooklyn native is a kind of Renaissance man,
one whose usual absence from the U.S. scene
been living in Europe—in Rome, then Paris,
now Berlin—for the better part of three
des) is a significant downer. Catch him in a
hometown appearance with a pair of French
borators. 11/10: Marc Ribot's Los Cubanos
ısos. 11/11: Baby Steps. *74 Leonard St., bet.*
dway and Church St. (219-3055).

The former Village Gate, re-imagined as a
-tech supermodel watering hole. 11/6: The
dy "Get a Life" features a spectacular PETA-
g twist. Pamela Lee hosts, Chrissie Hynde
ıdes the rock, D.J. Johnny Dynell fills in the
158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).

s Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper
Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie
s here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's
ıy's World Famous Blue. 11/5–11/6: Anders
Osborne. 11/7–11/8: Howard & the Whiteboys. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 11/4–11/5: Edwyn Collins. 11/6: They Might Be Giants. 11/7: Syd Straw; Peter Blegvad. 11/8: John Wesley Harding; Amy Rigby; Laura Cantrell. 11/10: The Notwist; Waking Hours. 11/11: London pop geniuses the High Llamas (see box, page 102). *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—For every musical innovator, there are dozens of cookie-cutter imitators waiting in the wings to cash in. Alanis Morissette (okay, bad choice, but you get the idea) begat Meredith Brooks, etc. In the world of adult-oriented trip-hop, the generation comprising Portishead, Massive Attack, and Everything But the Girl has now spawned the likes of Olive, who arrive for their first-ever U.S. show, 11/7. Not that there's anything wrong, bad, or incompetent about the boy-girl electro-crooning duo. It's just all so familiar and safe. Their "You're Not Alone," though, is the kind of harmlessly catchy statement that will be an inescapable soundtrack for restaurants and shoe stores well past Christmas. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 11/4: Love Spit Love. 11/6: North Carolina's Ben Folds Five plays unapologetically exuberant piano pop. Not keyboard, but *piano*. The trio lugs a Baldwin baby grand to each and every club date, the better to emulate the leader's apparent hero, Elton John. (Folds, while a master of *Yellow Brick Road*–esque, gospel-tinged ivory-thumping, doesn't go whole hog with the handstands and so forth, limiting his gymnastics to occasionally elbowing and stomping the keyboard.) A pair of ace sidemen round out the act and keep things tastefully out of Billy Joel territory. With Travis and Verbow. (Sold out.) 11/7–11/8: Tony Corbiscello Big Band Tribute to Frank Sinatra. 11/10–11/12: Joe Jackson plays selections from his new, biblical-themed disc, *Heaven and Hell. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Talent High End

If the words 'soprano saxophone' put you in mind of no greater a figure than Kenny G, hie yourself to the Knitting Factory November 9. That night, Steve Lacy, whose wonderfully unpredictable work on the instrument predated even Coltrane's, heads up a trio for his first hometown appearance in nearly two years.

ph by Frans Schellekens.

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 11/4: Pat Benatar—secret Thomas Pynchon nut? Apparently so: 1993's "comeback" record was titled *Gravity's Rainbow*, and now she's working her new album, *Innamorata*, named, apparently, after Inamorati Anonymous, the anti-love organization *Crying of Lot 49* heroine Oedipa Maas runs across in a San Francisco gay bar. Will Pynchon himself make an incognito appearance at the show? Will Lotion, the alterna-dorks to whom the reclusive author once donated liner notes, be on hand? The answer, unfortunately, is probably no and no (or maybe "No way" and "No way"). Still, you've got to admire the obstinacy with which the eighties vixen keeps dropping those unsubtle literary allusions. Wait till she discovers Don Delillo. With Patti Rothberg. 11/5: The Jesus Lizard; Verbena. 11/6: Dinosaur Jr. 11/7: Cowboy Mouth; Everything. 11/8: Desmond Dekker & the Aces; the Blue Beats; Big Rude Jake. 11/10: Smash Mouth; Buck-O-Nine. 11/11: Prong; Sister Machine Gun. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 11/6: Hobex with Gibb Droll. 11/8: Baba Olatunji & His Drums of Passion. 11/12: Guts 'n' grit bluesmen R. L. Burnside and T-Model Ford, up for a visit from the wilds of Mississippi. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail nation freak-fest. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 11/4–11/9: T.S. Monk Tentet with Vocalist Nneena Freelon and special guests. 11/10–11/11: Makoto Ozone Trio. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 11/4–11/9: Bob James Group. 11/11–11/16: Roberta Flack. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

The Home Front—Don't be fooled by its renovated-theater home: The city's newest serious jazz venue (is an opening-night show by Wynton Marsalis impressive enough?) holds just 150 people, so make sure you get there good and early. 11/7: Misako Kano Quartet. 11/8: Jean-Michel Pilc Trio. 11/9: Cecilia Smith Quartet, with Cecil Bridgewater and Greg Osby. $15 cover; no minimum. *236 W. 54th St. (800-540-0236).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 11/4–11/9: The Jazz Messengers explore the legacy of Art Blakey. Featuring Terence Blanchard, Benny Golson, Curtis Fuller, Geoff Keezer, Kenny Washington, and Lewis Nash. 11/11–11/16: Cyrus Chestnut Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

"Jazz at Noon"—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 11/7: Joey Cavaseno. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—11/4–11/6: The Stefon Harris Sextet. 11/7–11/9: The Mark Shim Quartet. 11/11–11/16: The Jonny King Quintet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Performance

Croon River

John Kelly, best known as a honey-voiced dead ringer for Joni Mitchell, loses the blonde wig and spacey affectation for four nights of natural-register folk-cabaret in "Sing Low Sweet Love." (Westbeth Theatre; November 9, 16, 23, and 30.)

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 11/5–11/8: Lee Musiker and Todd Coolman. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 11/7: Ben Allison and Medicine Wheel. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their more lucrative gigs in Broadway's orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 11/6: Myron Walden Trio. 11/7–11/8: Across 7th Street Septet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 11/4–11/9: Louis Hayes Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 11/4–11/9: Danny Barrow. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 11/4–11/9: Winard Harper Quintet, with Don Braden, Patrick Rickman, George Cables, and Buster Williams. 11/11–11/16: Eric Reed Trio, with Reginald Veal and Kenny Washington. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Every Sunday night: Larry Rivers Quartet. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night hosted by David J. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians," with shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Through 11/6: Greg Rogell, Greer Barnes, Rich Vos, Dave Attel, Greg Giraldo, Eric O'Shea, Tony Woods, DC Benny, and host Lewis Schaffer. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 11/6–11/9: John Pinette. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 11/3–11/9: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Mitch Fatel; Gregg Rogell. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived c median two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge one of the city's oldest comedy establishmen 11/3–11/9: Rick Scotti; Richie Byrne; Nan Redman. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P. 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., contin ous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and S $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 F Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial come spot in the Flatiron district. 11/7–11/8: Jim Ga gan, Sue Costello, Steve Shaffer. Sun.–Thurs. 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cove $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-dr minimum. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known drop by here unannounced to warm up for *Letterman* appearances. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 11/7–11/8: Anc Fernandez; Eddie Brill; Todd Barry; Gregg F gell. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Not many round tables (and no ciousness) in the Oak Room—just a classy formance space so intimate you can reach out touch the performers. Through 11/15: M Cleere Haran's "Pennies From Heaven: M Songs of the 1930s." Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner a Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Vil landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swing with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz B Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no m mum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose u suming façade conceals a top-notch little th within. Fridays, Rohn Seykell. $15, with a drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist/singer David Raleigh, W Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *3 brosses St. (226-4621).*

Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cove minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Rainbow and Stars—David Campbell, Australia's piest new export. Through 11/15. $40 c Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; ing for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *30 Rockefeller 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino an Swing Society revive that old Times Square No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. 8444).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed van Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi d spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter looks just like the place's namesake. Tuesday Thursdays: the Ed Swanston Trio. Every F Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Wednesday, hard swinging New Orleans inetist Rick Hardeman leads his quartet. Sat the Joe Traina Quintet, featuring Natalie E No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

C3 Lounge—Tucked behind the Washington Hotel's CIII Restaurant, the neighborhood's (perhaps only) hotel bar is so discreetly l that it doesn't actually have street access. T sulting insular vibe is definitely not the roll cell-phone-jockey scene you've come to from midtown competitors like the Paran Whiskey Bar. *103 Waverly Pl. (254-1200).*

Drinkland—The East Village lounge eschews store scruffiness in favor of a clean-lined retro ism reminiscent of Marcello Mastroianni and la Andress's great 1965 sci-fi flick *The Tenth* Look for more young professionals than the stone's-throw-from-Avenue B location wou you to expect. *339 E. 10th St. (673-5350). $.*

Photograph by Jacquel

in concert

Andras Schiff and Peter Serkin perform at the Met

Classical Music

Tuesday, November 4

terbury Choral Society—Performs Mahler's Eighth ymphony. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th t. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$70.*

Wednesday, November 5

York Philharmonic—Performs Mozart, Barber, ıd Tchaikovsky, with Barbara Hendricks, sopra- ɔ; Charles Dutoit, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, incoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

ıestra of St. Luke's—Performs Schubert, Schoen- ɜrg, and Beethoven; Roberto Abbado, conduc- ·r. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. 47-7800), at 8; $30.*

Thursday, November 6

van Dam, Bass-Baritone—Performs Maciej Pikul- i. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. 47-7800), at 7:30; $17–$65.*

ıemusic—Trio performances of Schubert, ıostakovich, and Beethoven. *Fulton Ferry Land- ;, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624- ʾ61), at 7:30; $23.*

York Philharmonic—See 10/5.

Friday, November 7

ıs Schiff and Peter Serkin, Pianos—Perform works Bach, Busoni, Reger, and Mozart. *Metropolitan ıseum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570- 49), at 8; $40.*

York Pops—Performs Rodgers and Hammer- in, Lerner and Lowe; ıtch Henderson, conduc- . *Carnegie Hall, 881 Sev- h Ave., at 57th St. (247- 00), at 8; $17–$65.*

Quartet—Performs Verdi, ·er, and Smetana. *Weill :ital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 1 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. 7-7800), at 8; $30.*

ı Sahasrabuddhe, Khayal alist—Performs a form improvised music from rth India and devotional gs. *Asia Society, 725 Park :., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), '; $20.*

—A psychedelic rock ra by Puak Mascotta and ık Wagner. *NADA's ıse of Candles, 99 Stanton '420-1466), midnight; free.*

York Philharmonic—See 5.

Saturday, November 8

ɜri String Quartet—Per- ıs Beethoven. *Metropoli- Museum of Art, 1000 : Ave., at 82nd St. (570- 9), at 8; $40.*

tra Symphonique de Mon- —Performs Martin, :ofiev, and Ravel, with Martha Argerich, piano. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Colorado Chamber Music—Performs Haydn's chamber music. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7500), at 3:30 ; $15.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Haydn; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 11/5.

Sunday, November 9

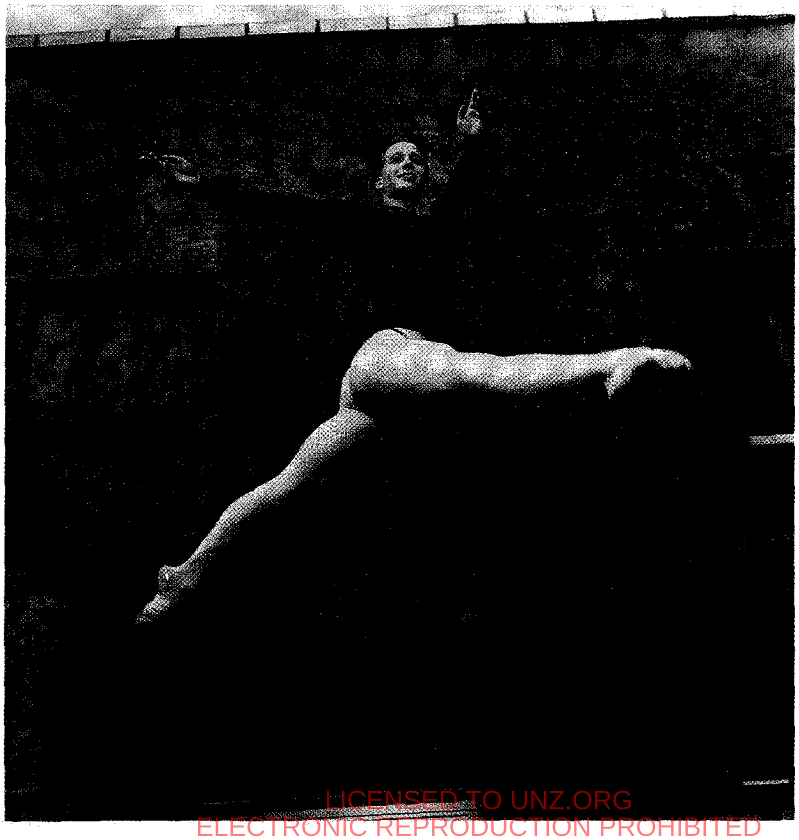
An die Musik—Performs Adolphe's *Little Red Riding Hood*; Dr. Ruth, narrator. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 4; $9.*

Hilary Hahn, Violin—Performs Beethoven, Bach, and Prokofiev. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7500), at 5; $22.*

Previews

Splitsville

After defecting from the City Ballet last year, Ethan Stiefel, known for his vigilant technique and 180-degree jetés, dances his first full season with the American Ballet Theater. He'll perform Clark Tippet's ten-year-old work "Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1" at City Center on November 6.



Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Schubert, Schumann, and Shostakovich. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 4; $23.*

MET Orchestra—Performs Rossini, Haydn, Pergolesi, and Mendelssohn, with Cecilia Bartoli, mezzo-soprano; James Levine, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $30–$150.*

Orlando Consort—This English male vocal quartet performs early music. *Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. and Broadway (666-9266), at 4; $20.*

Monday, November 10

Moscow Virtuosi—Performs Chausson and Shostakovich; Vladimir Spivakov, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$50.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 11/4 at 8 and 11/10 at 12:30; *Don Giovanni*, 11/5 and 11/8 at 8; Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, 11/7 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Handel's *Xerxes*, 11/5 at 7:30 and 11/8 at 1:30; Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, 11/6 at 7:30 and 11/9 at 1:30; Verdi's *Macbeth*, 11/7 at 8; Tan Dun's *Marco Polo*, 11/8 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house in the world performs Verdi's *Aïda*; Anthony Amato, conductor. 11/7 at 7:30 and 11/8 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

American Ballet Theater—Performs 11/4–11/8 at 8, 11/8 and 11/9 at 2. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $30–$55.*

Siobhan Davies—Performs *Bank* and *The Art of Touch*, 11/4–11/8 at 8, 11/8 and 11/9 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form, interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

the mix

Marianne Moore...*The Magician's Assistant*

John Leonard's TV Notes

Henry V at Shakespeare's Globe—(11/5; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is mostly yak, in and around the reopening after 400 years of the open-air theater for which Sweet William wrote. In the old days, *Great Performances* would have given us rather more of the play than "most" of Act IV, so that we could check out for ourselves Mark Rylance as the young king who led England to victory over France at Agincourt, and Richard Olivier as a director. But maybe there wasn't time, since they had to include a commercial for a bank.

Deep Secrets—(11/6; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) squanders the considerable talents of Colin Salmon, as a black detective who goes undercover into an identity crisis, and Amanda Donohoe, as a demimondaine whose sexual charms exacerbate that crisis—not to mention the delicious Sophie Okonedo and the sinister Guy-Pierre Mineur—in a slow and lame *Mystery!* variation on the tired theme of beware-who-you-pretend-to-be.

The Journey of Allen Strange—(11/8; 9:30 to 10 P.M.; Nickelodeon) launches a new series for the Little People in which a young alien is separated from his family and his saucer during refueling, turns into a 14-year-old jive-talking African-American, is befriended by a brother and sister who miss their own mother, and must negotiate his way by magic tricks among surprising emotions and relentless pursuers. So far, nicely done.

Angels in the End Zone—(11/9; 7 to 9 P.M.; ABC) brings back—at whose request, I wonder?—those celestial troublemakers who messed with baseball in Pittsburgh to mess with football in a high school in *The Wonderful World of Disney*. There are Christopher Lloyd, Paul Dooley, a dead father, his fleet-footed but sad-hearted teenage son, a losing team, and absolutely no feeling at all for the game itself.

Bramwell, Series III—(11/9, 11/16 12/21, and 12/28; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) picks up the *Masterpiece Theatre* feminist doctor (Jemma Redgrave) in 1896, after she's been fired from a teaching hospital for being uppity and beautiful, just as she opens a charity clinic in the London slums, before she meets a medicine man (Andrew Connolly) who is almost worthy of her, but not until . . . You know. And you'll also enjoy.

Billy Joel: VH1 "Storytellers"—(11/9; 10 to 11 P.M.; VH1), kicking off a weekend devoted to the Piano Man, is, I am happy to report, more music than malarkey, with some nice humor and a wonderful rendition of "Scenes From an Italian Restaurant." I liked this a lot. I also cried at *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

Convictions—(11/10; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) asks Blair Brown to forgive Cameron Bancroft for having murdered her son, after she's spent years telling parole boards not to, and in spite of her vindictive, cigarette-smoking mother, Shirley Knight, because all of us have to get on with our lives. Those of us who like Bancroft and love Brown would be better off missing this as an act of affection, if not philanthropy.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at noon. 11/4: Jim Carlton exposes *Apple: The Inside Story of Intrigue, Egomania, and Business Blunders.* 11/5: Paul Levinson discusses the information age and *The Soft Edge;* Eva Hoffman talks about *Shtetl;* Robert Augustyn and Paul Cohen share *Manhattan in Maps 1556–1990.* 11/6: John Hess sums up what's wrong with the world at large; Jane Urquhart expands on *The Underpainter;* Karl Malden visits with his autobiography, *When Do I Start?* 11/7: Peter Mathiessen tells of *Lost Man's River;* Anne Rice talks about her *Violin.* 11/10: Louis Rukeyser reviews his own *Book of Lists.* 11/11: Seymour Hersh sheds light on *The Dark Side of Camelot;* Kevork Ajemian discusses his book *Time for Terror;* Actress Sondra Locke on *The Go the Bad, and the Very Ugly.* 11/12: Carlos Fuer talks about his novels *The Crystal Frontier* and *Old Gringo;* Word man Dr. Alan Cooper gives the prognosis on the English language. 11/13: *tional Review* editor Richard Brookhiser cast conservative eye; Allan Gurganus on his nc *Plays Well With Others;* Robert Drew and Alt Maysles discuss the Film Forum's "60s Verité" ries; Frances O'Connor, Matt Day, and direc Bill Bennett discuss their Australian *noir* film *or Kill.* 11/14: "Gurus of How-To" Al and La Ubell talk shop; Ernest Sternglass talks about *fore the Big Bang: The Origins of the Univ* Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

Casper Citron—11/8 at 10 P.M.: Dr. Susan E. Krc discusses Memorial Sloan-Kettering's latest research and findings; the *Village Voice*'s Jenn Gonnerman talks about "Gangs Behind Bars" their influences on other prisoners; Blake Mc son, author of *As If: A Crime, a Trial, a Questic Childhood*, speaks about the killing of a toddle 10-year-old boys. WOR, 710 AM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—11/9 at 8 P.M.: D Lessing discusses *Walking in the Shade.* WN 105.9 FM.

On View
Rock Show

Elizabeth Taylor's Krupp diamond (a gift from Richard Burton, never before lent to an exhibition) sparkles alongside Peter the Great's crown in "The Nature of Diamonds," on display through April 26 at the American Museum of Natural History. (Call 769-5100.)

The Written Word

The Poetry of Wallace Stevens—11/3 at 8 P.M tribute, writers Harold Bloom, John Holla Ann Lauterbach, J. D. McClatchy, Joan Rich son, and Mark Strand read from Stevens's w 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100);

***Best American Poetry* Reading**—11/3 at 7 P.M. ets contributing to this year's anthology like Collins, Charlie Smith, Don Hymans, and D Halpern reading from their selections. Bo Books, 461 Park Avenue, at St. (980-6785).

Lynn Freed—11/3 at 6:30 Reading from recent works Salon at Benetton's è Caffè Fifth Avenue, at 48th St. 0290).

H. Paul Jeffers—11/4 at 7 The author of *High Spirit The Good Cigar* offe glimpse of vices both t and legal. Borders Books Park Avenue, at 57th St. 6785).

Galway Kinnell—11/6 at 7 P.M Pulitzer Prize–winning American poet will read fr 1994 collection *Imperfect Th* well as from selected wo progress. NYU's Glucksma land House, 1 Washington (998-3950); $5.

Peter Kramer—11/6 at 7:3 The author of *Listening To* discusses and signs *Shou Leave?,* his new book abou we perceive ourselves in mate relationships. B Books, 461 Park Avenue, a St. (980-6785).

Photograph by Denis

rton Foote—11/9 at 2 P.M.: Meet the playwright
or a discussion of his play *A Trip to Bountiful.* To
e accompanied by a screening of the video. Bor-
lers Books, 461 Park Avenue, at 57th St. (980-
785).

heus & Eurydice—11/9 at 3 P.M.: Join Star Black,
eter Kane Dufault, Nancy Willard, Roseanne
Vasserman, and others for this first of two read-
ngs of poetry relating to the theme of *Orpheus
nd Eurydice.* Art Resources Transfer, Inc., 504 W.
2nd St., second floor (691-5956).

men in Rock—11/10 at 7 P.M.: Contributors to
olling Stone magazine read and discuss the
Vomen in Rock issue. Borders Books, 461 Park
venue, at 57th St. (980-6785).

e Graham & Carol Muske—11/10 at 7:30 P.M.: A
nared reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

rature and the Memoir—11/10 at 8 P.M.: The sec-
nd program in the series presents writers J. M.
oetzee (reading from *Boyhood,* a memoir of his
arly years in South Africa) and Amos Oz (dis-
ussing his forthcoming autobiographical novel,
anther in the Basement). 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexing-
on Ave. (996-1100); $12.

ith Rossner—11/11 at 6:30 P.M.: A reading from
er recent works. The Salon at Benetton's è Caf-
, 597 Fifth Avenue, at 48th St. (593-0290).

i Sheraton—11/12 at 7 P.M.: Meet the food critic
d author of *The Whole World Loves Chicken Soup*
r a discussion and tasting in connection with her
assic *The German Cookbook.* Barnes & Noble,
72 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

Lectures and Panels

y Kelton—11/6 at 7:30: A discussion with the
thor of *Writing From Personal Experience.* Barnes
Noble Park Slope, 267 Seventh Ave., bet. 5th
d 6th Sts. (718-832-9066); free.

State of Gay Men at the Turn of the Century—11/3
7 P.M.: Michael Lowenthal leads a panel based
his new anthology *Gay Man at the Millennium:
x, Spirit, Community,* with contributors Bruce
wer, Fenton Johnson, Daniel Mendelsohn,
ark Matousek, James Early Hardy, Jesse Green,
d Tony Kushner. A Different Light, 151 W.
th St. (989-4850).

aret Morton—11/4 at 6:30 P.M.: The photogra-
er presents slides of her eight-year documen-
ion of "Fragile Dwelling," the community
t homeless people create for themselves. Great
ll, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St (353-4100); $5.

ining Sane in a Technological Society—11/4 at
0 P.M.: Join Neil Postman as he lights into the
lget fetishism of the age. The author of *Tech-
oly, Amusing Ourselves to Death,* and *Conscien-
s Objections* will deliver the first lecture of the
-part series "Technology: Blessing or Curse?"
l to register. The Jewish Theological Seminary,
0 Broadway, at 122nd St. (678-8996); $15.

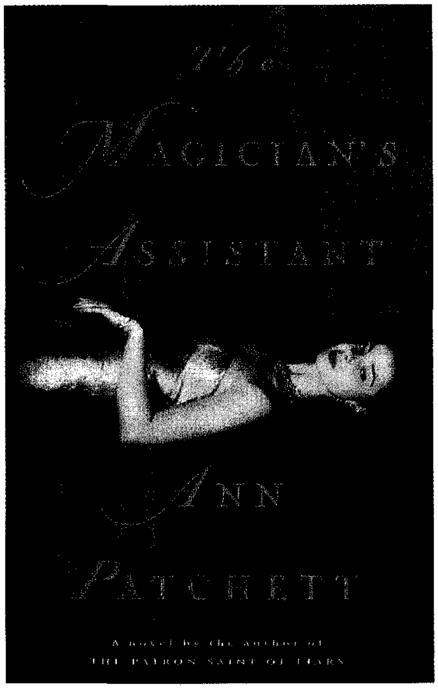
ich Heine: Poet, Critic, Exile—11/5 at 5:30 P.M.:
alk by Columbia University's Willi Goetschel
ommemorate the 200th birthday of the poet.
talk is in conjunction with an exhibit that
run through 12/30. Call for reservations.
Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. (744-6400).

t Greek Tragic Drama—11/5 at 6:15 P.M.: With
eal for general audiences and scholars alike,
rles Rowan Beye further explores the devel-
nent of Greek tragedy in form, content, and
pose in the second of three lectures focusing
he works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Eurip-
. Call for tickets. The Pierpont Morgan Li-
y, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008, ext. 347); $30 for
e lectures.

y of Cooking—11/5 at 7 P.M.: A panel on the
ution of cooking in America with Ethan
ker, grandson of *Joy* author Irma Rombauer;
& Wine's Dana Cowin; and *Vogue*'s Jeffrey
ngarten. A tasting to follow. Barnes & Noble,
2 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859).

icism and Feminism—11/6 at 4 P.M.: A discus-
on how American Catholics adapt to soci-
changing expectations and how Catholic
nists reconcile what some believe to be ir-
ncilable. Guests include Barnard professors Mary Gordon, Celia Deutsch, Kathryn Johnson, and Union Seminary's Mary C. Boys. Sulzberger Parlor, third floor, Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. (854-2037).

Edward Sorel—11/6 at 6:30 P.M.: "America's foremost political satirist" gives a slide lecture of his funniest and most deliciously wicked caricatures and signs copies of *Unauthorized Portraits.* Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St (353-4100); $5.



Light and Human Health—11/10 at 6 P.M.: Dr. George C. Brainard, neurology professor at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, lectures on the effects of architectural lighting on human health and performance. Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St (353-4100); $5.

Pulling the Plug: Bioethical Dilemmas Around Dying—11/11 at 8:30 P.M.: Dr. Nancy Neveloff Dubler, author of *Ethics on Call,* and Rabbi Harlan Wechsler, author of *What's So Bad About Guilt,* share the podium at the second lecture of the six-part series "Technology: Blessing or Curse?". Call to register. The Jewish Theological Seminary, 3080 Broadway, at 122nd St. (678-8996); $15.

Southern Exposure With Alfred Uhry & Eli Evans—11/12 at 7 P.M.: A literary forum with the award-winning playwright and the celebrated author to reflect on the Jewish experience in the South, sponsored by *The Jewish Week.* Call for reservations. Park East Synagogue, 164 E. 68th St. (843-9239); free.

Tours

Greenpoint Design-to-Production—11/7 from noon to 5 P.M.: *Municipal Art Society*'s Dennis Niswander offers an opportunity for designers and merchandisers to visit metal spinners, woodworkers, and a frame gilder, all housed within the Greenpoint Manufacturing and Design Center. Bus and walking tour. Call for information. (935-3960); $30.

Historic *Ladies' Mile*—11/8 & 11/9 at 12:30 P.M.: Stroll through Greenwich Village and the Flatiron district and discover nineteenth-century New York's exclusive fashion center. Stops include the original Macy's, the first Lord & Taylor and B. Altman stores, Seigal-Cooper of Sixth Avenue, and more. Call for reservations and meeting place. (465-3331); $10.

Immigrant New York—11/8 at 1 P.M.: A multi-ethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what were once Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa. Meet on the front steps of City Hall. (439-1090); $9.

Fifth Avenue Gold Coast—11/8 at 1 P.M.: The great mansions of New York's Gold Coast east of Central Park and what has become of them. Meet at the Frick Collection, E. 70th St. at Fifth Avenue. (242-5762); $12.

New York in War & Peace—11/11 at 1 P.M.: A special Veterans' Day walk through lower Manhattan to visit some of the city's notable battlefields, war monuments, and sites of antiwar protests, as well as the haunts of generals, Confederate spies, peacemakers, and military inventors. Meet on the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $9.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

Mechanical Marvels: Invention in the Age of Leonardo—Through 3/1/98: This exhibit brings the "Renaissance of the Machine" that swept Europe in the fifteenth century back to life with large-scale silk-screen reproductions of original drawings, 50 remarkable working models, and a number of multimedia/virtual-reality stations. The show concentrates on the inventions of Filippo Brunelleschi, Taccola, Francesco di Giorgio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On view at the Liberty Street gallery at the World Financial Center. Tues.–Fri. 11 A.M.–6 P.M., Sat. and Sun. noon–5 P.M. (945-0505); $6.

Happening **In her third novel, Ann Patchett displays the same sensate intelligence, generosity of spirit, and gift for imaginative sympathy that so distinguished her first two (the second published when she was only 31). She reads from *The Magician's Assistant* at Barnes & Noble Chelsea on November 11 at 7:30 P.M.**

Ambush in the Streets—Through 12/6: A collection of Jules Backus's photographs concentrating on *pochoirs.* Paris's constantly changing works of stencil and site-specific wall art range from whimsically indulgent to wickedly political. It is on view at Cooper Union's Herb Lubalin Study Center for Design and Typography, in the Historic Foundation Building, 7th St. and Third Ave. (353-4214).

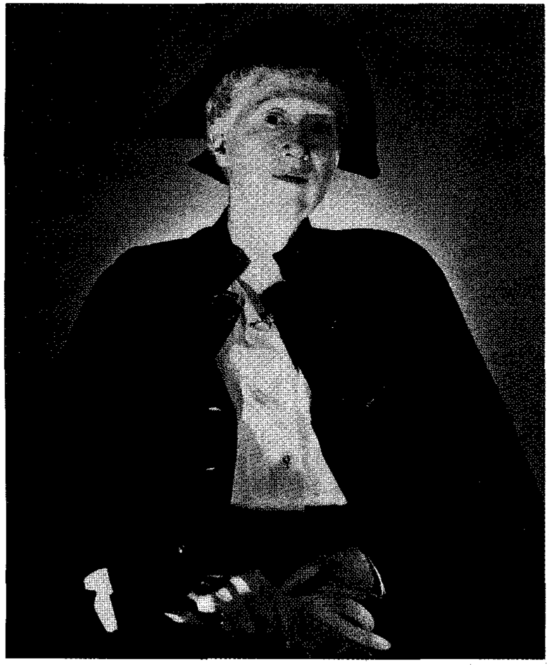
A Community Oasis—Through 11/16: "Sixty Years in the Conservatory Garden." Through photographs and Garden memorabilia, this exhibition celebrates the beauty of this botanical treasure and its importance to the surrounding communities. It is on view at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, in Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

Events

Actorfest '97—11/8 from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.: A day of exhibits, panels, and seminars for talented actors who hope to better their chances at making it in New York's ever-thriving, dog-eat-dog showbiz industry. Marriot Marquis Hotel, fifth floor. Call 536-1465 for information; $10–$35.

Celebration of Health and Fitness—11/9 from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.: The Vanderbilt YMCA and Beth Israel Medical Center offer a day of free health screenings, lectures, and demonstrations. Introductions to Tai Chi, Yoga, and low-impact aerobics as well as cancer prevention and nutritional counseling. Wear comfortable shoes. Vanderbilt YMCA, 224 E. 47th St. (756-9600); free.

St. John the Divine Choir Festival—11/15 at 4 P.M.: More than 30 choirs from throughout the Episcopal Diocese of New York join to perform at the



In Print

Correspondence Course

The celebrated marginality of the writer notwithstanding, the public has long adored a number of great novelists (Dickens, Maugham), and even poets have made conspicuous forays onto the popular stage: Robert Frost at Kennedy's inaugural, Maya Angelou at Clinton's, and Carl Sandburg on *Ed Sullivan.* Marianne Moore, who died in 1972 at 85, was about as richly appreciated as any poet this century. She was invited to throw out the first pitch at a Yankee game, and she sometimes received 50 or 60 fan letters on a single day. She sometimes *sent* as many as 50 personal notes a day, too, as we learn in *The Selected Letters of Marianne Moore.* "One of the books which obviously must in the fullness of time be published . . . will be the *Letters* of Marianne Moore," T. S. Eliot wrote to her in 1959. Unfortunately but inevitably, literary correspondence, like literary criticism, tends to dazzle people who not only read but write; they worship a particular writer, want to *be* that writer, and devour everything by and about the writer. While a handful of authors produce letters that succeed quite independently of their work—Raymond Chandler, for example, or Flannery O'Connor—Moore's, I suspect, are strictly for devotees of literature in general and Marianne in particular. Her interests were surpassingly wide, but her most memorable writing was reserved for her work. Still, what an advertisement for the literary life these letters are. Moore's luck, one decides, was less that she became a cherished writer than that she was born a natural one. What the rest of us find in her stanzas is what poets find every day: an unfailingly interesting world, an idyllically imperfect one. (Knopf, $35.)

LINDA HALL

Diocesan Choir Festival. The 460 choral singers will be conducted by Richard Westenburg, one of the country's most honored choral directors. 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540); free.

Benefits

Honor Thy Papa—11/6 at 5:30 P.M.: The Small Press Center's Annual Benefit Reception celebrates Ernest Hemingway and the seventy-fifth anniversary of the publication of his first book. Biographer and friend A. E. Hotchner shares anecdotes of the literary master and Eli Wallach reads selections from *The Old Man and the Sea.* A pre-reception showing of *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* the 1943 movie starring Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper, will begin at 3 P.M. Call for reservations. Small Press Center, General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St. (764-7021); $65 (two for $110).

AIDS Dance-A-Thon—11/8 from 7 P.M. to midnight: Rosie Perez hosts the five-hour dance extravaganza to fight AIDS, with performances by Salt-n-Pepa, Grace Jones, Changing Faces, and others. Proceeds to benefit Gay Men's Health Crisis. Call to register. New York Passenger Ship Terminal, W. 49th St and the West Side Highway (807-9255); $100.

Sports

Football—GIANTS: Before you start talking playoffs (and you know you want to), have a peek at the rest of the Giants schedule. The next two games, Tennessee and Arizona, are very winnable, but the home stretch is a brutal gauntlet—Washington twice, Philadelphia and Dallas on the road, and Tampa Bay. It's not hard to imagine the 6-3 Giants finishing the year 8-8. 11/9: at Tennessee at 4 P.M. (FOX). **JETS:** Did you know that the first definition the dictionary gives for *tuna* is "any of various flat-jointed prickly pears"? I don't know how arthritic Bill Parcells is but Webster certainly got the shape and attitude down. Why *is* the coach so surly? Whether the Jets win or lose, Parcells always looks like someone dumped some yellow stuff on him that wasn't Gatorade. Maybe sunny Florida will sooth the savage tuna. 11/9: at Miami at 1 P.M. (NBC).

Hockey—RANGERS: Wayne Gretzky now has more assists than any other player in history has points. Funny, then, that he would blow a crucial assist to his own wife when she got clocked with a slab of Plexiglass dislodged by an Ulf Samuelsson check. The Great One chose to play out the final six minutes of the game rather than accompany Janet to the hospital. Actually, the shocking thing isn't that he didn't attend to his wife but that he didn't get out of another pathetic Rangers game when given such a good excuse. 11/3: vs. Edmonton at 7:30 P.M. (MSG); 11/5: at Colorado at 9 P.M. (MSG); 11/7: at Dallas at 8:30 P.M. (MSG2). **ISLANDERS:** The Isles are suffering a scoring disorder, a teamwide tic in which nobody can net the puck. Coach Bowness thought he knew the problem: "There was no urgency . . . There's got to be more urgency . . . maybe with more urgency the puck is going in." Bowness later stopped beating around the bush and said the problem was a lack of urgency. 11/5: vs. Edmonton at 7:30 P.M. (SC3); 11/7: at Carolina at 7:30 P.M. (SC2); 11/8: vs. Chicago at 7 P.M. (SC2). **DEVILS:** The Bill Guerin wait continues. With the December 1 deadline for roster changes steadily approaching, the Devils are still no closer to signing their right wing. The interesting wrinkle is that Devils GM Lou Lamoriello is in charge of putting together Team USA for the Olympics and has to make an announcement soon. Guerin, who should be a shoe-in, could be left off out of spite. 11/4: vs. Los Angeles at 7:35 P.M. (SC); 11/5: at Florida at 7:35 P.M. (SC); 11/8: vs. Boston at 7:35 P.M. (SC).

Basketball—KNICKS: This is apt to be J
Van Gundy's most challenging year a
coach. Gone are the young 'uns who
spect their elders. What's left is a gro
of Van Gundy–aged veterans who e
pect their peer to give them qual
minutes. Chris Mills will inevitably
into Larry Johnson's playing time, whi
Johnson may or may not accept. A
there's no way of telling how Jo
Starks will react to a reduction in
Van Gundy needs to assert himself as
alpha male at the first sign of yapping
it's going to be a long season. 11/4:
Boston at 7:30 P.M. (MSG); 11/6:
Phoenix at 9 P.M. (MSG); 11/7: at L
ers at 10:30 P.M. (TNT); 11/9: at Sac
mento at 9 P.M. (MSG). **NETS:** The list
injuries the Nets are suffering at
start of the season reads like Evel Kne
el's hospital chart. Groin strain, b
spasms, torn leg muscle, torn leg tend
ankle sprain, sore toe, sore wrist, brol
finger. Eight players, including Keith
Horn (the tendon), make up this list,
coach John Calipari is reportedly suit
up Continental Arena vendors to fill
his depleted roster. 11/5: vs. Gol
State at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 11/7: vs. Mi
at 7:30 P.M. (SC); 11/8: at Chicag
8:30 P.M. (SC).

The Wedge (Cube Ride)—11/6; 7 P.M
critical-mass ride from the people
brought you the Halloween R
(Times Up). Bicyclists and skaters
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Meet at the Cube.

Online

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are cropping up on every corner,
probably regret the hours spent in
of your mirror perfecting the Cab
Patch instead of the fox-trot. While naviga
through DanceTV can be a little too much
weaving through couples on a crowded d
floor, this online tutorial lays out all the steps
need to inspire descriptions like suave
debonair. And those retro feet diagrams ar
darn cute. If you have half the luck of Thom
Amy of the Ballroom Dance Group, you
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ual address) and it spits back detailed direc
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vince you not to leave home without consu
it. Did I mention lots of maps? *www.mapques*

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ately tells you your blood-alcohol level an
long you'll need to sober up. I doubt wheth
inebriated and the Internet actually meet t
ten, but, hey, you can always refer back to t
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confession to your cab driver the night
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kids

Zeus . . . Cowgirls . . . The Moon

Children's Events

us Anniversary—"Big Apple Circus 20 Years" is re for its hometown stint at **LINCOLN CENTER** rough 1/11/98 (see photo), and with it, Grand-a, the beloved cross-dressing clown. Tickets are 0–$55 (307-4100).

ey on Ice—*Hercules* once again battles the Cy-ps, the Centaur, and a bunch of other big-ne bad guys when the animated movie moves to ice skates. The songs and actors' voices are en straight from the movie; the staging is an ventive reinterpretation with elaborate cos-ning and sets. **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** from /6 to 11/9 (465-MSGI); **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ENA** in East Rutherford, New Jersey, 11/18 to /23 (516-794-9300); and **NASSAU COLISEUM** in iondale, New York, 11/25 to 11/30 (210-5-3900).

d Additions—"Brass," the first in the KidsClassics ies of concerts, introduces the trumpet, tuba, nch horn, and trombone. Recommended for s 5 to 11. 11/9 at 2. (Subsequent concerts, all at re "Woodwinds," 11/30; "Strings," 1/4; "Voic-' 1/25; and "Tuttie," 2/8.) **COLDEN CENTER FOR PERFORMING ARTS,** Queens College campus, ween Exits 23 and 24 off the eastbound service d of the L.I.E. in Flushing. $6 per concert; $25 the five-concert series.●

Inventors—Children who dream of creating a chine to spy on their little sisters can enlarge ir aspirations at "Mechanical Marvel: Inven-in the Age of Leonardo." Fifty working mod-are on display—including a flying machine h a 35-foot wingspan—all made of materials would have been available in the Renais-ce. Computer imagery allows visitors to see nations of the machines in action. Through rch 1. Liberty Street Gallery, **WORLD FINANCIAL TER.** General admission $6; students, seniors children under 6 free.

Movement—"Dances by Very Young Choreographers" showcases the work of children ages 6 to 18 based on "paintings, dreams, pieces of music, and random thoughts." 11/8, 11/9, 11/15, and 11/16 at 3 at **DANCE THEATER WORKSHOP'**s Bessie Schonberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (691-6500). $12 for adults, $8 for children under 12.

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Academic Challenges—**THE CHURCHILL CENTER'**s Parent Program offers guidance for parents of children with learning and/or attention problems. The series allows time for parents to network with one another, listen to lectures, and ask questions. The cost is $30 regardless of how many evenings are attended. Among the topics are "Maneuvering the Social Maze," 11/5 from 7:30 to 9:30; "Maintaining Motivation in the LD/ADHD Child," 12/10 from 8 to 9:30; "Standard and New Medications Used to treat ADHD in Children and Adolescents," 1/15 from 8 to 9:30. Lectures are held at the Dalton School, 108 E. 89th St. Registration required (722-0610).

Singing Puppets—A musical *Puff the Magic Dragon* is presented on the small **PAPAGENO PUPPET THEATER** stage for children up to about 7. *Hansel and Gretel,* a 45-minute version of Humperdink's opera, is performed by rod and hand puppets with accompaniment by lyric soprano Susan Delery Whedon—who also plays all the parts and makes the puppets. Weekends through December 31, with additional performances during Christmas week. *Puff the Magic Dragon* is at noon, *Hansel and Gretel* at 1:30. 462 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (874-3297); $5.

Cultural Crossover—Some of the free classes for high-school students at the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART** are strictly about drawing; others, like "Degas and the Senses"—which ends up in the studios of Carnegie Hall—are about putting the art in a broader context. 11/15 from 10 to 4. Uris Center for Education, ground floor, Fifth Ave. entrance near 81st St. Registration is required (650-2832).●

Cultural Benefits—Thousands of $5 **HIGH FIVE TICKETS TO THE ARTS** for events and exhibits around the city are available to teenagers through the end of January. To order a High Five catalogue, call 445-8587; to access information on the World Wide Web: www.high5tix.com.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Freebie on Broadway—Theatergoers who buy one full-price ticket get an additional ticket at no charge for a child under 18 on four consecutive Tuesdays—1/20, 1/27, 2/3, and 2/10/98—as part of "Kids Night on Broadway." Curtains go up an hour early, at 7, on those nights. Through 11/19. Telecharge, 239-6200; Ticketmaster, 307-4100; information, 563-2929.

Rafferty Rescues the Moon—A musical puppet show about a young Irish boy who sets out to rescue the moon when it lies at the bottom of the Slaney River—swallowed by a giant fish. Weekends at 1 and 3, through 1/4/98. **THE IRISH REPERTORY THEATRE,** 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737); $20.

Little Opera That Could—*How Trick or Treating Came to Be* is an original story about how good and bad can coexist. The low-budget operetta is put on by the Parents Association of **P.S. 145,** with a cross section of the school community performing. 11/6 at 4:30 and 6:30. 150 W. 105th St. (678-2857); $2.●

Big Is Beautiful—On view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** the ultimate subject matter for an IMAX movie: *Whales.* That's whales singing, whales loving (never in an X-rated way), whales eating, whales shepherding their young for thousands of miles, and whales inexplicably resting with their tails on high—for fun, maybe. Commune with your fellow brainy mammals. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5200). Admission is $12 for adults and $8.50 for kids, which includes museum entry.

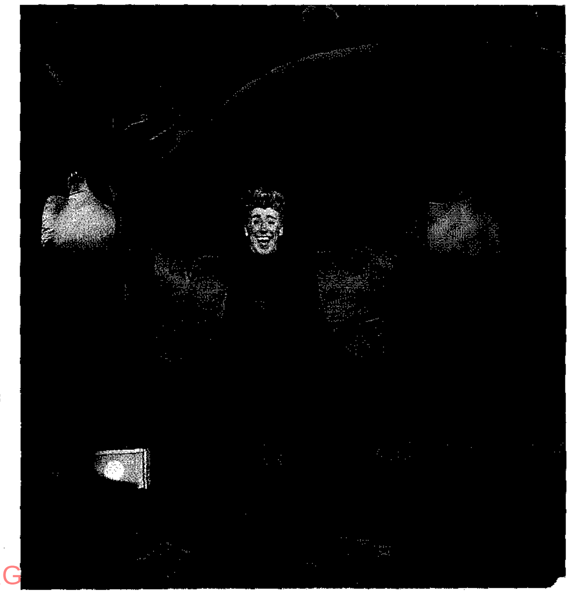
Dark Cowboys and Prairie Queens—The Carpet Bag Theatre presents a musical production that revives lively yet often-forgotten stories of seven black pioneer women—known variously for their gun-totin,' opera-singing, and cigar-chompin' ways, their talent for sculpture, and their run-ins with the laws of the day. 11/7 through 11/16. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10 to $20.

Performance

The Greatest of Ease

Picasso once observed that it took only a decade or two to learn to draw like a master—whereas to unlearn all that and create like a child again required a lifetime of hard work. The fresh exuberance of Big Apple Circus's twentieth-anniversary show—currently pitched at Lincoln Center—is just as painstakingly effortless. The seeming ease of the performers offers the illusion that we could all run away and find a place under this big top, happily swinging from the trapeze or offering red carnations to people in the front row. White horses canter freely, in a haze of dry ice, as though haphazardly emptied into the ring—trainer Katja Schumann (who comes from Danish circus royalty) has enough control of these creatures to celebrate their wildness, letting them rear and roll in the spotlight. With his upwardly sprayed pompadour, Bello Nock—a clown new this year—seems as absurd as any of us as he jumps too close to the springs of a trampoline and gets thoroughly tangled up. But later, look, he's casually balanced on one arm in his inflated suit. When Nock tosses out red bowler hats that boomerang impeccably back to him, a stranger leans over and asks, "How does he do that?" Check the program: The guy is from seven generations of Swiss circus performers. This casual brilliance takes time to get right.

Barbara Ensor



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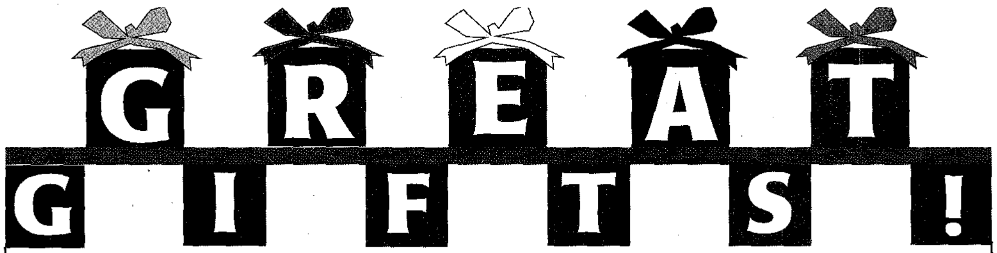

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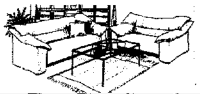

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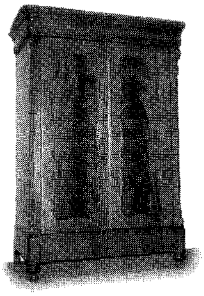

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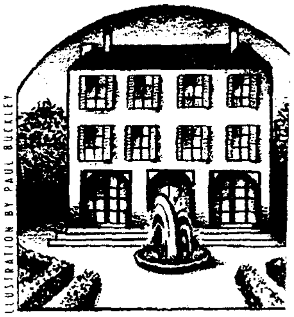
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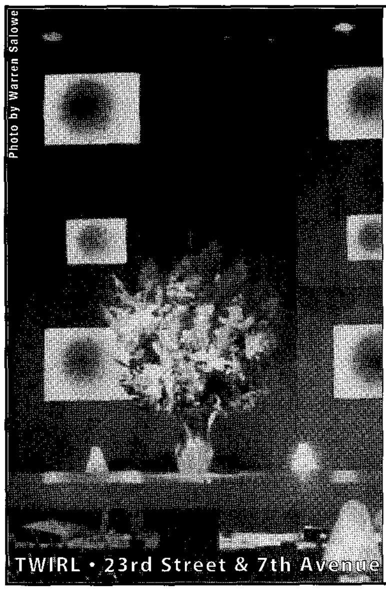

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rictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for YM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders cepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 2-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York agazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a YM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Time Goes By—This tall, dark, successful and truly handsome male 40, Jewish (nonreligious), recently rced with no children, is looking to ndle inner fire. You'll find me to be passionate, witty, intelligent, atten- , sincere, family-oriented, and, with right person, extremely affectionate... ed off with a great sense of humor. d of quantity. Seeking quality and nistry. Very athletic, with a variety nterests and hobbies...I enjoy travel, dining and mutual spoiling. You: 30s, sexy, slim, sensuous head-turner, great legs and smile, who's unpre- ous, uninhibited, with a passion for life and laughter. Be honest - ally looks do count. Send photo/ will exchange. 9216 ✉

king For A Cutie?—Then answer ad and you will find a blond, blue- , very pretty and petite, Jewish 28- old. You must be an intelligent, suc- ul and ambitious Jewish man (28-36), is also kind and a bit old-fashioned. photo/phone, please. 9243 ✉

m, Attractive, Bright—Slender h widow with traditional values, interests, spirited, seeks man in his (widower?) with like characteristics, I enjoy making a commitment to a special woman. 9236 ✉ ☎

some Millionaire Seeks Soul Mate— ng for someone special to share a sy life filled with laughter, love, ture and happiness. I'm 37, smart ard), creative, successful, lucky, down-to-earth, interesting and fun. blue eyes, big smile, athletic build, shape. Stubbornly holding out ique, smart, pretty, accomplished, ent, sexy woman (25-35) who will ut the best in me. 9242 ✉

Italian Professional—Never- d female, 36, seeks warm, kind, nal man, 33-45, with strong family ligious values. 9217 ✉

Nice Guy—With great sense of humor. A dynamic, caring, leading surgeon, with much warmth, pizzazz, good looks - a renaissance man - 5'10", fun, 43, very fit, seeks compassionate, sexy lady with solid values, under 37, for best friend, lover, for life. Phone/photo a must. 9274 ✉ ☎

Brooklyn Born - Manhattan Bred—Divorced, white, romantic male, 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, good-looking and 35. Enjoys scuba, skiing, long drives in the country, and cafes more than clubs. You are fit, 21-35, considered pretty, any race, and looking for a fun, adventurous, healthy relationship. Note/photo. 9266 ✉

Mr. Right Available—Handsome and very successful entrepreneur - enjoys fitness, skiing and travel. Seeks attractive Christian female, 25-33, for lifetime partnership, to share dreams, passions and family. Photo. 9210 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome Professional—6'2", 200 lbs, Caucasian - with the soul of a poet, the touch of an artist, the mind of a businessman-philosopher. Financially comfortable. Seeks tall, slim, curvaceous soulmate as life companion. Bright, pretty, good values, supportive. My passions: art, dancing (will teach), physical fitness. A cornucopia of pleasures and satisfactions awaits a very attractive, tall woman, 26-40, who understands that we came in alone, leave alone, and our role is to bring greater happiness to each other together than we would have alone. Photo/phone. 9199 ✉

I Would Like To Cherish You Forever—Very attractive, vivacious Jewish lady, divorced, 40s, warm, caring - loves life and loves sharing it. Successful fashion designer with varied interests - traveling, socializing, etc. Wishes to meet an accomplished man with integrity and class, to become best friend and more. 9241 ✉

Attractive Man—Age 40, divorced with joint custody of 7-year-old son, lives on North Shore of Nassau, works in Manhattan - businessman, family-oriented, honest and sincere. Enjoys long walks, beach, intimacy, outdoors and vacations. Seeks an attractive, nonsmoking woman with strong values, unafraid of commitment. Send photo. 9227 ✉

Pretty, Young Jewish Grandmother—Widow, with great style, warmth and taste, seeks similar male, 60-70. Photo. 9186 ✉

Single Jewish Attorney—35, is handsome, funny and outgoing, seeks very pretty, slim (22-31) female for fun and relationship. Photo/note. 9218 ✉

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Great-Looking, Handsome—Professional, CEO, single white male, 40, tall, great build, ex-athlete, never married, no baggage, wealthy, down-to-earth, very selective. Enjoy fine dining, travel to warm beaches, scuba diving, tennis, jazz, romantic evenings and much more. Seeking exceptionally attractive, single white female under 34, who is sophisticated, intelligent, fun. Looks are important to me. Must have a great body, be well-built, very passionate and sensual, and can be a great friend and companion. Recent photo/description is necessary (will exchange). No dependents. Nonsmokers please. 9208 ✉

Grecian Beauty—Seeks 5'8" plus, Greek professional man, 38-50. 9182 ✉ ☎

Renaissance Woman Seeks Her Mate—If you're a Jewish man, 33-45, 5'9" plus, successful, enjoy museums and movies, Broadway and Lincoln Center, are athletic and outdoorsy, then I know you'd love to meet and fall in love with this multitalented professional woman. I am adventurous, beautiful, intelligent and fun! Nonsmoker. Love of horses a plus. Note/photo/phone. 9206 ✉

Sensuous Strawberry Blond—5'7", Jewish, slim, with great legs, CPA/entrepreneur and highly educated, seeks her male counterpart, age 45-54; divorced or widowed preferred, kids okay. Must have a lively sense of humor, be adventurous and ready to become my best friend, lover and soul mate. Note/phone/photo optional. 9264 ✉

Very Attractive, Athletic, Intelligent—Fun Italian male, 37, 5'11", seeks pretty female counterpart. Photo. 9276 ✉

Sinatra, Mozart, Clapton—Intelligent, attractive, Jewish, down-to-earth professional woman, 35 - likes music, film noir, books (favor biographies and mysteries), hiking and NYC. Seeks a smart, warm, communicative man (33-44) with a sense of humor. Send a great letter. 9194 ✉

Physically Fit Woman—I'm 37, 5'6" and thin. I've many interests. I like hiking, biking, music and animals. 9271 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Chinese, Single Female—35, 5'3", professional, seeks well-educated, caring professional gentleman for serious relationship. Note/photo. POB 527299, Flushing, NY 11352

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KURT MASUR, MUSIC DIRECTOR

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European-Born—41, never married... I am looking for a young woman in her 20s to start something lasting and special. I am 5'8", blue-green eyes, dark brown hair, physically and mentally fit. I love traveling, scuba, photography, good food, movies, etc. You are aesthetically pleasant, comfortable with yourself, and have had enough life experience to know the value of a commitment. Smoking, drugs and drinking are not options. No children or religious fanatics, please. Write soon. Your picture and e-mail will get instant response. 9223 ✉

Latina Sweetheart Sought—By Jewish professional, 39, tall, handsome, sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, loyal. Seeks soul mate for a lifetime of hugs and kisses. 9180 ✉ ☎

Share My Life With Me—Affectionate, caring, romantic, fun-to-be-with businessman, 6'3", 185 lbs, in-shape, 59. Enjoy ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Looking for that one special woman to establish a relationship built on trust, with a ton of chemistry. Current photo exchange. 9230 ✉

Tall, Handsome, Kind Exec—Seeks slender lady over 50. Photo/note. 9228 ✉

Gay, Very Handsome—44, male, new to NYC but not its potential. Many interests: off-Broadway, art, travel, great conversation. I am masculine, fit (6', 165), honest, healthy in mind and body. Looking for a modern guy with old-fashioned values. Note/photo/phone. 9178 ✉ ☎

Salsa Anyone?—Latina beauty, 22-32, sought by this 37-year-old, tall, slim, handsome Jewish MD with great sense of humor. Photo appreciated. 9187 ✉ ☎

Seeking Asian/Eurasian Female—You are tall (5'6" plus), slim, shapely, athletic, educated and financially secure, in 40s (plus or minus), looking for good friend/partner, to be totally together in business and love, having mutual respect and interests, giving and sharing our lives. I am 6'2", 220 lbs, early 60s, American, successful businessman with many interests, good sense of humor. Like to have fun, live in NY and spend time in New England home. Current photo, please. 9202 ✉

Pretty, Witty, Wise—Petite, green eyes... seeks trim, nonsmoking (212) man, 50s, to share love and laughter. Photo. 9302 ✉ ☎

Genuine, Bright, Warm—39, handsome, Jewish, successful consultant, athletic, fun, down-to-earth - seeks special woman who's introspective, worldly, attractive, fit and ready for a significant other. NYC a plus. Photo; will exchange. 9248 ✉ ☎

Very Good-Looking Bi Male—6', 180, brown/brown, Wall Street professional, varied interests - seeks sane, cool, handsome guy. Photo/note. 9275 ✉ ☎

Great-Looking Widow—Classy, financially secure, 65, loves all good things life has to offer, desires man to share, 65 plus. 9229 ✉

Superwoman—Fabulously fit 40, slim, attractive professional - loves to ski, cycle, has a taste for the finer things. Looking for educated Superman with similar qualities and interests, loves a good endorphin high, ready for happily ever after. Note/photo. 9252 ✉

Looking For Soul Mate—Attractive, 5'8" blond, blue eyes, 38 years old, single Jewish female - who enjoys theater, dining, sports, travel and the company of friends and family, is seeking attractive, tall, successful Jewish man, 34-44, who is outgoing, down-to-earth, great sense of humor, and who enjoys life. Photo/note. 9237 ✉

Attractive, Slim, Outgoing—Manhattanite lady seeking lively, mature male for companionship and sharing in enjoyment of music, art, theater and travel. 9256 ✉

Attractive, Accomplished Woman—Seeks a man with a sense of humor, sense of style and sense enough to know a good thing. 50s-60s. Note/photo/phone, please. 9235 ✉

Handsome, Intelligent Male—35, 6'3 1/2" - seeks slim, attractive female, 25-35, for friendship, possible relationship. Note/photo. 9239 ✉

Laugh And Smile With Me!—Beautiful, happy, professional woman: 34, 5'4"/118, brown/brown, never married, no kids. I enjoy all the usual things plus running, cooking, reading, travel, tennis, karate, the beach, and more! I live a healthful lifestyle, am smart, honest, funny, grounded, passionate, extremely kind hearted. Would like to meet a healthy, honest, handsome, athletic/active, caring, reliable, professional man with a sense of self who wants to work toward the real thing; to be best friends, and more, with one special woman. NJ okay. No smokers. Photo, note please. 9285 ✉

Cary Grant Lives—In Manhattan. 35, 6'1", handsome, romantic and creative CEO with an irrepressible spirit and genuine love of laughter and music, seeks a brilliant, dazzling beauty to savage and adore. Note/phone/photo. 9238 ✉

Be Real Or No Deal—Blond, blue-eyed female, 25, 5'7", 130, with great legs, down-to-earth. Enjoys the great outdoors, nightlife and film, etc... Seeks a sincere, truthful, financially secure, well-educated, 26-35 male who is looking for that special someone with the right chemistry for friendship/romance. Note/photo. 9212 ✉

Delicately Pretty—Petite Latina lawyer, 37, Harvard grad, left-of-center politics, seeks kinder, gentler overachiever. Mom of second-grader - loves dining out, cabaret, dancing, cooking for friends, theater, opera, jazz, movies, swimming, Manhattan. 9220 ✉ ☎

Ready To Go—Male, early 60s, 5'10", slim, easygoing, financially secure, divorced. Wants to share Broadway theater, fine dining, etc., with like-minded, pretty woman, 45-55. Note/recent photo/phone. 9253 ✉

Sophisticated Lady - Loves To Dance—Fun-loving, fit, energetic, outgoing Jewish woman, 5'5", 52, slim, pretty, warm and caring - seeks intelligent, established, energetic, passionate man with a great sense of humor, for romance, laughter and a future. 9263 ✉ ☎

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Matchmaker Looking For Mr. Right– She: European, 32, petite, energeti fit, fashionable and very attractive. A inspired cook, animal lover (especial dogs) and family-oriented. She appreciat the finer things in life (fine dining, trave fashion), but also knows how to run household with white-gloves perfectio Currently living in Germany, frequent visiting family in NY. Willing to reloca for the right man. He should be a ta good-looking, financially secure, romant gentleman, 32-45, interested in settli down and starting a family - speal German or has an interest to lear Catholic a plus. Note/photo/phone. 9261

Pretty, Alluring, 30—Bright, chic, wit selective and slim Jewish female with gre smile, seeks cool, smart and funny Jewi male - handsome, fit, educated and su cessful, 28-38. NY/NJ. Photo. 9231 ✉

Handsome, Successful Attorney— kind, funny, Jewish. Seeks attracti bright female under 30. Note/pho 9233 ✉

Irreverent, Warm, Beautiful—Manhat widow with absorbing intellectual care desires cozy, still-running thoroughbred mind, instinct and style, 60ish, for all life's pleasures. 9213 ✉

European—Brainy, sexy blond loo seeks cultivated, 36-50, Mr. Right. 9269

Professional Model—Exotic looks, a business degree, seeks single, wh handsome businessman or investm banker, 30-50, for relationship. 9204 ✉

Warm, Witty Woman—50s, seeks tal Jewish, 60ish man. Photo. 9221 ✉

Pretty, Striking Professiona Chestnut-haired, hazel-eyed attor slim, sexy, 40, vivacious, happy, music/Ivy background - seeks hands successful counterpart, 35-50, laughter, romance and future. 9260 ✉

Vibrant, Warm, Great-Looking— fessional NY/NJ Jewish woman, wi smile that lights up the room, s mensch, 50-60, with brains, wit, and gift of gab. 9251 ✉ ☎

No Pretense Here—Down-to-earth, w vivacious, attractive, educated profess woman, 37, 5'4", slim/fit, with light brown hair and golden-brown seeks educated man, 30-45, 6'3" above, who enjoys life and laug Note/photo/phone, please. 9254 ✉

Attractive, Elegant Widow—Seeki professional, white, nonsmoking ge man, mid 60s. Naturally, you're tal handsome and want to share di theater and pleasant moments. 9203

Got The Need For Speed?—Then a beautiful woman with a weakne race cars and the men who drive Hey! Here's one now - 48, creative, wit, 6', 175 lbs, and living in CT. 25-40, athletic, funny, and eager f fast company of a regular guy with mium outlook. Photo/note, please. 92

Former Male Model—Now bus man, 36, nice chauvinist with trad values. Desires intelligent, warm, sp passionate woman, 20-38, for r dinners, sporting and concert possible marriage and children. attractive, long-haired, full-figured I Spanish type (but not that impo Note/photo/phone. 9054 ✉

ndsome, Funny, Successful Man—, Jewish, down to earth, spiritual siness owner who enjoys movies, ding, biking, nature, Seinfeld and BBQ my NYC backyard. Seeks intelligent, vn-to-earth, voluptuous Jewish woman, ·37, with good sense of humor, for ing relationship. Note/photo. 9200 ☒☎

ty, Slim, Sane, Smart Sybarite—nd - seeks handsome, fit, health-nscious, athletic, successful male -60) of high moral character, accus-ied to the best - to share upcoming days and possible serious relationship. ent photo, please. 9197 ☒

You A—Good-looking, intelligent, ionable, athletic, career-oriented, suc-ful male (40-49) who enjoys black tie/ural events, dancing, the city, antiqu-smiling and having fun? A pretty, , career-oriented 5'7" blond with great . awaits you. Phone/photo. 9188 ☒

ng, Handsome European Doctor—ks young, beautiful, educated, sexy for serious relationship. Photo a t. POB 566, NY, NY 10009

h?—Manhattanites. Warm, share joy, re, interests. I'm a successful man, divorced, fit, vibrant, nice look, Jewish ireligious). You're a lovely woman, cially secure, true, age open. 9179☒☎

Looks—Super-handsome, passionate, red, tall white lawyer, 40, seeks warm ty of any race, 22-35, for love er. Photo/phone. 9185 ☒ ☎

Have Looks And Class—Me too. 30ish, rofessional Latin man seeks lady for ingful relationship. Photo. 9262 ☒

ing A Co-Star—Attractive, shapely, rn, 5'4", professional, 34, Upper Sider - enjoys beach, Frisbee, s, movies, bicycling, travel. Seeking igent, successful, fit, good-looking n man, 35-45, for friendship, love l that it brings. Note/photo. 9267☒☎

ing For Prince Charming—ful green-eyed blond physician, mid thletic and trim - loves fine dining, , theater, adventurous travel. Seeks a l Jewish man, 35-50, who is secure, sful, smart and funny. Looking for a ce and a committed, healthy, loving nship. Note/photo. 9196 ☒

sful Entrepreneur—Very handsome ype, 48, 5'11", world traveled, sional, Manhattanite - seeks a lady beauty, class and warmth for , committed relationship. Note/ 9247☒

al-Minded Intellectual—Affluent, ome, well-built, 5'10", 49, post-an conservative, good dancer, wants nodel-faced woman who's more eets the eye. Photo/note. 9193 ☒

ous, Attractive—Slim, young 42, Jewish professional woman would meet a young-looking, cute, Jewish an guy, 34-45, successful profes-warm, sensuous, confident and nded, for committed best friend/ Note/photo, please. 9240 ☒ ☎

d-Looking Attorney—60s, trim letic, seeks attractive and shapely, lished female. Photo/phone. 9250☒

ful LI Teacher—Wavy blond-d brown hair, deep brown eyes, n/curvy, 35ish. Love reading, talk-imals, cuddling. Interested in nature, photography, yoga, garden-racted to intelligence, creativity, true heart, conversation, humor. oto appreciated. 9278 ☒

Pretty, Perky Professor—Shapely book-writer, very good-looking, soft-spoken, fun to be with, 48, seeks a warm, open and perceptive man, with a fine mind and professional achievements. Photo, please. 9270 ☒

Attractive Japanese Woman—50s, 5'3", slim - enjoys classical music, opera, jazz and travel. Seeks an intelligent, warmhearted, nonsmoking professional man, under 58, with similar interests. Note/photo/phone. 9207 ☒

Gay Boy Next Door—31, seeks similar fun, fit, sane man under 45. 9195 ☒

Legends Of The Fall—41, 6', sexy, nonconformist corporate president, searching for a beautiful kindred spirit. You are thin, adventurous, outdoorsy, warm and creative, with eclectic interests. I am a sensitive, witty and interesting man who prefers paths less traveled. Let's turn a date in the fall into a love for all seasons. Thoughtful note/photo. 9268 ☒

Precocious 7-Year-Old Niece—Seeking handsome, humorous, intelligent, playful and affectionate uncle (single Jewish male, 40-50) for my fabulous, totally cool aunt - MD cardiologist, athletic, slim, loves to bike in exotic places, fun, ticklish. Kids are okay. I like cousins. Note and photo, please. 9255 ☒

Gay White Jewish Male—Professional, 32, 6'2", very handsome, great shape, masculine, a true mensch, very traditional values. Looking for same, 30-40, who has a zest for life, is not afraid of commitment, and is looking for a long-term relationship. No drugs/disease/smokers. 9222 ☒ ☎

Charming—Pretty, smart, successful Jewish woman, 35, seeks Jewish male, 35-45, with similar qualities. 9224 ☒ ☎

Here's How My Closest Friends—Would describe me... He is good-looking, very intelligent, fit (5'10"/165 lbs), successful, kind, loving, funny, considerate, generous, and very young-looking for 47. If you've got what it takes (brains, beauty, accomplishments - the entire package...), and are honestly looking for your next best male friend, please drop me a note telling me about yourself, and include a recent photo. 9205 ☒

In Search Of The Fairy Tale—Your mind, your body, your spirit and your soul. This very successful, handsome, Jewish NJ entrepreneur will truly push all your buttons. He's a self-made, sharp, warm, very easygoing, ambitious, family-oriented gentleman who's exciting, romantic, physically fit, very affectionate, and on his way to becoming very rich. He's looking to meet a single Jewish female, 24-28, genuinely warm, classy, very intelligent, family-oriented country girl with a heart of gold, an open mind, a naturally beautiful face and a very sexy, physically fit body. Nature, children, fireplaces, his labrador, Club Med, kissing, sushi, tequila and Shania Twain are a few of his favorites. He's a great catch, looking for the same. Photo a must. 9214 ☒

Handsome NYC Man, Big Heart—56, attorney, Christian, refined, successful, fit - seeks intelligent, attractive, trim, successful lady for best friend, lover... forever. Photo appreciated. 9245 ☒

Excite Me—With your intellect, culture, wit and good looks, and this pretty, slender blond will excite you with hers. 41-52 only. 9192 ☒ ☎

Gay White Female—44, attractive, financially secure, looking to share adventures with same. 9190 ☒

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Cute, Funny Jewish Guy—37, slightly unconventional, who's fit, professional and successful, seeking female of wit, wisdom and all that jazz. 9181 ☒

Very, Very Good-Looking Millionaire—49, 6', 160 lbs, great green eyes, long salt-and-pepper hair (mostly pepper). You should be 5'4"-5'6", strikingly attractive (cover girl looks only), passionate, 35-45, and love to see and be seen in NY, FL and Caribbean. Personal note and picture(s) in your favorite outfit are required for me to reply. 9234 ☒

Japanese, Long-Haired, Miniskirted—Graceful, elegant, funny, Ukiyoe beauty, 5'4", corporate president, 30s, seeks high-powered yet warm/romantic, refined, very stylish, Ivy/MBA/laywer type, 29-49, good sense of humor. European a plus. We enjoy French cooking, grand piano, city life style... Leading to marriage. 9226 ☒

Funny Woman—Great wit, good looks, tall, slim, Manhattan/FL/Hamptons, looking for compatriot, white, 58-65. 9244 ☒

A Woman Of Substance—"But suddenly a face will speak to me across the void, above the noise, to tell me that my dreams can be and that my deepest self is understood." 9265 ☒ ☎

Protestant Yet Leggy—Tall blond, successful and attractive, athletic woman, 40, with a good sense of humor, looking for caring, committed relationship with a sincere, professional, educated man. Kids okay. 9249 ☒ ☎

Heart Of Gold—Warm, sensitive, successful businessman, divorced, well-traveled, great sense of humor, good-looking (cute, with "boyish twinkle in my eyes"). Wishes to meet spirited, sweet, very pretty, slim Jewish woman, 35-42, nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 9219 ☒ ☎

ER Doc—Impassioned pianist whose soft brown eyes turn green in late-afternoon light. Handsome, Jewish, 35, seeks extra-ordinary Jewish woman. Bio/photo. 6776☒

Never Give Up On A Dream—42, 5'10", handsome Jewish executive, great personality; loving, secure, normal, fun. Seeks attractive woman in 30s for marriage/family. Photo/note/phone. 9225 ☒☎

Asian Beauty, Warmhearted MD—Elegant, dynamic, dancer - loves foreign travel, arts, culture, outdoors, etc. Seeks similar - handsome, marriage-minded, highly educated, upbeat, kind, athletic, successful gentleman, 36-56. 9209 ☒ ☎

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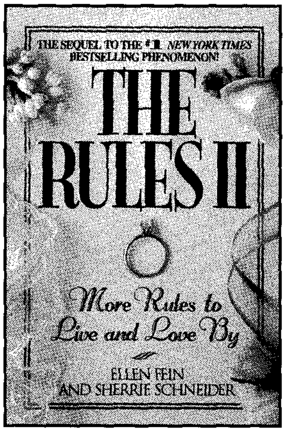
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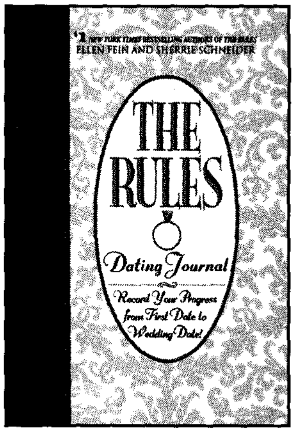
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MARY ANN MADDEN #894
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

IVANA THE TERRIBLE—The Czar Who Mistook His Hair for a Hat.

ME SCOTT PECK—Author of help-yourself books.

MARLA MAPLESS—Tour guide at Dan Quayle library.

Above, Plus One. Competitors are invited to provide a brief description for one person of fiction or fact whose name has been altered by a one-letter addition.

Results of Competition 891, in which you were asked for sitcoms overlooked in the fall lineup.

Report: Plots based on being doubted, routed, outed. Casting problems: Guest appearances aside, film stars do not *do* television sitcoms. Well, not often. Not after they're in movies. Not really. Sometimes, maybe. Well, *anyway*, we want to see all of these. And you. Right after class, please. And bring your parents.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

STEDMAN WALKING—Oprah Winfrey produced this series about a nun preparing a man to take those final steps down the aisle.
Arnie Danoff, West Palm Beach, Fla.

THE PATIENT ENGLISH—People in London waiting rooms interact as little as possible. Tonight: "Are You Reading That?"
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

BRI AND THE SAM SQUAD—Streetwise freshman Brianna (Jenna Van Oy) adjusts to college roommate Samantha (Candace Cameron) and her Secret Service detail.
Laura Kreitzer, Tampa, Fla.

MISSOURI LOVES COMPANY—A gruff but lovable ex-mayor (Ed Koch) runs a bed and breakfast where country music stars register under assumed names. Tonight's mystery guest: Garth Creeks.
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

And Honorable Mention to:

THE FULL MOUNTIE—To raise funds for charity, a group of middle-aged Canadian policemen put on a live stage show, undressing to Gordon Lightfoot records.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

THE HALF MONTY—A shy postal worker (John Wayne Bobbitt) moonlights as a dancing cocktail waiter.
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

EASY RYDERS—A retired couple, Sam and Helen Ryder (Tony Randall, Betty White), and their Winnebago.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

MAGGIE!—Ex-astronaut Margaret (Bebe Neuwirth), the first Rockette/scientist to dance on the moon, opens a tap studio.
Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W.Va.
sp. ment.: Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

I SAY YESSS!—Sports talk show with host Marv Albert. (Time and place subject to change.)
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

SIX DEGREES OF SIR FRANCIS BACON—After confessing to bribe-taking, Bacon (F. Murray Abraham) is sentenced to four days in the Tower of London.
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

WALKIES!—Professional British dog trainer tangles with a variety of clients, pedestrians, and canines on the streets of N.Y.C.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

JEST KIDDING—Life of a fool in a Dark Ages Merovingian court.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

MAGILLA GUERRILLA—Hilarity ensues when soldier-of-fortune Magilla (Andrew Dice Clay) is accidentally parachuted into Monaco instead of Afghanistan.
Joey D. Vivre, Cambridge, Mass.

I'M NEWTON, HE'S EINSTEIN—Two downsized physicists take over a failing package-delivery service in Beverly Hills.
David Conford, Great Neck, N.Y.

I'M MARK, HE'S INGALLS—Two lovable buffoons plot world revolution. This week: Karl gets lost in the British Museum.
Richard Helfer, N.Y.C.

BEANIE BABIES—The trials and tribulations of two Hasidic Jews (Bronson Pinchot and Peter Scolari) spending freshman year in an Ivy League dormitory.
Ken Leeser, Newton, Mass.

ACHILLES, HEEL—The life and loves of a classical cad. Starring John Cleese.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

THE SPIN CYCLE—Daily occurrences at an N.Y.C. laundromat. Lainie Kazan stars.
Sheri Recoon, Amherst, N.Y.

MY SO-CALLED DEATH—Ed Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz try their hands at comedy in this hilarious look at the trials and tribulations of being newly deceased. David Clennon (familiar to audiences as *thirtysomething*'s Miles Drentell) stars in the dual role of God and the Devil.
Virginia Moles, Haddonfield, N.J.

HERE, SIGN THIS—Based on the musical *1776*, this docucomedy follows the antics of our founding fathers as they struggle to make independence a reality. Featuring Chris Farley as Ben Franklin.
Richard Blair, N.Y.

YURI'S ARK—A daily drama series set in space aboard an antiquated Russian space station.
Diane Johnston, Matthews, N.

ER^2—The queen enters hospital; the royal family worries.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.

RAISING GOLD—Dave and Jennifer begin th arduous process of molding their young daughter into an Olympic gymnast. Stars Bart Conner, Kerri Strug.
Jean Sorensen, Herndon,

NYSE BLUE—After the Crash of 1997, the lives and loves of the staff at Binford & Bl ney, Wall Street's preeminent brokerage house.
Alfred Croce, Sayville,

MASON JARS—Don Knotts is the patriarch the zany Mason family, whose house sits atop the San Andreas Fault. Tonight: Juli Mason buys Waterford crystal.
T. Nash, Winston-Salem,

BEAUTY AND THE BEATS—A down-on-her-l socialite (Kate Moss) finds a job at the Ci Lights bookstore during the fifties.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, M

HONEY, I'M HOME—A man returns to his f ily and job after a 36-year prison term.
F. Coyne, Narbeth,

WHERE'S SHANA?—A trust-fund kid (Mart Plimpton) finds mischief and mayhem du ing her trip around the world.
Julie Herbst, Staten Island,

DEAD RINGERS—Gary Owens interviews ple who have been mistaken for Elvis, Ji my Hoffa, Napoleon, et al.
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor,

TANNIS, ANYONE?—Coven of witches wre hilarious havoc on exclusive Westcheste country club. Special guest: John McEnr
Cathy Hiller, Port Washington,

IT'S NOT FUNNY—Karen Finley stars as a inist performance artist trying to get her boyfriend, Kevin (Matt LeBlanc), and th National Endowment for the Arts (Jane Alexander) to take her seriously. Phyllis la Lenska.
Scott D. Penn, Truro,

WARREN—Hairdresser creates scandal b coming out as straight.
Eric Hyman, Fayetteville

URNING TABLES—Ex-Cold War operative
:oslov (Stephen Wright) shows up as a
/acky waiter at the Russian Tea Room.
J. Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

ND OF THE GIG—Love in a show-business
etirement home: Red Buttons and Rose
Iarie find that fun and foibles never grow
ld. Head nurse: Loretta Swit.
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

IGHWAY ROBBERY—An investigator for the
ort Authority of New York and New Jer-
ey (Erik Estrada) untangles the new world
f EZ-Pass-related traffic jams, misbillings,
edit-card frauds, and the like.
Andrea Kretchmer, N.Y.C.

GRAND MAGASIN—Revolves around a
oup of zany French Canadians who can't
ecide if they want to work in a depart-
ent store or at a magazine.
Russ Leland, Los Angeles, Calif.

OE IS MIR—Those space-station blues.
ickey Dolenz as the hapless commander.
Jill Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.
sp. ment.: Al Hattal, Marina del Rey, Calif.

CK AND ROSE—This latest *Golden Girls*
in-off finds Betty White's Rose taking in
unk-rock band as her latest set of room-
ates.
Gil Mendonsa, San Francisco, Calif.

H WEST—Two L.A. cabbies (Sirajul and
ijibar) attend a night school for stunt
vers. Prof. Wilshire: Calvert DeForest.
Abigail Chipley, Seattle, Wash.

NTILE BEN—A farmboy turned mission-
(Thomas Haden Church) is accidental-
assigned to a kibbutz. Tonight: "Who's
leon Who?"
Joel Sitrin, Alexandria, Va.

EWATCH—No dramatic rescues, just a
idle of laughs and lots of bikinis.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

Z UNDER THE HOOD—Engineering
izzes (Kadeem Hardison and
non Wayans) dazzle Detroit auto
cs and female colleagues. Yvonne:
nis Rodman.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

GS & LITTLE KISSES—After being or-
ned, a young girl (Rumer Willis) inher-
he Little Kisses Toy Company, and runs
ith secret assistance from her butler,
gs (Gordon Jump).
Reed McColm, Pasadena, Calif.

s only: THIS IS ILLYRIA, LADY. CELEBRI-
AR POOL. ARE YOU BEING SAVED? MY
ND DERMA. ATTENTION KMART SHOP-
. OUT AND ABOUT. CLOSET QUEEN FOR A
SUDDENLY CRUISIN'. FANFARE DE SIÈ-
THOSE DARN SERBS. SLIM TO NUN.
G ON 'DA MONK.

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s' names will appear in the December 8 issue.

Newhall *continued from page 55*

early films, especially *Chelsea Girls.* In drugs, there's a whole new craze for methedrine. With speed you could work, and Andy was about work. And now everyone really *is* famous for fifteen minutes. Andy and I always said, 'What's the new thing?' That was the challenge—to explore what's new. Andy was a prophet; he watched the way the world turned and called the shots."

HARRY KING, *hairstylist:* "In 1985, Way Bandy, Patrick Demarchelier, and I did a makeover on Andy for *Italian Vogue.* I cut his wig and spiked it and put gel in it; really punked him out. He *loved* it. He had just done a runway show, so he was getting his fifteen minutes. I think he was a great artist, but he didn't have a great impact on style. Though he hung around with Saint Laurent and later with Stephen Sprouse, his influence was through his paintings and his persona."

DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, *designer:* "Warhol was the biggest voyeur of all time. He was one of the first to understand this media frenzy. His thing was to record—he recorded everything, from Campbell's soup cans to Marilyn Monroe. His major contribution is that he saw people and celebrities as icons, and icons as marketable. It was his eye and how he captured them and how he reproduced them. And he was an incredible collector—like a vacuum cleaner. He absorbed people. He always had a camera and a tape recorder and four eyes. He never talked much; he listened. He would always say, 'Oh, gee, it's great'—he would say it a thousand times a day—and that got people to open up to him."

BOB COLACELLO, *author, former editor of* Interview: "I think the nineties have been one long Warhol movie, starting with the O. J. Simpson slow-motion car chase and continuing right through Elton John singing a song originally written for Marilyn Monroe at Princess Diana's funeral. Brigid Berlin calls me every time some new celebrity melodrama takes over the news and says, 'Don't you wish Andy were alive to see his dreams come true?' Of course, his dreams were any sane person's nightmare. The Clinton White House is very Warholian: I'll leave that to the reader to figure out."

ROBERT PINCUS-WITTEN, *art historian:* "He relocated where the artist works. He brought the studio out into the social network and the social network into the studio, and in so doing forged a new continuum between private space and public spectacle."

VINCENT FREMONT, *the Andy Warhol Foundation:* "Andy's biggest impact on style was himself. He was his own artwork. He loved fashion. He popularized a look that's become international. Now you can wear jeans, a jacket, and a tie and go anywhere."

MARY WORONOV, *actress, writer, director:* "I think he had his greatest impact in film. He changed American film, and he was never given any credit for it. He made those films all by himself, and he thought he'd go to Hollywood and thought everyone would love him, but they *hated* him. The films of the fifties had good sound and clear plots; there was no plot in Warhol's films and you couldn't hear what anyone was saying. It brought mystery back into film. Certainly sexual identities were screwed up, which makes everything sexier—he used men to play women—but also the sex in the films was very real and it wasn't a programmed Hollywood thing. He wouldn't tell the audience whether the people were actors or freaks. He would mix things up so the audience would have to think for itself. His films were realistic and yet they were totally unreal. That's where his greatest genius came out. His films affected Hollywood, too. Suddenly everybody was mumbling, and ambiguity was hot."

WAYNE KOESTENBAUM, *author:* "Warhol took being a profoundly unglamorous person as the ideal vantage point for getting himself into the glamour world. He returned populism to glamour. For better or worse, he made emptiness, vacuousness, and blankness a very attractive posture."

MARY BOONE, *owner, Mary Boone Gallery:* "Warhol's importance historically has to do with his visionary abilities. The most recent example of this is [Diana's] horrible car crash—like his 'Disaster' series."

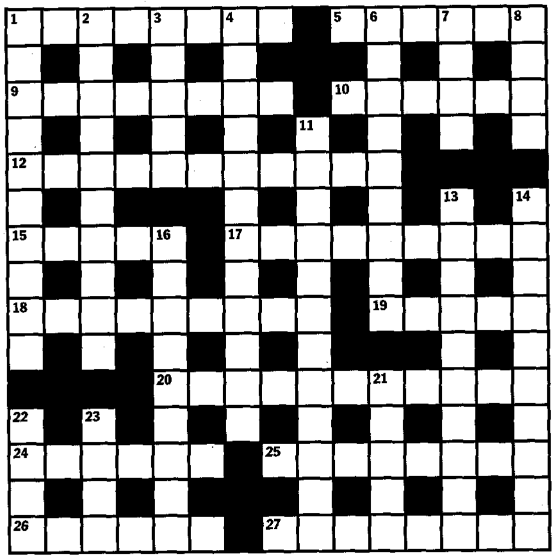
BILLY NAME, *artist and photographer:* "He was intelligent enough to make the right connections in the professional and art worlds but then flared with a great audacity of chic that was so intensely stylish that you didn't notice it was taking over. You might call it insidious."

GEORGE PLIMPTON, *author:* "Andy looked at things rather differently, didn't he? I remember walking with him to a restaurant on 52nd Street, and as we were crossing Fifth Avenue, a car went out of control on the sidewalk, knocking down a number of people. Leaving him, I ran across the avenue to see what I could do to help. Andy later wrote in his diary that I had *snubbed* him—the last reaction I would have expected." ■

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Follower takes record off pile to play after 10. (8)
5 Female turned in for 1 down. (6)
9 Is situated in sediment, leastwise? (8)
10 Works for printer of 1 down. (6)
12 Prominent and virtuous person first seen in exposure. (11)
15 Romanian going the wrong way in with Calvados. (5)
17 Painful feeling for female about skill with sticker. (9)
18 Monarch, a male, at sea with 1 down's brothers. (9)
19 Number for poem of 1 down with 13. (5)
20 Tree among fuel getting heated, without which one quickly yields. (6,1,4)
24 King giving honour to former president? (6)
25 Brute concealed in tree for a start. (8)
26 Female in news agency nearly to prove wrong. (6)
27 I drive a lorry and am imprisoned by the examiner. (8)



DOWN

1 8 writer of note votes perversely for TV company. (10)
2 Has spirit left, sufficient to quibble. (5,5)
3 1 down's 9? (5)
4 Pocketing one's ball behind a bunker? (6,6)
6 Green rough? Summon up the very active. (9)
7,22,23 One among 1 down's tips: if you want it done properly . . . (2,2,8
8 Person in collapsed state, bottor to top. (4)
11 Road's arrival at Yorkshire river is an accident. (12)
13 Transported his fellows in boat-could be fine. (10)
14 His promises are the last one gets. (10)
16 Facade for civilians in wartime. (4,5)
21 White sheets, almost all worthless? (5)
22, 23 See 7.

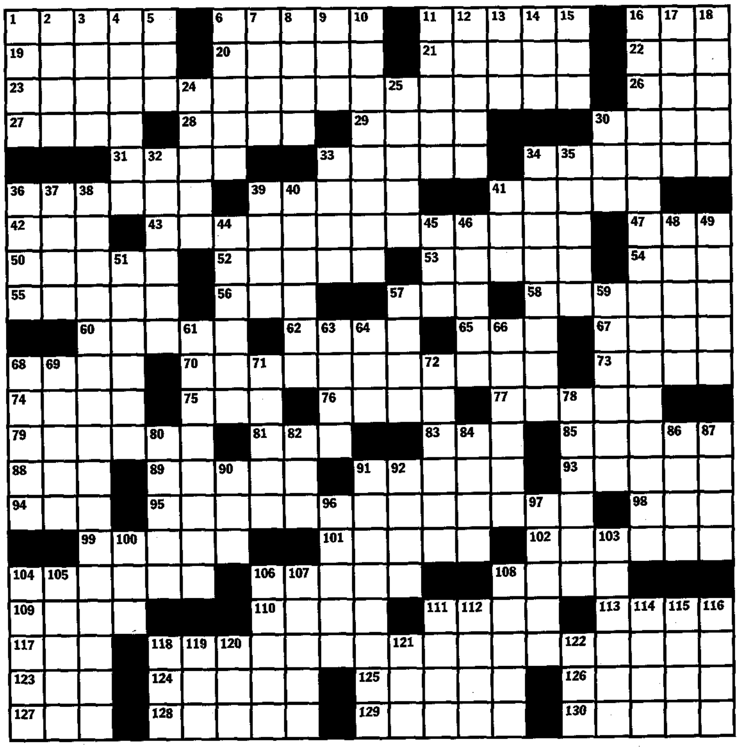
'Gandhi Land': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

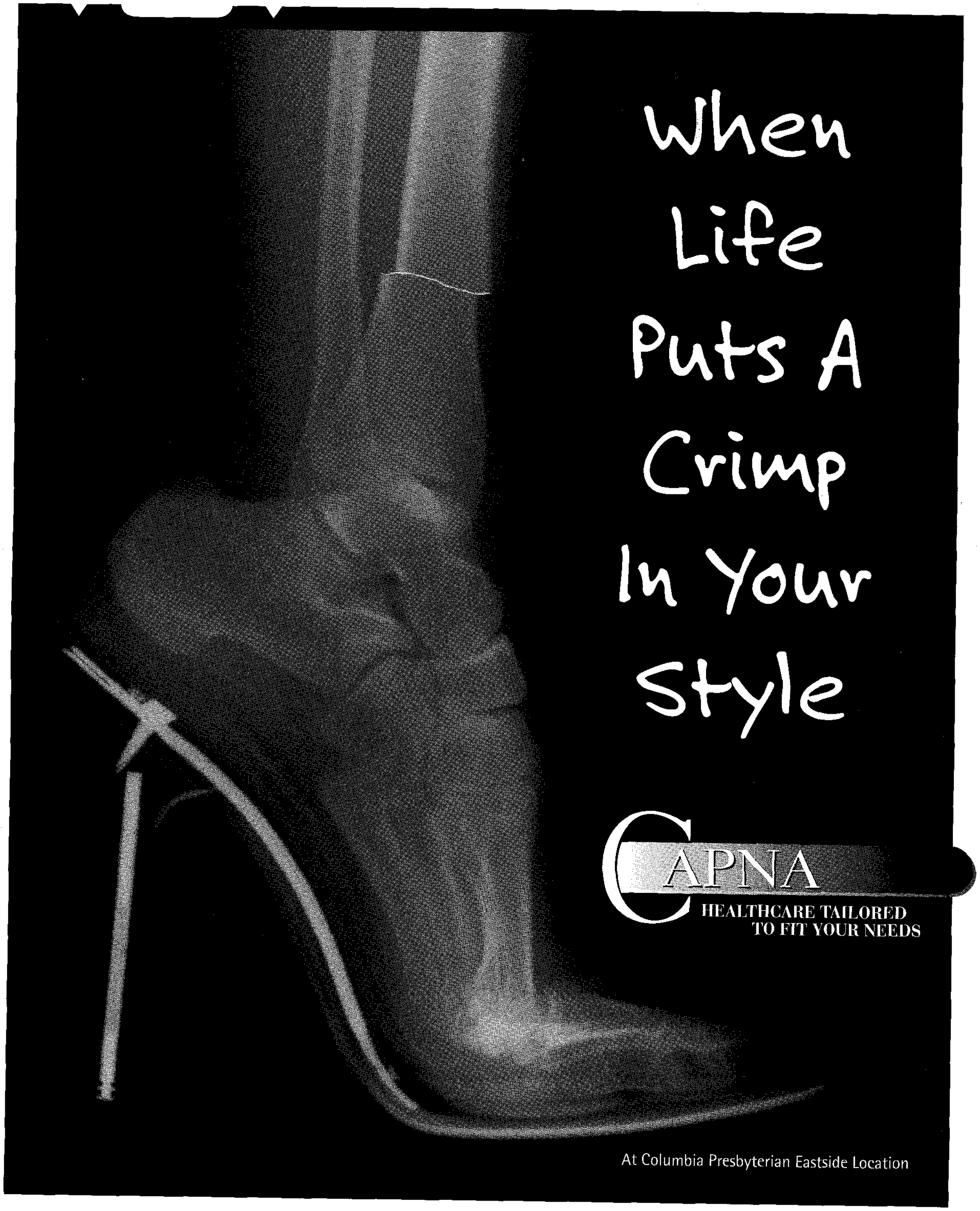
1 Hotel employees
6 Sudden rush of current
11 Mr. Yale
16 Half a bray
19 Be in accord
20 Salad-dressing bottle
21 Opposite of plus
22 Beame or Burrows
23 Social roster in India?
26 Neckline shape
27 Royal Indian lady
28 Give the heave-ho
29 Washstand jug
30 Security breach
31 Quitter's word
33 Hurons' relatives
34 Asparagus units
36 —— as a rock
39 Ancient Greek physician
41 Juan Carlos's kingdom
42 Phone-button 4
43 Old man river?
47 Tonsillitis dr.'s med. specialty
50 Mountain resort west of Malaga
52 Playwright Fugard
53 Tennis contest
54 After boo or bally
55 Tacked on
56 Apiary denizen
57 Flow back
58 Applied pitch
60 Angry
62 Manicurist's target
65 Orel's river
67 "—— Lang Syne"
68 Stereo system
70 Cartoon character in India?
73 D'Urberville girl
74 Novelist Bagnold
75 Japanese volcano
76 Winter Olympics city, 1952
77 Small salamanders
79 River landings
81 "Thumbs down" vote
83 Driver's buy
85 Tennessee aluminum city
88 Afore
89 Sandbar
91 Wall Street item
93 Approaches
94 To the —— degree
95 Wherein to find a wolf in India?
98 Kips Bay Plaza architect
99 Overturn
101 Point a weapon toward
102 First-born
104 Malaysian state
106 Source of opium
108 Van Gogh's brother
109 Fergie's ex
110 '60s hairdo
111 Jai's go-with
113 India's —— of Kashmir
117 Equal footing
118 What this country needs?
123 Didn't go hungry
124 Dote on
125 Correct a faulty text
126 Houston baseballer
127 Conducted
128 Shunned one
129 Corroded
130 Loud plops

DOWN

1 Bryn ——
2 Khan title
3 Anemia antidote
4 "Marriage Italian Style" director
5 Do suturing
6 Tonto's horse
7 "Exodus" author
8 Littlest of the litter
9 Fetch
10 Out of this world
11 Master of ceremonies
12 False witnesses
13 Those elected
14 Quonset
15 "—— as directed"
16 Just miss disaster?
17 What Fuzzy Wuzzy was
18 Two make a fortnight
24 Toyota rival
25 "Dallas" family name
30 Maui memento
32 Fleet of warships
33 "Tickle me" doll
34 Watch from the grandstand
35 Sultan's aquaintance
36 Tourist mecca of India
37 Not barefoot
38 Auto race in India?
39 Garden access
40 Parthenon goddess
41 Noncom abbr.
44 —— corpus
45 Top-ranking dpl.
46 Bombay big shot
48 Christmas carols
49 Lincoln's in-laws
51 Make fun of
57 Israeli airline
59 Between shake and roll
61 Badmouthing
63 "Hey, sailor!"
64 Revenue agcy.
66 Nastassia who play 73-Across
68 Paul's "Mad Abou You" co-star
69 Lacking movemen
71 Biblical prophet of whale tale
72 Capital of Colomb
78 Obtain by finaglin
80 City of the Ruhr v
82 Capp and Capone
84 Eight, in Aachen
86 They are of miner concern
87 —— were (so to speak)
90 Approved, for sh
91 Sweater type
92 "Skip —— Lou"
96 Isle of song
97 Kind of pitching
100 Remunerate
103 Tending to be pea loving
104 Of the Vatican
105 Growing outwar
106 Chaplain, to G.I.'
107 Negotiation prop
108 Memorable Jessic
111 Flying heroes
112 Period after Mar Gras
114 One of the Aleutians
115 Bacon residue
116 Love deity
118 "My —— Sal"
119 Bard's opus
120 Alley of the com
121 Ostrich look-alik
122 Warmed the ben



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on p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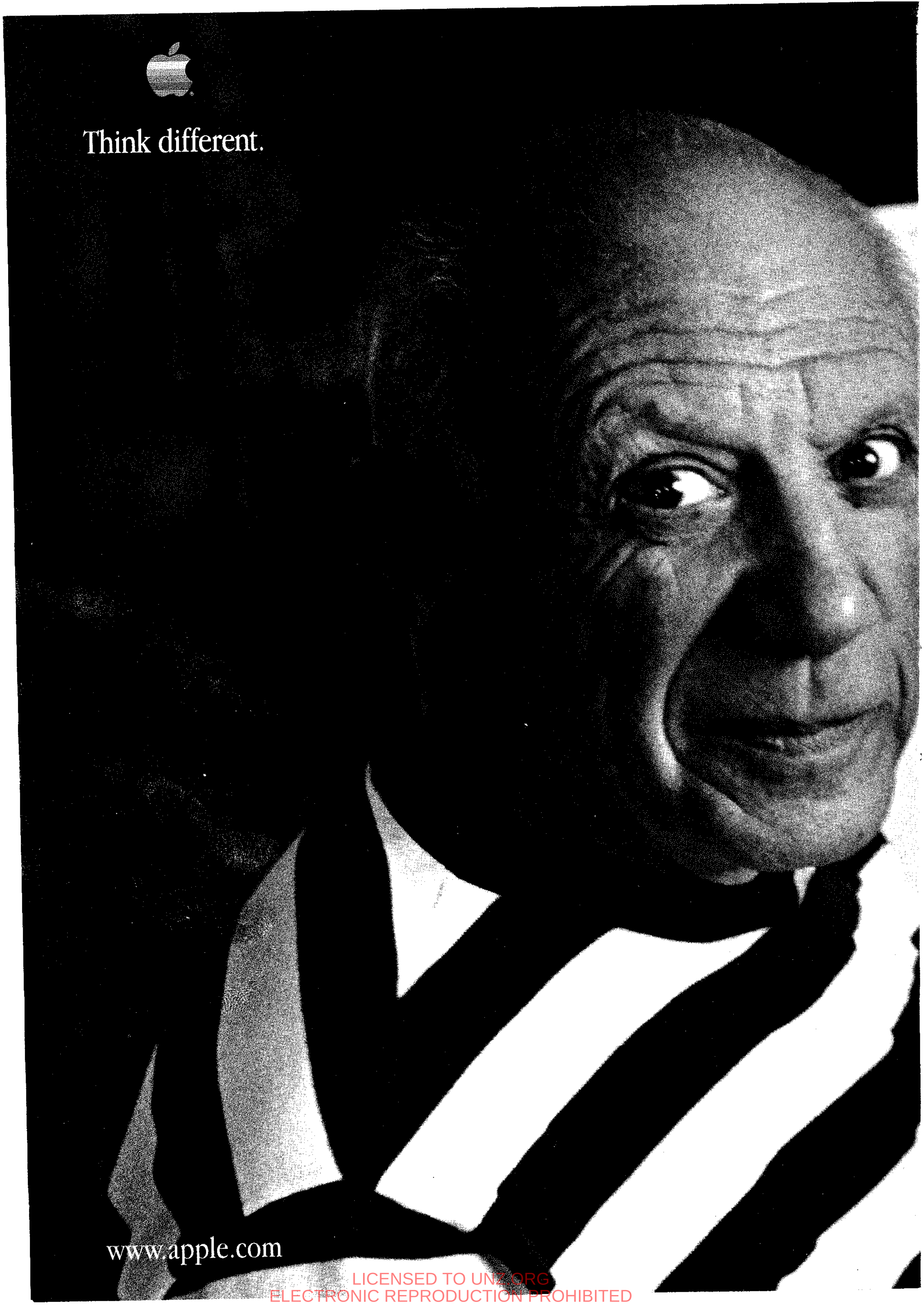
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